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LETTERS OF LORD GRANVILLE
LEVESON GOWER







Granville Leveson Gower.

from the drawing by J. Downman

LORD GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER
(FIRST EARL GRANVILLE)

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
1781 TO 1821

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
CASTALIA COUNTESS GRANVILLE

IN TWO VOLUMES
WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

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PREFACE

I DESIRE here to express my very grateful thanks to Lord Bessborough, not only for permission to publish the letters written by his great-grandmother, but also for giving me a free hand in the matter of selections from her correspondence with my father-in-law, Lord Granville Leveson Gower. I am greatly indebted to Lord Sanderson for many helpful suggestions, and to Lord Kilbracken, who went through the whole of the typoscript with a view to suggesting the further omissions found necessary in order to reduce the book to the required size. I wish also to thank Mr. Murray most heartily for all the time and trouble he has devoted to helping me, ever since the MS. has been in his hands. To my eldest daughter I owe more than I can say for her unfailing sympathy and assistance during the years I have spent in sorting and arranging the mass of papers from which the letters contained in these volumes have been selected.

C. R. G.

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ALPHABETICAL LIST OF NICKNAMES AND CYPHER NAMES

<i>Cypher Name.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
Abethedin	Unsolved.
Abimelech	Lord Abercorn.
Aide-de-Camp, the (also Apollo and Bonaparte)	The Czar Alexander.
Alto	The Duke of Portland.
Anne	Charles Fox.
Antidote, the	Spain.
Apollo (also the Aide-de-Camp and Bonaparte)	The Czar Alexander.
Arundel, Mr., also Mr. Seymour ..	Lord G. L. G.
Augustus	America.
Barbarian, the Little (also La Blonde)	Princess Galitzin.
Bargain, the	Mr. Tierney.
Bargain Junior, the	Mr. Adderley.
Baron, the (also the Don, Bor., and Borino)	Lord Boringdon.
Bloodstone, the	Unsolved.
Bonaparte (also the Aide-de-Camp and Apollo)	The Czar Alexander.
Bor. (also Borino, the Don, and the Baron)	Lord Boringdon.
Bracelet, the	Lady Cahir.
Bud, the	M. de Budberg.
Ca. (also K. and the D.)	The Duke of Devonshire.
Capo di Roma (also Roman Head)..	Robert Adair.
Castel Raggio and Château Rayon..	Lord Castlereagh.
Cha. (also La Coquette Gentille) ..	Lady Charlotte Greville.
Chess-board, the (also My Sis.) ..	Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.
Chrysolite, the	Lady Charlotte Greville.
Covent Garden	Prince Czartoryski.
Cross, the	Count Woronzow.

<i>Cypher Name.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
Diamond, the.. ..	Unsolved.
Doctor, the	Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth.
Don, the (also Bor., Borino, and the Baron)	Lord Boringdon.
Donna, the	Lady Boringdon.
Dux, the	The Duke of Bridgewater.
Eliza and Emerald, the	Charles Grey, afterwards Lord Howick and Lord Grey.
Flower, the	Unsolved.
Frederico	The Turks.
Future, the	Tom Grenville.
Hecea	Mrs. Sheridan.
Hetty (and My Niece)	Lady Hester Stanhope.
Hyde Park Corner	Lord Hawkesbury.
Il Prior (also Magnifico)	Lord Abereorn.
Importation, the	Mr. John Hookham Frere.
Importation's Brother, the	Mr. Bartholomew Frere.
Inognito (also My Unele)	Mr. Pitt.
Jenksbury	Mr. Jenkinson.
Jewel, the (also Your Sally)	Lady Sarah Fane.
Julie	Madame Talma.
K. (also Ca. and the D.)	The Duke of Devonshire.
Knightsbridge (also le Revenant and the Spectre)	Sir J. Warren.
Labrador Stone	Lord Lauderdale.
La Blonde (also the Barbarian)	Princess Galitzin.
La Fée Vigèle	Miss Trimmer.
La Coquette Gentille (also Cha.)	Lady C. Greville.
La Monaco	Lady E. Monek.
La Montagna (also Tarare)	Hon. W. Hill.
La Priora	Lady Abereorn.
La Roehelina (also Bess, and later the Dss.)	Lady Elizabeth Foster.
L'Avocat	Hon. Richard Ryder.
Le Hazard	The French Princes.
Le Marin (and the Sea Nymph's Husband)	Lord Melville.
Le Revenant (also the Speetre and Knightsbridge)	Sir J. Warren.

<i>Cypher Name.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
L'Intéressant	Count Armfeldt, the Swedish Minister.
L'Intéressant's pupil.. ..	Sweden.
Lion, the	Lord Malmesbury
Little "o"	Lord Ossulston.
Lumber	Sir Charles Whitworth.
Magnifico (also Il Prior)	Lord Abercorn.
Mr. Cumberland (also Sol)	Lord Morpeth.
Mr. Robson	Bonaparte.
Mr. Wraxall	Francis II., Emperor of Germany.
Mr. Wraxall's Correspondent	The Austro-German Ambassador, Prince Stahremberg.
Mr. Wyatt	The King, George III.
Mr. A. Wyatt.. ..	Prince Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge.
Mr. E. Wyatt.. ..	Prince Ernest, Duke of Cumberland.
Mr. F. Wyatt	Frederick, Duke of York.
Mr. G. Wyatt.. ..	George, Prince of Wales.
Mr. Mortimer.. ..	Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
M. Thiebault	The King of Prussia.
My Friend	Lord Bessborough.
My Niece (also Hetty)	Lady Hester Stanhope.
My Relation	Lady Pembroke.
My Sis. or Sister (also The Chess-board)	Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.
My Uncle (also Incognito)	Mr. Pitt.
Old Don, the	Lord Moira.
One of Ossian's Chiefs (Borbadulthul)	Mr. Adair.
Oracle, the, and Scrogs	Mr. Sturges.
Pauline	Miss Wellesley Pole.
Pearl, the	Lady Harriet Cavendish.
Persian Title or Bawba-dara-adul-phoola	Bob Adair.
Polonius	Lord Dartmouth.
Pope, the	Mr. Canning.
Present, the	Lord Grenville.
Roman Head (also Capo di Roma)	Robert Adair.
Saint, The	Lord St. Vincent.
Sanhedrim	Unsolved (perhaps the Cabinet).
Sapphire, the	Miss Beckford.
Screw	Lord Harrowby.

<i>Cypher Name.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
Scrogs (also the Oracle)	Mr. Sturges.
Sea Nymph, the	Lady Melville.
Sea Nymph's Husband, the (also Le Marin)	Lord Melville.
Signora, the (also Your Berlin Friend)	Madame Panin.
Silence.. ..	Mr. Stuart.
Sol (also Mr. Cumberland)	Lord Morpeth.
Spaniards, the	Lord and Lady Holland.
Spectre, the (also Le Revenant and Knightsbridge)	Sir J. Warren.
Spite	Lord John Townshend.
Swain, the	Mr. Windham.
Tarare (also La Montagna)	The Hon. William Hill.
Thorn, the	Lady Melbourne.
Your Berlin Friend (also La Signora)	Madame Panin.
Your Sally (also the Jewel)	Lady Sarah Fane.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF NAMES, NICK- NAMES AND CYPHER NAMES

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Cypher Name.</i>
Abercorn, Lady	La Priora.
Abercorn, Lord	The Magnifico, Il Prior, and Abimelech.
Adair, Robert	His Persian Title, and One of Ossian's Chiefs (Borbadulthul), Roman Head, and Capo di Roma.
Adderley, Mr.	Bargain Junior.
Addington, Mr., later Lord Sidmouth	The Doctor, also Il Medico.
Alexander, the Emperor	The Aide-de-Camp, Apollo, and Bonaparte.
Armfeldt, Count	L'Interessant.
America	Augustus.
Auckland, Lord	The Father of Bargain Junior's Mother-in-law.
Beckford, Miss	The Sapphire.
Bessborough, Lord	My Friend.
Bonaparte	Mr. Robson.
Boringdon, Lady	The Donna.
Boringdon, Lord	The Don, Bor., Borino, and later the Baron.
Bridgewater, the Duke of	The Dux.
Budberg, M. de	The Bud.
Cahir, Lady	The Bracelet.
Cambridge, Adolphus, Duke of	Mr. A. Wyatt.
Canning, Mr.	The Pope.
Castlereagh, Lord	Castel Raggio, and Château Rayon.
Clifford, the Dowager Lady	The Old Don's sister, mother-in-law to La Montagna's sister.
Cumberland, Ernest, Duke of	Mr. E. Wyatt.
Czartoryski, Prince	Covent Garden.

xviii NAMES, NICKNAMES AND CYPHER NAMES

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Cypher Name.</i>
Dartmouth, Lord	Polonius.
Devonshire, Duke of	Ca., K., and the D.
Devonshire, Georgiana, Duchess of ..	The Chess-board, My Sis.
Fane, Lady Sarah	The Jewel, and Your Sally.
Foster, Lady Elizabeth	Bess, La Rochelina, and later the Dss.
Fox, Charles	Anne.
French Princes, the	Le Hazard.
Frere, Mr. J. Hookham	The Importation.
Frere, Mr. Bartholomew	The Importation's Brother.
Galitzin, Princess Serge	La Blonde and the (Little) Bar bariar.
Germany, Emperor Francis II. of ..	Mr. Wraxall.
Lord Granville Leveson Gower ..	Mr. Arundel, Mr. Seymour, and Beamer.
Grenville, Lord	The Present.
Grenville, Tom	The Future.
Greville, Lady Charlotte	Cha., and La Coquette Gentille.
Grey, Charles, later Lord Howick and Earl Grey	Eliza, and later the Emerald.
Harrowby, Lord	Screw.
Hawkesbury, Lord	Hyde Park Corner.
Hill, the Hon. William	La Montagna and Tarare.
Holland, Lord and Lady	The Spaniards.
Jenkinson, Mr. (afterwards Lord Hawkesbury)	Jenksbury.
King George III.	Mr. Wyatt.
Lauderdale, Lord	Labrador Stone.
Malmesbury, Lord	The Lion.
Melbourne, Lady	The Thorn.
Melville, Lady	The Sea Nymph.
Melville, Lord	The Sea Nymph's Husband, and Le Marin.
Moir, Lord	The Old Don.
Monck, Lady E.	La Monaco.
Morpeth, Lord	Sol, and Mr. Cumberland.
Ossulston, Lord	Little "o."

<i>Name.</i>				<i>Cypher Name.</i>
Panin, Madame	The Signora, and Your Berlin Friend.
Pembroke, Lady	My Relation.
Pitt, Mr.	My Uncle.
Pole, Miss Wellesley	Pauline.
Portland, the Duke of	Alto.
Prussia, the King of	M. Thiebault.
Ryder, the Hon. Richard	L'Avocat.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley	Mr. Mortimer.
Sheridan, Mrs.	Hecca.
Spain	The Antidote.
Stahremberg, Prince (the German Ambassador).	Austro-	Mr. Wraxall's Correspondent.
Stanhope, Lady Hester	My Niece and Hetty.
Stuart, Mr.	Silence.
Sturges, Mr.	The Oracle and Scrogs.
Sweden	L'Intéressant's pupil.
Talma, Madame	Julie.
Tierney, Mr.	The Bargain.
Townshend, Lord John	Spite.
Trimmer, Miss	La Fée Vigèle.
Turks, the	Frederico.
Wales, the Prince of	Mr. G. Wyatt.
Warren, Sir J.	Knightsbridge (because his name-sake had a house there) and Le Revenant).
Whitworth, Sir Charles	Lumber.
Windham, Mr.	The Swain.
Woronzow, Count	The Cross.
York, the Duke of	Mr. F. Wyatt.

INTRODUCTION

IN the first chapter of the life of the second Lord Granville, Lord Fitzmaurice gives a charming sketch of the political life of Granville, second Earl Gower. It is therefore unnecessary here to do more than recall the outlines of the career of a man who stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries for his undoubted ability and for the uprightness of his conduct both in public and in private life. Born in August, 1721, he succeeded his father as second Earl Gower in December, 1754, and from that time held successively the offices of Lord Privy Seal, Master of the Horse, Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, Lord Chamberlain, and in December, 1767, that of President of the Council. This last he resigned in 1779 when he left Lord North's Administration. He gave his reasons for doing so in a very frank and bitter attack on the Government in the House of Lords, saying that he had "presided for years at the Council table, and had seen such things pass there of late that no man of honour or conscience could any longer sit there." He refused the post of Prime Minister in 1783, after the fall of Lord Shelburne's Administration, but consented to serve as President of the Council under Pitt, and so greatly strengthened the latter when he formed his first Ministry in December of the same year. The following year Lord Gower changed his office for that of Lord Privy Seal, which he held until July, 1794, when he finally retired from public life. He was created Marquis of Stafford in 1786. The best description of his character in private life is given by his third wife in a letter to her son written in 1788: "I have been married twenty years; there is not a day passes that I do not feel and admire his good-humour and constant flow of spirits. He is a most pleasant companion. I believe his good principles, his justice, his truth, his honest upright heart make peace within which diffuses itself upon his countenance, and exhilarates himself as well as those who

have the happiness to live with him." In spite of this glowing tribute, Lord Stafford, though constantly mentioned and quoted in the following letters, remains on a pedestal in the background as a rather stern and autocratic father, whose word was law. Fortunately his commands were generally given to his family through the softening medium of his wife.

Like his father before him, Lord Gower married three times. His first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Fazakerley of Prescott, died of smallpox with her infant son in 1745, the year after her marriage. He married secondly, in 1748, Lady Louisa Egerton, daughter of Scrope, first Duke of Bridgewater, and by her, who died in 1761, he had three daughters and one son, George Granville, Lord Trentham, who married on 4th September, 1785, the great Scottish heiress, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and to whom his uncle, the third and last Duke of Bridgewater, left the greater part of his vast fortune. He became eventually first Duke of Sutherland.

Lord Gower married thirdly, in May, 1768, Lady Susannah Stewart, third daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, then in her twenty-fifth year. By her he had three more daughters and one son.

Before her marriage Lady Susan, one of a family of thirteen, had led a very independent life, paying long visits to Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, and to other intimate friends. About the time of George III.'s accession in 1761, when Lady Susan was little more than sixteen, she was appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Princess Augusta, the King's favourite sister. She accompanied the Princess to Brunswick after her marriage to the Hereditary Prince Ferdinand, which took place on 16th January, 1764. Lady Susan kept an interesting little journal during this journey, and also during a second visit to Brunswick. The Princess appears to have been greatly attached to her, and they kept up a very regular correspondence until shortly before Lady Stafford's death.

Lady Stafford must have had a very charming and lovable personality—intelligent, sympathetic, and deeply religious. Entirely devoted to the comfort and well-being of her husband and children, she made their home a centre for that very large and increasing family circle. Her youngest child, Granville, to whom

the greater part of the letters contained in these volumes were written, was born on 12th October, 1773. Adored by his mother, loved and petted by his sisters, little Granville, or Leveson, as he was sometimes called, spent his earliest years in these very pure and happy home surroundings.

Lord Thurlow, the celebrated Chancellor, an intimate friend of his parents, showed great interest in the boy's early education, and took charge of him on his first journey to school, when he was sent at eight years old to a Dr. Kyte at Hammersmith. After three years he was moved to Donnington, near Wolverhampton, and placed under the care of Mr. Woodhouse (afterwards Dean of Lichfield), whence at the early age of fifteen he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford. His lifelong friendship with Lord Boringdon began at his first school, and that with Mr. George Canning (his elder by three years) at Oxford.

In January, 1791, Lord Granville Leveson Gower¹ paid his first visit to Paris. He stayed for a month with his half-brother, now Lord Gower, who had been appointed Ambassador to Louis XVI. in May of the previous year. The first rumblings of the Revolution had begun, but Society in Paris was still dancing and amusing itself in spite of the rising discontent.

After three years at Oxford, Lord Granville was sent with Lord Boringdon on the customary foreign tour. Starting in March, 1792, they went by The Hague, Amsterdam, and Cologne to Frankfort, where they were present at the coronation of the Emperor Francis II., thence to Mayence and Coblenz, where amongst the émigrés Lord Granville found many of the friends he had made in Paris. Continuing their tour, they proceeded by Gotha, Dresden, and Berlin to St. Petersburg, and were civilly received by the Empress Catherine II. Having seen Moscow, they returned by Warsaw, Cracow, Vienna, and Prague, and were home again by the middle of March, 1793, Lord Stafford having desired his son to hurry back to join the regiment of Staffordshire Militia, to which during his absence he had been appointed.

In the following autumn Lord Granville again went abroad, wishing to join his nephew, Lord Morpeth, and Lord Boringdon, who were in Italy. The declaration of war between France and

¹ For the sake of brevity, Lord Granville will in these volumes be generally mentioned only by his Christian name. Eventually choosing this for his title, it is the one he was known by all his life.

England in February, 1793, had made travelling by land neither easy nor pleasant. It was therefore arranged that Lord Granville should go by sea, and he was given a passage in the frigate *Dido* (Captain Sir Charles Hamilton), one of the ships of a small squadron of five ordered with a convoy to join Lord Hood's fleet at Toulon. He left London on 30th October, but their start from Falmouth was delayed for six weeks by adverse winds, and owing to the evacuation of Toulon it was finally three months before he landed at Leghorn, and proceeded thence to Naples with Lord Holland.

At Naples they found a very gay society, including many English, and it was here that Lord Granville made acquaintance with the lady whose letters form the principal part of this correspondence.

In March, 1794, Lord Granville was again summoned home by his father to rejoin his Militia, for regiments were being busily recruited all over the country on account of the alarm caused by the threatened French invasion.

The following January, 1795, Lord Granville was elected member for Lichfield, which borough he represented for the next four years. There was at this time some question of his becoming one of Mr. Pitt's private secretaries, but finally he was appointed to join Lord Malmesbury's Mission to Paris and Lille in October, 1796, and 1797. This Mission was sent for the purpose of making overtures for peace to the Republic, but these proved abortive, and the war continued until the Peace of Amiens was signed on 27th March, 1802.

In December, 1797, after the death of Frederick William II.,¹ King of Prussia, Lord Granville was appointed Ambassador to congratulate the new King, Frederick William III., on his accession. His stay in Berlin was somewhat prolonged, owing to the King being laid up with an attack of measles; but his annoyance at the consequent delay in presenting his credentials was mitigated by his admiration for the beautiful Queen Louise, who received him informally.

In November, 1798, Lord Granville made his first speech in the House of Commons, when he moved the Address. He appears to have got through the ordeal very creditably, perhaps, in spite of a

¹ Died 16th November, 1797.

great deal of advice—including the taking of sal volatile to bolster up his courage—pressed upon him beforehand by his many friends.

Lord Gower having been summoned to the House of Lords in 1799, Lord Granville resigned his seat for Lichfield, and was elected to succeed his brother as member for Staffordshire, and continued to represent this county for the next sixteen years. In 1800 he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury by Mr. Pitt, in succession to Lord John Townshend, but only held that office for a short time, following Mr. Pitt in his resignation in February, 1801.

The death of Lord Stafford, which took place on 26th October, 1803, in his eighty-third year, broke up the home at Trentham and Whitehall, and Lord Granville succeeded to some property, without a house, in Staffordshire.

In 1804 Mr. Pitt returned to power, and Lord Granville was appointed in July a member of the Privy Council and Ambassador to St. Petersburg,¹ for the purpose of negotiating an alliance with Russia. He succeeded in concluding a treaty which, however, eventually proved inoperative, and in the autumn of 1806 he returned to England, being succeeded as Ambassador by his cousin, Lord Douglas.

Lady Stafford died on 18th August, 1805, during the absence of her adored son. She had never got over the loss of her husband, and left a touching little diary in which she counts first the hours, then the days, weeks, and months “since my beloved left me, and my chain of earthly happiness was broken.”

Lord Granville was reappointed to St. Petersburg in the spring of 1807, but only remained there a few months. His Mission failed, principally owing to the Treaty of Peace signed between France and Russia at Tilsit on 8th July, after the well-known meeting of the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon on a raft moored on the River Niemen.² On 31st October Russia declared war against England, and Lord Granville made his way home through Sweden.

In July, 1809, he was appointed Secretary at War in place of Sir James Pulteney, but after about three months' tenure of office resigned with Mr. Canning, when Mr. Perceval succeeded the Duke of Portland as Prime Minister.

¹ Mr. Pitt was then forming the third Coalition against Napoleon.

² 24th June.

The happiest event of Lord Granville's life took place in December, 1809, when he was married to Lady Harriet Cavendish, the second daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. How happy it was can be seen in the delightful letters written by Lady Granville to her sister, Lady Carlisle, and published by her second son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower. In one of these she says: "And Granville, adored Granville, who would make a desert smile."

Lord Granville held no further appointment during the following fourteen years, which were spent very happily with his wife and increasing family. Two daughters, Susan and Georgiana, were born in 1810 and 1812, and were followed by three sons, Granville,¹ William,² and Frederick.³ Short visits were made abroad to Paris and Spa in 1814, 1815, and 1817, otherwise they lived partly in London, but oftener at Tixall, in Staffordshire, where they constantly entertained the numerous relations and friends to whom they also made frequent visits. In 1815 Lord Granville Leveson Gower was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Granville of Stone.

In November, 1823, shortly after Mr. Canning's return to office as Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville was appointed Ambassador to The Hague, on the understanding that this appointment was only provisional, pending further diplomatic changes. Early in the following year he was promoted to Paris as successor to Sir Charles Stuart. He received the Grand Cross of the Bath, and, strange as it may seem, was invested with it by the King of France at the Tuileries on 9th June, 1825.⁴

On the retirement of Mr. Huskisson and the Canningites from the Duke of Wellington's Government in 1827, Lord Granville resigned his post, but was reappointed when Lord Grey became Prime Minister in 1830, and he remained Ambassador at Paris—with only one short interval in 1834—until the fall of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841. In May, 1833, he was created Earl Granville. Shortly before his retirement he had a paralytic attack, from which he never fully recovered, and he led an invalid life until his death on 8th January, 1846.

¹ Granville, George, second Earl Granville (born 11th May, 1815; died 31st March, 1891).

² Granville, William (1816-1833).

³ Edward Frederick (1819-1907).

⁴ It was the custom of the time that, when an Order of Knighthood was conferred on a British representative abroad, the Sovereign to whom he was accredited should be requested to perform the ceremony of investiture.

Singularly handsome and pleasing, Lord Granville at the age of nineteen was plunged into the most brilliant, but also, unfortunately, the most dissipated, society of the time. Like most of those surrounding him, he was a victim to the love of play, and lost very large sums at whist and picquet, for though he was reputed the best whist-player of the day, he was never a fortunate one. It is difficult now to realize the strange combination of dissipation and intellectual refinement which characterized Society at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Drunkenness, looseness of morals and of conversation, were only too common, and gambling for high stakes was the usual amusement of both men and women.

Lord Granville's principal correspondent, Henrietta, Countess of Bessborough, was a daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and the younger sister of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Born 16th June, 1761, she married, 27th November, 1780, Viscount Duncannon, who succeeded his father as third Earl of Bessborough in March, 1793, and by him she had four children. She was thirty-two, twelve years older than Lord Granville, when they first met at Naples, and began the friendship which only ended with her life in 1821. Of a generous, affectionate, and emotional nature, her love for her sister, her children, and her friends was the leading feature of her character.¹ She lived constantly in the midst of social amusements, surrounded by some of the wittiest and cleverest men of the day. It is remarkable how many and how varied were the books she read, and how she found time for the voluminous and entertaining letters she wrote.

In these letters she often copies out long extracts from some book which had particularly appealed to her, or gives quotations of poetry from memory, generally in Italian, as well as all the news and gossip of the day, mingled with a great deal of good advice.

Only part of this correspondence is given, practically all the quotations having been omitted, together with many details of private family matters. A great deal also that showed the charm of her character and style has been sacrificed in order to keep the material within reasonable limits. Her handwriting, always

¹ Lady Hester Stanhope, in her conversations with her doctor, says of Lady Bessborough: "She had ten times more cleverness than her sister the Duchess."

difficult to read, is often quite illegible, particularly in the later years of the correspondence. The old-fashioned spelling has been retained both in English and in French, but some names, such as Thuilleries, have been corrected to their present form.

Lord Granville, grateful for her unwavering friendship, appears to have trusted her implicitly, and to have confided all his private troubles and somewhat numerous flirtations to her sympathetic ear until the time of his marriage. With the subsequent part of his life and his later diplomatic career in Paris the following correspondence has little to do, as it ends with Lady Bessborough's death in 1821.

In making this selection the intention has been to give a picture of Lord Granville's early life and the society of the time, sketched entirely by these private letters, and no attempt has been made to draw upon his official correspondence. Very few of the letters were dated, and as the packets had unfortunately become untied they were mixed together in great confusion. It has been a matter of some difficulty to arrange them correctly as to date; probably some mistakes have been made, but a few dated letters and some half-obliterated postmarks have been of great assistance, while the various political and social events mentioned have given definite clues. In some instances the colour of ink and paper have also been a guide.

Shortly before his death Lord Granville appears to have gone through Lady Bessborough's letters, judging by a few dates added in a very failing handwriting, thus proving that he wished them to be preserved. His own letters were returned to him, after Lady Bessborough's death, in "the cedar-wood box" she mentions, and must have been for the most part destroyed by him. Only a few remain, and these are of no great interest. When he started on his first official experience with Lord Malmesbury, he wrote to both his mother and Lady Bessborough, warning them to expect nothing from him beyond the trivial events of the day. Lord Malmesbury had desired his staff to be very careful as to what they mentioned in their private letters, and from this early caution Lord Granville never swerved.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER

CHAPTER I

1781-1791

EARLY YEARS—EIGHT TO EIGHTEEN

At the time these letters begin Lord Gower's two eldest daughters were married. The eldest, Lady Louisa, born in 1749, married in 1779 Archibald Macdonald, who was afterwards appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The second, Lady Caroline, born in 1753, married in 1770 Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and her eldest son was born in September, 1773, a month before her youngest brother.

The children remaining at home were Lady Anne, born in 1761 (who was to marry in 1784 Edward Vernon, Bishop of Carlisle, afterwards Archbishop of York¹), her three little half-sisters, Georgiana, born in 1769, Charlotte, born in 1771, and Susan, born in 1772, and their brother, Granville, born 12th October, 1773.

Following the strangely formal custom of the time, Lady Stafford, even though writing to her son, always mentions her relations, including her step-children, by their titles.

The first letter is from Lord Thurlow, who became Lord Chancellor in 1778. It is, like all those he wrote to Lady Gower, undated, but it was probably written in 1780. It alludes to a picture being painted of "little Leveson." This may have been the one where the boy appears in the group of "Children of Earl Gower," so well known as the "Dancing Grandmothers," painted by Romney in 1780.²

¹ He later assumed the additional name of Harcourt, on succeeding to the estates of the last Earl Harcourt.

² Writing to Lady Gower 12th August, 1780, Romney says: "The Picture of the Lady's is at the Engravers. . . . The charge will amount to two hun-

*Lord Thurlow to Countess Gower at Bath.*¹*Undated (probably 1780).*

DEAR LADY GOWER,—I am told you have been so good as to make little Leveson sit for his Picture ! and that you think it will do. I have some curiosity to see that, but a much greater desire to see Him, for though, as you know, I have always been ready to acknowledge that nobody *could teach* Him so well as My Lord, I have never been much disposed to think that He *would*. It would be more a Pity than a wonder, if you were seduced by the pleasure of it, to keep Him from a place of more certain and constant drudgery ; which ought if possible to be made His Habit, and the training should begin forthwith, I think. I am sorry that Lord Gower does not ride as much as He did. I want to know what effect the waters seem to take upon Him, and also what your Ladyship has done with them, that one may begin to calculate upon the chance of seeing you again. As you don't love writing you may order Georgiana to rule another sheet of paper and give me some account of this matter.

*The Lord Chancellor to Lord Gower.**Thursday.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I should not have deserved the care of Leveson² if I omitted a single post to inform you we are arrived safe and sound. I had begun to write last night from Stony Stratford, but the waiter corrected his mistake and told us the Post did not come that way this turn.

We fared exceedingly well, except that our provision was miscalculated, by which means, although we had great superfluity of Sandwiches, Partridge, &c., the Buns failed, which, as they were destined for the effective part of the Crew, were exhausted the first morning. The fruit, by means of short allowance, served so well that we carry a pineapple to school.

I have scraped a great acquaintance with my Fellow Traveller, and consequently He rivals Georgiana. The result is that He must be hard worked or He will fail. I shall call it failing if,

dred guineas—forty guineas for each of the Ladys that are dancing, sixty for Lady Anne, and twenty for Mr. Leveson, which charge I hope will meet with your Ladyship's approbation ; it is the mode I have established for estimating figures in composition."

¹ Edward Thurlow, eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, Rector of Ashfield, Sussex, was born in 1732, called to the Bar 1758, obtained a silk gown 1761, appointed Solicitor-General March, 1770, Attorney-General 22nd January, 1771, and Lord High Chancellor in 1778, when he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Thurlow. He remained Chancellor, with only a short interval in 1783, until 1792, when he resigned. He died unmarried 12th September, 1806.

² Granville Leveson Gower, now eight years of age, was being taken to his first school, Dr. Kyte's, at Hammersmith, by Lord Thurlow.



Georgiana

Susan G. L. G.

Charlotte

Anne

THE CHILDREN OF EARL GOWER

From the mezzotint after George Romney

knowing twenty times as much Latin and Greek and other parts of the *Litteræ Humaniores* as His Companions, He only turns out the most pleasing and shining among His Companions. He is certainly fit for a great deal more—this may be talked of hereafter.

Every Landlady on the road was very solicitous to enquire of my good Lord, Lady and the family, and happy to hear they are so well, but Mr. Langford has the style of expressing that with more emphasis.

We met with none of our friends except Mr. Brotherton, who teaches us to draw, and the Duke of Grafton, who was equally surprised and concerned that, being so near, we did not lie at Wakefield. His Grace was driving the Duchess to Euston in a Curriele with Post Horses, and an Hostler sitting behind it tête-à-tête with them on a saddle to take home the Horses. The oddness of the object made me ask whether that was His usual way of travelling. He told me when it was fine weather, and the Duchess liked it.

The Coach is at the door and we are going to Hammersmith. We bear it like Men—that is, feeling it like Men; otherwise it would be apter to say we bear it like Milestones.—Yrs. very faithfully,
T.

Love to Georgiana and our other Companions.

Dated by Lady Gower: Ld. Chancellor Thurlow from London Sep^r ye 15th, 1781.

Lady Gower to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Saturday, ye 17th.

MY DEAREST LITTLE LEVESON,—Your leaving us made your Papa and your Sisters and me very melancholy. Pazez said that his morning ride appear'd dull without you, and when we went in the Phaeton after breakfast we missed you, and had a great deal of Conversation about you. . . . Lady C. Egerton¹ and Lady Anne² went yesterday to Beau-Desert. We had no dancing in the evening, but a *grand* concert—Mr. Alcock and Mr. Horne were the male Performers, your Sisters and the two Miss Probies play'd and sang, but I felt uncomfortable without you, tho' I had rather have you at Hammersmith than here, as I know it to be most for your Advantage, and I trust and pray that you may make a good use of the Instruction and good Lessons that you receive there every Day. All your Sisters were sorry to part with you, but I believe little Sue found out that I, of all the Family, felt most like herself, so she shed her Tears with me in the Pow-

¹ Lord Gower's sister-in-law, Lady Caroline Egerton, daughter of Scrope, fourth Duke of Bridgewater.

² His half-sister.

dering-room without restraint. She has a most affectionate little heart, and loves you more than she does any of her Sisters. . . .

Adieu, my Dear; I hope to have the pleasure of hearing soon from you. . . .—Yr. affte.

MAZEY.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

October ye 3^d (probably 1782).

DEAR LADY GOWER,—I arrived safe in London on Monday last. We had two pleasant days for travelling. As soon as we came we went to Lord Carlisle's house. It will soon be finished. From thence we went to Reynolds. I think that Lady Car.'s¹ picture will be very like her; there is something in it like my Father. We dined at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, and then I went to School; it has now got so many boys since Christmas that we have been forced to get another Usher. Give my Duty to Papa, and my love to my Sisters and Lady Carlisle if she is at Trentham, Not forgetting George,² as the Servants call her, and my Aunt.³

Dear Lady Gower,
Remember that I for evermore
Will be your dutiful Son,

G. L. GOWER.

(The above is in the Lord Chaneellor's handwriting.)

G. L. G. to his Mother.

11th November, 1783.

DEAR MAMA,—I thank you very much for the Letter, which I received this morning. The Holidays begin on the 20th of December. I hope to see you in about 3 weeks time. I thank you very much for the Apples and pears, which I received last Saturday. I wish I could write something to entertain you. Pray give My Duty to Papa, and Love to my Sisters. Dr. and Mrs. Kyte present their Compts.—I am, Dear Mama, Your Dutiful Son,

G. LEVESON GOWER.

Lord Chaneellor came to see me Just now.

In 1784 or 1785 Granville was sent to Mr. Woodhouse, a private tutor at Donnington, near Wolverhampton, with whom he remained until he went to Christ Church, Oxford, in May, 1789.

¹ His half-sister, Lady Carlisle. Romney charged thirty-six guineas for this picture, and in a letter to Lady Gower says: "I think it is one of the best Pictures I have painted."

² His sister, Georgiana.

³ Lady Euphemia Stewart, daughter of the sixth Earl of Galloway, and sister to Lady Gower.

Mr. Woodhouse, who seems to have gained the respect and affection of his pupil, became later Dean of Lichfield. Lady Granville, writing to her sister from Tixal in 1810, says: "The Dean seems to me a delightful person. He is beautiful to begin with, and what one should have painted for a Dean before the purity of one's ideas upon the subject had been corrupted by a sight of Mr. Edward Legge in that capacity. He is tall and thin and graceful in his look and manner. . . . He has immense brown eyes, with straight black eyebrows, a regular profile, and the whitest teeth. He looks old and at times sallow, but some years ago he must have been exactly like Mrs. Inchbald's description of Dorriforth."

Lady Gower to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,¹

Saturday ye 19th
(probably February, 1785).

MY DEAREST LEVESON,—I sent into the City to buy the best oranges that could be bought, and they went from hence last Thursday in the waggon. I thought you would have more Pleasure in seeing enough for your Friends, than in eating them yourself. I therefore sent as many as I thought would be good whilst they last, so if you will let me know that they agree with Mr. Woodhouse, and that you wish to have to give to your Acquaintance in the School near you, I will send some more, but you must let me know ten Days before those you have are finished.

The Dowager Lady Gower² is still alive. She suffers dreadfully, but the Physicians think she may linger out a Day or two longer.

Mr. Pitt has gain'd himself great Credit by his two or three last Speeches. His Language and Oratory amazes, but the sensible thinking People are astonished at his knowledge. The Opposition even cannot help expressing Astonishment. Your Papa says that he is a most wonderful young man. His Passions are all guided by Reason, with a mind so improved, such Discretion, and so perfect a Knowledge of the Commerce, Funds, and Government of the Country that one must imagine to hear him on these subjects,

¹ Gower House in Whitehall was built by Sir William Chambers between the years 1764 and 1779. It was sold by the second Lord Stafford in 1810 (to the first Lord Carrington), when he moved to Bridgewater House, where he lived until he bought the lease of Stafford House in 1827.

² Died at Bill Hill 1785, from having accidentally set herself on fire while alone in her room, sitting before the fire, with her feet on the fender. She was Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, and widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold. She married, in 1736, as his third wife, John, first Earl Gower, by whom she had two sons—Thomas, and Admiral John Leveson, from whom are descended the Leveson Gowers of Bill Hill.

that he had the experience of fifty years, and at the same Time so clever, lively, and agreeable in Society, without the least *assuming*, that it is impossible to know him without liking him and wondering at his Knowledge and Parts.

Since writing the foregoing your Papa has had an Acc^t of the Death of the Dowager Lady Gower. So you must go into Mourning. Our Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse.—Yr. affec^e

S. GOWER.

Marchioness of Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,
March ye 15th, 1786.

MY DEAR LEVESON,—I am not surprized that you do not like to be call'd Lord.¹ There is no advantage in it. Your Papa was urged by his Family and Friends to ask for this Advancement in the Peerage. They were very earnest in their wishes and expressions, as they did not like that Lord Gower's Descendants should derive their Name and Title from their Mother.² Lady Sutherland has been ill of a sore mouth; her Tongue and Lips Blister'd. Asses' Milk and the Bark have done her much good. I hear, but not from them, that they do not go to Scotland this summer, and that she expects to Lye in near August. . . . The Chancellor, Mrs. Howe,³ and Miss Lloyd⁴ often enquire after you. . . . I had a letter yesterday from Lord Strathaven⁵ from Franckfort. He says that his Health and Spirits are better. His Letters are very entertaining. . . .—Yr. ever affte.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Nov. ye 4th, 1786.

. . . I am very glad to see your writing so much improved. . . . Your Papa says that he wishes that you could acquire the *knack* of expressing yourself well. He thinks it is in your own Power.

¹ Lord Gower was created Marquis of Stafford 1st March, 1786.

² Lord Trentham married, in 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness Strathnaver in her own right. She was born in May, 1765.

³ Mrs. Caroline Howe, eldest daughter of Emanuel Scrope, second Viscount Howe (Governor of Barbadoes) and of Mary Sophia Charlotte, eldest daughter of Baron Kielmansegge (Master of the Horse to George II.) by Sophia Charlotte Platte, who was created Countess of Darlington. Caroline Howe married John Howe, of Hanslop, in Buckinghamshire. She was a sister of General George Augustus Howe and of Richard, the distinguished Admiral created first Earl Howe. She was very popular in society, and kept up a large correspondence.

⁴ Miss Rachel Lloyd, also a popular member of that society.

⁵ Eldest son of Lord Aboyne, who had married Lady Stafford's sister Margaret. She died in 1762.

He does not believe that Parker¹ or Morpeth² are better Scholars than you are, yet they make out very good letters, which he fancies is owing to their being less indolent; for you, tho' you like to receive letters, will not give yourself Time to answer them, you will not employ your mind. You suck your thumbs, chew your Pocket Han. or a Bit of Paper, protest you do not know what to say, get up, sit down, fiddle faddle, and will not take the trouble of thinking. This is not meant for your last Letter, for your Papa thinks the writing and style both better than yours generally are. He hopes that Mr. Woodhouse makes you get by Heart every week some Passages from Demosthenes, Plato, Homer, Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Milton, Shakespear, Pope, or Addison. He did not desire me to write this, but as he said it, I think there is no harm in repeating it.

Lady Carlisle and *your niece* are still here. Mr. Vernon and Lady Anne we have not seen since you left us. Lord Dunmore and Lord Fincastle³ left us last Thursday. I believe you never saw the last; he is *very* plain, but his mind is well informed, and he is a good Scholar. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

May ye 14th, 1787.

. . . In the evening we had a good many People, and Mr. Rigby talk'd a great Deal about you. He tormented your Sisters about their Presentation, and told them that he hear'd from you that it had made Georgiana sick. On Saturday we went to Lord Hawkesbury, where we found the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lady Augusta, and Lady Charlotte Campbell and Miss Gunning. We had a great deal of Musick after Dinner. Lady Augusta has a wonderful fine Voice and sings with great taste—but we enjoyed the fineness of the evening before the musick began. Sunday Morning we got up early, to be ready for the Clergyman, who came soon after nine o'clock, as we were to have Prayers and *not* go to Church, which I did not approve of, for I think it a great Duty for People in high Life to go to Church, not only on their own acct., but to give a good example to inferiors. The Chancellor, Mr. Pitt,⁴ and Mr. William Grenville came to Dinner, and we had a very pleasant Dinner; for tho' there were Disputes about different Passages in Homer, of which we Females were ignorant,

¹ John Parker, son of first Baron Boringdon, born 3rd May, 1772, succeeded his father in 1788, and was raised to the Earldom of Morley in 1815.

² His nephew, the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was born 17th September, 1773.

³ Lord Fincastle, born 1762, son of Lady Stafford's sister Charlotte, who married, 1759, the fourth Earl of Dunmore.

⁴ Hon. William Pitt (1759-1806). Prime Minister since 13th December, 1783.

yet I enjoyed *that* Conversation, and wished that you had been there, for Mr. Pitt, with the *greatest Diffidence* in his Manner, shew'd how thoroughly he understood and explain'd the Lines. He was as lively and entertaining as if he had never thought of anything but being it and pleasant in Company. . . . All the Family at Addiscombe¹ desired many Compl^{ts} to you.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,
May ye 14th, 1787.

We returned this morning from Addiscombe, where we pass'd two Days very pleasantly, in spite of Foreigners who dined there both Days. In the House there was only us, and Lady Elizabeth Tufton, I mean besides the Family. Miss Cope² was in high good looks and usual great Spirits. I never saw Miss Catherine² look so well. She is a very sensible, clever Girl, and has such good Principles and right ways of thinking, that I do think she will make a very good wife. Mr. Jenkinson³ was at Home, from Oxford—he is well educated, well informed, and sensible. To you, *you know* I always say freely what I think, I will therefore tell you, that if he had been my Son, I should have wished him to be more inclined to listen to what the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt said, than to express his own Ideas upon Politicks, Government, and Commeree, which did not appear to be the case, with him; but he spoke well, and his Language was good, and it was obvious that he had really a great Deal of Knowledge. I have a Notion that at Oxford, if they are good Scholars, they contract High Ideas of themselves, which wear off when they come to live with the rest of the world. On Monday Lord and Lady Clermont dined there (them you know); the French Ambassador, a sensible, grave, plain-looking man, short sighted and a little deaf; the Dutch Minister, who is well looking, very merry, well informed, and agreeable. They left us about eight, when we walked, and had musick till supper, and to Bed at eleven. Breakfast began at nine o'clock yesterday, when the Chancellor arrived. I find he has written to you that he had order'd the Presentation to be made out for Doctor Kyte to the living of [illegible].

Monsieur de Calonne⁴ and two French Ladies and Lady Clermont came to Dinner, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Grenville.

¹ Lord Hawkesbury's house, near Croydon.

² Daughters of Sir Charles Cope; their mother had married, secondly, as his second wife, Lord Hawkesbury in 1782.

³ Robert Bankes Jenkinson, born 7th June, 1770, died 1828 (eldest son of Lord Hawkesbury), the well-known statesman, first as Lord Hawkesbury, and afterwards Earl of Liverpool.

⁴ Charles Alexandre de Calonne (1734-1807) succeeded Necker as Comptroller-General in 1783. After four years of incessant labour at financial reform, had been dismissed, and obliged to retire to England in 1787.

Rt. Honble. Wm. Pitt to Marquis of Stafford.

DOWNING STREET,

Sunday, Sept. 16th, 1787.

MY DEAR LORD,—The Dispatch sent herewith will shew your Lordship that the crisis is actually arrived. It is, I conceive, impossible for us not to support the Republic and the King of Prussia against the measures which France seems likely to take. With this view, it seems necessary to accelerate the conclusion of the Hessian Treaty; and I should think We ought to lose no Time in arming our Fleet, as I am persuaded Vigorous Preparations will still give the best Chance of avoiding actual extremities, or at all events will tend to shorten the contest. Your Lordship will not, however, wonder if under these circumstances I most anxiously wish for advice and Assistance on the Spot; and it would be a great Satisfaction if, without too much inconvenience, you could reach Town on Tuesday, as every moment may be of consequence.—Believe me, my dear Lord, with the greatest Regard, Faithfully and sincerely yours,

W. PITT.

MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

SCARBOROUGH,

July ye 30th, 1788.

. . . We arrived last Saturday to Dinner. Our House is good and pleasantly situated, a fine view of the Sea, where we see Ships constantly passing. Yesterday we saw near forty Sail.

There are a good many People here, but none we know except Lady Charlotte Tufton,¹ an old single Lady, who talks from Morning to Night. She was formerly grave and silent, except when there was a story to the Disadvantage of a younger Person than herself, which she always related with great glee. This last practice she perseveres in, but her taciturnity has left her, for she talks without ceasing, and her cross looks, with her harsh Judgements, remind me of Charlotte's Song—but enough of Her. I will return to Saturday: after Dinner we went to the Wells, where there is nothing but the Well, a room for the Ladies, and another for the Gentlemen, with a walk upon that Cliff over the seashore. The sands are charming for walking, Driving, and riding. We returned home without meeting any Body but the above-mentioned Old Lady. We drank Tea and Supper at Home early and alone. Sunday we went to the Well, drank and walk'd. After Church Cha. went out to ride with your Papa. Geo. and I in the Coach. . . . Your Papa read us two good Sermons that eve. Monday, as usual, we got up at seven; the whole of that

¹ Daughter of seventh Earl of Thanet, died 1803.

Day was like the preceding. Tuesday the same, only some Mistakes about Ball or no Ball; but the long desired Business took place last Night, for to the Rooms we went, and all the finest of the Company were introduced to us. There we curtesey'd, Bow'd, smiled and talk'd, and made several new Acquaintances, but as Cha. is writing she will certainly give an Acc^t of our Proceedings there, and how she and her Sister scamper'd down the Country Dances with such glee! How they came Home in a most perfect Perspiration, and how we settled it that certainly there is more real Politeness in the Country than in London. There no one has any Attention or Politeness but for those who will invite them to their Houses, and even in that case only polite when it does not cost much trouble; but here they all seem to be desirous of being obliging and pleasing. . . .

One of our Horses here has got the Glanders very bad, and I believe he is dead.

I had almost forgot to tell you that I am much better. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

SCARBOROUGH,

Thursday, ye 7th August, 1788.

. . . I had a letter this Morn. from Lady Carlisle, to describe the magnificence and regularity with which Lord John¹ Townshend was chair'd, and the Procession, which she says "We went to *Brooks's* to see." Her Grace of Devon. did not go about the Streets, as she did the last Election, but she wrote numberless Notes every Morning to solicit, and at Night the Heads of the Party met at Devon. House to sup and settle Matters—which the Dutchess liked exceedingly, as she said it was very Jolly. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

SCARBOROUGH,

August ye 18th, 1788.

. . . I believe we shall return to Trentham about the 2nd of September. The Chancellor is to leave us next Friday, to go to see his brother, at Durham, for as he is obliged to be in London about the middle of Sep^r on acc^t of Business, he cannot make a longer stay here, tho' the Air, Water, and bathing agree with him. He is not sure that he can stop at Trentham in his way to Town, but I will let you know in my next. He is very anxious to see you, and seems determined, somehow or other, to make that out

¹ Right Hon. Lord John Townshend of Rolls Park was M.P. successively for the University of Cambridge, Westminster, and Knaresborough. Born 1757, he married, 1787, Georgiana Anne, daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham; he died in 1833. His son succeeded as fourth Marquis.

this Autumn. I am not apprehensive that you will be grave. I think you must inherit your Father's Pleasantry and happy cheerful temper, and you have a good right to mirth too from your chère Mère; for tho' illness, and I do not know what (for I am happier than I was when young), have made me more serious, yet I have naturally a great deal of Jollity in my Composition, and I still like it, and those best who possess a sociable, cheerful turn of mind—which reminds me of a great Acquisition that we have here: a Mrs. Hale, Sister to the late Mr. Rigby. She is really pleasant, very good humour'd, vastly merry, a fund of sense and nonsense that make her conversation very desirable. We all supp'd last Night at the Bishop's: His Grace was not the least agreeable in company—he is very pleasant and droll, and tells a Story with great Humour. He, Your Papa, the Chancellor, and Mrs. Hale were exceedingly entertaining. . . .

You say, My Dear, that I like Merriment, and that therefore you will try to meet me in the gay Humour which you think is à mon gout. You are quite right in believing that I like Merriment, but I do not think you need puzzle to make yourself either merry or agreeable—I think you so like your Papa that you must be quite to my Taste; for tho' I have been married twenty Years, there is not a Day passes that I do not feel and admire your Papa's good Humour and constant flow of Spirits. He is a most pleasant Companion. I believe his good Principles, his Justice, his truth, his honest upright Heart make Peace within, which diffuses itself upon his Countenance, and exhilarates himself as well as those who have the Happiness to live with him.

We went last Saturday to see *The Rivals, or the Trip to Bath*; it made us all laugh immoderately. The House was not full, which I was sorry for, as really the poor Players perform well. . . . Adieu, My Dear; your Papa, the Chancellor and Cha. are gone on Horseback—you must therefore place the Postage of this scribble to my Acct.

Towards the end of 1788 the King was seized with his first attack of madness, and the question of appointing a Regent was discussed in both Houses of Parliament. The rights of the Prince of Wales were asserted by Mr. Fox and denied by Mr. Pitt. After violent altercations a modified Regency was settled in favour of the Prince of Wales; the Queen to have the care of the King and the right of appointing his household. But all remained in abeyance owing to the King's recovery early in the following March. Lady Stafford's letters to her son are very full of the

talk of the day—praise of Mr. Pitt and abuse of the Prince of Wales—but as they contain nothing new on the subject and are very lengthy, they are nearly all omitted.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,
Dec. ye 6th, 1788.

I thank the Almighty that your dear Papa, tho' hurried, tho' full of Anxiety, and much agitated with the situation of the King and the consequences, yet he is very well: he has one Rule which he hopes he shall never swerve from, to do that which he in his conscience thinks right and trust to Providence for the event. He says Truth and Justice, with an upright Conduct, will bring a Man Peace at the last. . . .

I have order'd Oysters to be sent every week, and I hope you received the Green Pomatum, that is to be put on your Hair three Nights in the Week, and the Honey Water is to wash your Hair the other three Nights, in short Alternately. This I have *discovered* is the method that Lady C. Howard¹ took to make her Hair so thick and long, tho' she would not tell us of it. . . .

G. L. G.² to his Sister, Lady Susan³ Leveson Gower.

DONNINGTON,
Febrv 3d, 1789.

MY DEAREST SUSAN,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, though a week old; I commend very much the style of the Epistle, but it wd. have sounded better had you written one with a later date. I was not mistaken in the word *Tirade*, for since I rec^d your last I looked it out, and find it to be a *long train of words*. If there is a long train of words, there must consequently be a long letter; so for the future mind how you attack your Brother. I shd. not have mentioned this, only if I had been silent you wd. have concluded that I gave up the Point. I really am in great want of Materials to make a letter long Enough to satisfy you; to begin to talk of my affection, &c., towards you, wd. be the same as saying "*Queen Anne is dead*"—at least what I hope you have known before. Politics is the common topic of Conversation, but what can we in the Country say upon this Subject to a Londoner? To say *I* approve of the Measures of Mr. Pitt wd. be echoing the voice of the major part of Great Britain. The Country is charmingly pleasant at this time. It is exactly like

¹ His niece, Lady Caroline Howard, daughter of Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and of G. L. G.'s half-sister. She married, 27th July, 1789, John, first Lord Cawdor.

² Aged fifteen and a half years.

³ Born August, 1772.

Spring: Snowdrops and Crocus's are in full Bloom. Pray give my Duty to and tell my Mother that I will write to her to-morrow. Poor Fury has had the Misfortune to be bit by a mad dog, but she has not as yet shown any signs of insanity, so I am in hopes she will live—her Son Questor is a fine dog. Adieu.—Your affectionate Brother,

G. LEVESON GOWER.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Monday, ye 9th (February, 1789).

I must write a few Lines, my dearest Leveson, to give you the Pleasure of knowing that our dear King is recovering faster than Doctor Willis expected, and is as to every Symptom exactly as he wishes; but he says that, like a Recovery from every bad Illness, we must not be surprized with little Rubs, but that there is no Doubt of a perfect Recovery. This is so comfortable an Acct. that I am sure it will be a great Satisfaction to all chez vous. Even Doctor Warren allows the Amendment now; because all the other Doctors say it, I suppose he is afraid, and the King is so well now that the Queen and the Princesses are with him every Day. Your Brother's new House is very pretty; they have furnish'd it handsomely à la Française, and the Countess says that she is to give a Dance soon. The Debate in the House of Commons on Saturday was very interesting, but the *Morn. Chronicle* is not yet come out; I will therefore send you two other Papers. They are expected to be late in the H. of Commons this Night. Your Papa is now at the House of Lords. There was a great Riot at the Opera last Saturday; the Audience not being pleased with the Performers, called for Gallini, who did not appear, upon which they broke the Scenes, &c., &c., &c., and made a great Confusion, with the Ladies' Screams and being frighten'd where there was not any thing to alarm. Your Sisters were not there—for the Miss Copes and Ly. Augusta¹ were here that Eve. I have order'd a Frock and Waistcoat for you.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Thursday, Febr^y 12th, 1789.

Praised be the Almighty, our beloved Sovereign is recovering fast—even Baker and Warren are now obliged to confess it. The Happiness that this Amendment gives to all Ranks and Sorts of People here, except the Opposition, cannot be express'd. The Regency Bill has pass'd the House of Commons—the Debates there have proved the Principles and Wickedness of the

¹ Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of Lady Stafford's sister, Lady Dunmore.

Leaders of that Party. Mr. Pitt, popular as he has been for these last five Years, never was in such high Estimation as he now is. His Conduct, his Patience, his Wisdom, his Attachment to our afflicted King, his Love for his Country, his Earnestness to preserve its Rights and to prevent the Constitution being infringed, have all been so conspicuous, that he is admired and adored by all who wish well to Great Britain—indeed, he is a most wonderful Being, for with all the extraordinary Endowments of Judgement, Quickness of Apprehension, ready Wit, Cheerfulness, sound Understanding, perfect good Temper, and unassuming Manners, his Heart is full of Integrity, Truth, and Justice—it is really impossible to tell the Half of his Merits. My dearest Leveson, I hope he will be your Model—and he is so kind, so attentive a Son to his old Mother! Perhaps I may be dead and gone when you come into the World, but I hope and wish you may attach yourself to Mr. Pitt, for his Principles, his Intentions are good, and I had rather you were *out of the way of* Preferment with him, than high in Office with those who have neither Religion nor Principle. Remember this, my beloved Leveson: when I am in my Grave, never forget that, according to those with whom you associate and connect yourself, you will turn out well or ill. . . . Several People, to whom your Papa has told that he intends you should go to the University this Spring, have all seem'd to think you too young.¹ When the Archbishop of York said so, my Lord told him that he flatter'd himself that you would conduct yourself as well as those who do well, who are some Years older than you are, and that you are to be entirely directed by the Dean. I mention this to show you the Anxiety your Papa must feel, when he puts such Confidence in you, contrary to the Opinion of so many learned, experienced Men, and to prove the Opinion he has both of your Prudence and Determination to be entirely directed by the Dean. But I want to tell you what Rakes your two Sisters are. They were last Night at a Ball at the Dutchess of Gordon's,² where they stay'd till five o'Clock this Morning. I could not go with them, so Lady Car. Egerton had the good nature to go, and to stay all those Hours there. . . . Lady Car. Egerton says that Lady Carlisle and Lady Caroline Howard were there, with the Prince's Feathers and *Ich Dien* in the Front of their Caps, but that the latter danced well, and look'd pretty. The two Lady Villiers's were likewise there, their Heads the same dress'd as the two foregoing. The Prince ask'd the Dutchess of Gordon to wear such a Cap; she said she would sooner be hang'd. He made the

¹ Born October, 1773, he was not yet sixteen.

² Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, married 28th October, 1767, Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell.

same Request to the Dutchess of Rutland,¹ who refused, tho' in politer Terms. . . . Adieu, my Dear. My Lord sends his Love and Blessing.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,
Febru ye 20th, 1789.

. . . Are you not rejoiced with the Recovery of our Sovereign? The Chancellor Yesterday moved in the House of Lords to adjourn, not to go on with the Regency Bill, as the King is now as rational and as much himself as any body. He had before, he and Mr. Pitt, examined the Physicians separately, and even vile Warren acknowledged that the King is recover'd. . . . Lord Stormont had the Assurance to lay his Hand upon his Heart, to profess his Joy at this happy Event. You can read his Speech in the Newspapers, tho' you will not there have an Acct. of the Opposition Faces; Dismay, Disappointment, and Mortification were strongly painted in their Countenances, and in the Evening at Assemblies they could not disguise their unexpected Distress. I do think it must be a sad hearing to them, after quarrelling among themselves about the Places, exulting in their approaching Power, and so late as Thursday protesting that they would come in, if it was only for a Week, to humble this proud Administration, and to torment his Majesty the more when he should resume his Government.

5 o'Clock.—The Chancellor has been here this Minute, just come from Kew; he has been two Hours alone with the King, and found him so well that we cannot be thankful enough. . .

G. L. G. to Lady Susan Leveson Gower.

OXFORD,²
May 20th, 1789.

DEAR SUSAN,—. . . You desire to know who are my most intimate acquaintance. It is a very hard question, and much more difficult to be solved than mathematical propositions; however, I will think—Hamilton³ in the first place, Jenkinson, Canning,⁴ Newbolt, Sturges,⁵ Markham, and Ch. Moore⁶—I know above

¹ Mary Isabella, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort; married, in 1775, Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland; born 1754, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1784, and died 24th October, 1787, aged 33.

² Had just gone to Christ Church.

³ His cousin, Archibald Hamilton, born 1769, second son of Lady Stafford's sister Harriet, who married, 1765, Lord Archibald Hamilton, afterwards ninth Duke of Hamilton.

⁴ George Canning (1770-1827), the future statesman.

⁵ William Sturges (1769-1845), only son of the Rev. John Sturges, took the additional name of Bourne on the death of his uncle, Francis Bourne, in 1803. A friend and political follower of G. Canning.

⁶ Charles, Viscount Moore (1770-1837), eldest son of sixth Earl of Drogheda.

30 persons. I went this Morning with some of these intimates to Lectures on Natural Philosophy, was extremely entertained for two hours, with explanations and Experiments upon the Microscope, Colours, the Rainbow imitated, and the Causes of all these things distinctly Explained. Pray ask my Sisters with my love why they do not send me some of their charming Epistles. I heard this morn that they were much mortified that there was but little probability of their going to Scarborough, George Moore told me. Pray give my Duty to my Parents, and *Remember* that I am your most affectionate Brother,

G. LEVESON GOWER.

Lady Susan Leveson Gower to G. L. G.

Thursday, 4th June, 1789.

MY DEAREST GRANVILLE,—I with pleasure think of the time coming nearer to that when I shall enjoy the satisfaction of seeing you again, which (I hope by yourself you imagine) I much long for it. The other night at Boodle's the Prince after supper was as drunk as possible, and behaved very ill. Your friend Bruhl ne lui cédaît pas dans aucun de ces deux points; Mr. Sturt was also very drunk. They were all three obliged to be dragged out of Ranelagh; what a humiliating state man is then thrown into! I might moralize a great deal upon that Supper, but it would be thrown away, as I think (and hope) you will never require it. They say the fête given at Ranelagh by the Spanish Ambassador was finer, prettier, and more magnificent than one can conceive; the best Supper imaginable and so well attended, a great deal finer than anything that has been yet seen. I have heard it cost him £8,000, but I need not be spending my Rhetoric on this Subject as there is a full Account of this Gala in the Newspapers, though perhaps some of it may be erroneous. Sir John Wrottesley set off yesterday evening for Wrottesley. At the end of July he joins his Regiment at Edinburgh; he belongs to the same Lord Strathaven is in. I write this for Mama, who has not often her dear Granville out of her mind. Her Rheumatism grows worse. She is in continual pain with it, and it keeps her from sleeping; it is also very painful for her to write, with a great numbness. Your letters give Mama much comfort, so do not fail writing.—Yr. affec. Sister,

S. L. GOWER.

Ye 5th.—Ly. C. Howard is to be married to Mr. Price Campbell, who is about 30, a very good character, and has 11 or 12 thousand pounds a year. Qu'en pensez-vous?

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

June ye 18th, 1789.

. . . We saw the Opera House in Flames last Night—it is burnt down to the Ground. The Sight from our Windows, over the tops of the Houses, was tremendous. From the Flames and Light it appear'd as if many Houses had been on Fire, but there is no other burnt; some of those adjacent to the Opera House are damaged, but not essentially. Lord William Russell's¹ Marriage with Lord Jersey's eldest Daughter, Lady Charlotte Villiers, is declared; she is a pretty Girl. I believe I told you in my last that Lord Strathaven² has exchanged with Col. Lennox, and is now in the Cold Stream Regiment. I don't think that he is come into better Company.³ . . . Adieu, my Dear. Your Sisters are well; we all love you dearly, but I cannot express with how tender an affection I am Yours, &c.,

S. STAFFORD.

P.S.—Miss Copes are in the Country. Lady C. Howard and her Future⁴ look very happy and contented.

Rt. Honble. Wm. Pitt to Marquis of Stafford.

DOWNING STREET,

Oct. 31st, 1789.

MY DEAR LORD,—In consequence of the present vacancy at Lichfield, it has been stated to me, from what appears to be pretty good authority, that it may depend upon your Lordship to fix his Successor, if you should be disposed to interfere. If my Intelligence is well founded, you are probably fully apprised of the Circumstance already; but I flatter myself you will forgive my troubling you on the Subject, as the adding one to the Number of our Supporters is in all respects a Material Object, and especially under your Auspices, if it can be attained without Inconvenience to your Lordship. From this motive I could not help mentioning the suggestion, tho' you are likely to be in Possession of every Information respecting it before this Time, if there is anything in it which deserves Attention.—Believe me, my Dear Lord, with great Regard, Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

W. PITT.

¹ The third and posthumous son of Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, born 1767, five months after his father's death; married, 1789, Charlotte Anne, eldest daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey. Lord William Russell was murdered 6th May, 1840, by his valet, Francis Courvoisier.

² He married, 4th April, 1791, Catherine, second daughter of Sir Charles Cope of Brewerne.

³ In consequence of Col. Lennox's quarrel and duel with the Duke of York the previous May. ⁴ Mr. Campbell, afterwards first Baron Cawdor.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Dec. ye 8th (probably 1789).

It is always a Pleasure to me to hear from you, and I am very glad that you are preparing yourself for a Conversation with the Chancellor on the Subject of *his Puzzle*, for you know him well enough to see the Necessity of being Master of any Subject which is to be discuss'd with him. As I apprehend the Matter, it chiefly depends upon Calculation, and I flatter myself that he will not find you deficient there. . . . My Vanity is not easily satisfied, for I do not think your attaining Idea enough of Logic to be *as perfect as is necessary* at Collections is sufficient for you; I wish my Leveson in *all his Studies* to equal any of the young Men and to excel most of them. I believe it to be a dry uninteresting Study, but Men say that it is useful, that it gives a Power of supporting one's Ideas, and of convincing in Argument—and I wish you to possess every Advantage of which the human Mind is capable; but in Mathematicks I am anxious that you should be superior to most. Your Father and the Lord Chancellor so often talk of the wonderful Power it has in opening and improving the understanding, that I ardently wish you to make it your Fav'rite Study. Mr. Pitt with his wonderful Quickness of Apprehension, with his strong Understanding, with all his Literature, and his honest upright Heart, would not have made the Figure he does had he not applied himself to Mathematicks with the greatest Assiduity. I write so gravely that, à la Mode des jeunes Gens, you will think me a great *Bore*, and wish my poor Letters in the Fire. It is therefore necessary to tell you that your Sisters were at a Ball at Lord Eardley's last Monday—there were not many of the fine Men there, as they went out of Town the Day Before, preferring a Fox Chase, to dancing with the prettiest Woman in the World. They had good Catches and Glees after Supper, which lasted till 3 o'Clock, when your Sisters came away. Poor Sue has not been presented. Your Papa thinks that she looks too pale and thin, that he fears the cold of the winter will hurt her, and desired her presentation to be put off. This is a great disappointment to her. . . . I think of the end of next week with *very very* great pleasure. . . . Your Father loves you dearly, your sisters do the same, and I will not tell you anything about your old Mother.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Janry. ye 21st (probably 1790).

Yesterday, my dearest Leveson, I had the Comfort of a Letter from you, and I have not had Time since I received (it) to con-

verse about the Contents of it with your cher Père—but I know he will approve of what you mention about Mr. Bolton and the Manufactories, and you can believe that your Intention of Studying hard will not be *very displeasing* to him. But you have no Idea what a Gad-about I have been this Week. Charlotte in her Letter, I make no Doubt, inform'd you of the Magnificence and the Crowd of the Birth-Day, The Ball, and the Dancers. The Prince of Wales, Lord Worcester, and Lord Strathaven danced their Minuet très bien. Georgiana did not dance. Cha., tho' frighten'd sadly, look'd—like what she is, and perform'd very well. From the Ball we *frisk'd* away to Lady Sutherland's, where all the young Men were collected, and did not come Home till near four in the Morning; but my Cha. has told you all this, I suppose, and how well pleas'd she was with that Day. Tuesday we stay'd at Home; the D. and Dut. of Dorset,¹ with the Hawkesburys and Miss Cope, &c., dined with us. Her Grace really look'd well, and seems to be thoroughly happy. Miss Cope is thin, but looks pretty, and is always sensible and pleasing. Wednesday, as Lady C. Egerton was not ask'd, I went with your Sisters to Lady Lucan's.² Foreigners in every Corner of the Room, many Women, and some of the young Men; but as my Lord supp'd at Home, I came away too early to be agreeable to Geo. and Cha. Last Night we were at the Queen's House,³ and tho' my Heart was thankful to the Almighty for our beloved Sovereign's being there as well as is possible, and had more inward Gratitude than I can express, yet I wish'd to stay at Home with my Husband, for I did not like the Leaving him, tho' it was to go to their Majesties, who were as kind and as civil to us as is possible. . . . We are to go this evening to a Ball at Carlton House, of which Ent^t Georgiana will write either tomorrow or Monday.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Jan^y ye 29th.

. . . We were at a Party last Monday at Lady Sutherland's, where we supp'd, and your Sisters liked the whole of it very much. I assure you, your Brother's Cook is a very good one, and they have everything *comme il faut*. Mr. Paget was there; he is a

¹ John Frederick Sackville, third Duke of Dorset (a nephew of Lord Stafford's), noted for his extraordinary good looks, was Ambassador in Paris, 1783. He married, 4th January, 1790, Arabella Diana, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Charles Cope, of Brewerne. He died 1799.

² Lady Lucan, wife of Sir Charles Bingham, created Baron Lucan in 1776 and Earl in 1795. She was the mother of Lavinia, Countess Spencer.

³ The Queen's House was the old red brick mansion of the Sheffield's on the site of the present Buckingham Palace. It was the favourite residence of George III., and was bought from Sir Charles Sheffield for £21,000.

very handsome, manly-looking young Man. It is not common to see three such handsome young men in one Family, and the two eldest are so attentive, so attach'd to their Parents, that it is a pleasure to see them together. Every Body likes them. Don't say that I mention'd it, but I am told that Arthur Paget¹ is become a Convert to *our* Side of the Question. The Drawing-room was full yesterday; at Night Lady Hume had a very pleasant Ball, where your Sisters danced every Dance. . . . Lady Elizabeth Spencer's Marriage² surprized me, but the *knowing ones* say that they have known that they liked each other for this last twelvemonth, and the Dutchess of Bedford says that it is the *most charmingest* match that can be, that Mr. Spencer is a good Actor, a good Musician, and a good Composer, and that they will be very happy. Don't you like the reasons Her Grace gives to constitute their Happiness? . . .

Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Janv ye 30th.

. . . I have delayed answering your Letter in hopes of having Something to tell you after Lady Hume's Ball,³ where we were last Thursday. It was a very good one, and not at all crowded. I know you will like to know who were the *happy* People who danced with me; I shall therefore gratify your curiosity and give you the list. At the head of it is Mr. Paget,⁴ who is very pleasant, tho' not quite so droll as his Brother Arthur; by Some People he is reckoned handsomer than either of his Brothers—this is not my opinion. I then danced with Lord Worcester,⁵ voilà ce Monsieur de qui je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière, and that you will see at the Ball at Blenheim. At least, he talks of going into Oxfordshire immediately. To say what I think of him would be needless, as you know him. The next in succession was Lord Lorne;⁶ he is very good humoured and pleasing. Lord Paget⁷ closes the list—you

¹ Third son of the Earl of Uxbridge, born 1771; joined the Diplomatic Service; became Sir Arthur Paget, and is frequently mentioned in the following correspondence.

² Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough; married John Spencer, Esq. She died 1812.

³ Miss Abigail Brown, daughter and heir of John Ramey, married, in 1768, as his third wife, Alexander, ninth Earl of Home. He died in 1786.

⁴ Lord Uxbridge's second son, William R. M., who died unmarried in 1795.

⁵ Henry Charles, Marquis of Worcester (1766-1835), eldest son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort. He married Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower, 16th May, 1791.

⁶ George William, Marquis of Lorne, son of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and Elizabeth Gunning, who was an intimate friend of Lady Stafford's. She died 20th December, 1790.

⁷ Lord Paget, eldest son of first Earl of Uxbridge (1768-1854), who later distinguished himself in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He was created first Marquis of Anglesea.

know that he is a great favourite of mine. Georgiana's partners were Lord Henry Fitzgerald,¹ Mr. Paget, Lord Strathaven, and Tom Grosvenor.² We came away at a little before four and left them dancing. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Friday, ye 21st May, 1790.

. . . I have written this letter in confusion, for my Lord and the Dux³ have been talking all the Time, and not satisfied to find that your Brother intends to go Ambassador to Paris,⁴ when that Country is in such a state. But this is only *entre nous*.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Tuesday night, 1790.

Sir Robert Keith's⁵ Acct. from Vienna of the Emperor's⁶ Death, does not mention Poison, he says that he died of an Inflammation in his Bowels. The Acct. sent to Paris from Vienna says that his imperial Majesty died of a violent Vomiting. I leave you to your Opinion on the Subject. These Times are big with Events. The Information from all the Southern Provinces in France are dreadful, and the Confusion in the National Assembly goes on *prosperously*. The poor French Queen is, as was to be expected, much

¹ Lord Henry Fitzgerald, fourth son of first Duke of Leinster, born 30th July, 1761; married, in 1791, Charlotte, Baroness de Ros.

² Thomas Grosvenor, second son of Thomas Grosvenor, of Swell Court; born in 1764. He married, first, in 1797, Elizabeth, sister of Sir Gilbert Heathcote. He was in the army, and became a Field-Marshal.

³ The Duke of Bridgewater.

⁴ There is a letter from Lord Gower to his father with respect to the first mooted of this appointment, dated 31st December, 1789. Lord Stafford answered expressing disapproval. Lord Gower was gazetted as Ambassador 22nd May, 1790, and arrived in Paris on 12th June. Four days later Lady Sutherland in a letter to Lady Stafford, says: "We have just seen (among many others) a charming Hôtel that I fancy we shall take, l'Hôtel de Monaco. The furniture is *superbe*, and the House large and good, with a large garden, which joins to the Boulevards." Lord Gower, after writing to his father on 20th August a description of the disturbed state of affairs, ends with: "In the meantime we are preparing a comfortable habitation, just as if we were in the piping times of peace. We have, after some disputes with her intendant, taken the Hôtel of the Princesse de Monaco, one of the best furnished and situated at Paris. We are going to send for our family and brave la tempête."

⁵ Sir Robert Murray Keith, diplomatist, had been British Minister at Dresden, 1774. It was he who rescued Queen Matilda of Denmark and took her to Celle in Hanover. He was a kinsman of the old Lord Mareschal.

⁶ Joseph II., born 13th March, 1741, died 20th February, 1790, in his forty-ninth year. He said shortly before his death: "You may put for epitaph, 'Here lies Joseph, who could succeed in nothing.'" He was succeeded by his brother, Leopold II., then Grand Duke of Tuscany, who became Emperor of Germany and King of Hungary and Bohemia. He died in March, 1792.

affected with her Brother's Death. She has great Reason to be alarm'd for her own Safety. A Monr—I forget his Name—made a violent Speech in the National Assembly, in which he said that he would advertise the Inhabitants that there was but *one* Person there inviolable (meaning the King). Narbonne, their War Minister, the King has turn'd out, upon which he was going to join his Regiment, which the national Assembly would not allow, till he should give an Acct. of his *S'ewardship*, so he is detain'd at Paris, till he can make the Army Expences clear. The national Assembly have accused Monr de Lessert, their Minister, of Misconduct and acting doubly, so he is turn'd out, and sent under a strong Guard to Orleans, there to be tried. They wanted to turn out the Marine Minister, but the King refused it. I have the Rheumatism so much that the Fingers of my right Hand are contracted, which makes it painful to scribble, even in this sad Way. I will wish you good Night now, and finish this to Morrow—

Wednesday Morn.—The Opera last Night was thin, owing to the House of Commons sitting till past ten. The new Dance there is much admired. We are going this Evening to an Assembly at Lady Augusta Clavering's.¹ I want you to see Lady Charlotte Campbell,² for I think you have so much Taste that you will admire her, altho' she is *fair* and FULL, not à la Caroline. My Lord wants to know if Algebra goes on well—so well that you have *Pleasure* in employing yourself with it when you are not obliged to attend to other Sciences. Have you had any Conversation with the Dean about your Travels? . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

ABERDEEN,
Aug. 18th, 1790.

MY DEAREST MAMA,—Why our letters are so long upon the road is not in my power to say, but the letter which I wrote from Cockermouth I remember particularly was dated right. I am sorry I have not been so minute as I ought to have been with respect to the places we are going to, and the time we shall arrive at them, but we are ourselves never certain. A horse may not be well, the roads bad, or, in short, a thousand little Circumstances may happen to impede our progress. If we had not been so lucky

¹ Lady Augusta Campbell, eldest daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and Elizabeth Gunning. She had eloped from a masquerade given by the Duchess of Ancaster with Mr., afterwards General, Clavering.

² Lady Charlotte, sister of above, married first, in 1796, Colonel John Campbell, of Shawfield and Islay, and second, 17th March, 1818, the Rev. Edward J. Bury. She died 1st April, 1861. She was an authoress.

as to have found your letters and some from Ld. Galloway, we should have been supplied with money by a banker here, to whom we had a letter from Strathaven. Pray give my Duty to my father, and tell him how much I am obliged to him for his kindness in sending me money, and that I am sorry my carelessness should have perplexed him abt. the conveying it—

We found Aboyne Castle very pleasant; it appeared so very retired—a mere trio, consisting of persons to whom I have no small partiality. In shooting I had no great success, but the novelty of it was agreeable, and the tent, which belonged to Strathaven when in a marching regiment, was warm and comfortable. Our beds were mere boxes, and not good. Boringdon's horse, which was the real occasion of our long stay at Aboyne, is in a fair way of recovery, but he must be rode very gently lest a relapse should take place. We leave this town, which tho' large, is but bad and ugly. Having seen a little more of it, I rather change my opinion. Sleep at Peterhead, a watering place, and the next day proceed to Ld. Saltoun's, nr. Fraserburgh; stay there a day, and then go to Banff, where we see a place of Ld. Fife's; then on to Cullen, Ld. Finlayter's, stay a day; go to Gordon Castle, stay a day; then go to Elgin to Forres; by Fort George to Culloden, Mr. Forbes's, then to Inverness, and then to Fort Augustus; by Dalwhiney to Blair of Athol, stay a day with the Duke, then to Taymouth, stay a day with Ld. Breadalbane; by Tyndrum to Inverary, and by Loch Lomond to Glasgow, where I hope I shall find some letters from England. I have here given you so far of our route in very inelegant language, but if it is intelligible, both my and your purpose will be answered. You say in your letter that we managed ill in not writing to Ld. Galloway or Strathaven before we went to Edinburgh. Till I received yours at Cocker-mouth, we intended taking Edinburgh in our return, but yrs. mentioning that there wd. be a ball on Monday or Tuesday, induced us to think that Ld. G. and S. would not leave it before we arrived. Having thus cleared up our reputation with respect to our management in travelling matters, I will say how far we are successful in those of the Epistolary kind. Yours dated Friday, which Georgiana mentions I have not recd., but one of Monday 2d. Unless perchance you shd. have directed to Inverness, I shall not have the pleasure of another letter till we arrive at Glasgow. My love to my Sisters, and Believe me to be your most Dutiful Son,
G. LEVESON GOWER.

The £100 which I rec^d is upon Ld. Galloway's account.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

GLASGOW,

Septer 7, 1790. *Tuesday night.*

We this Evening, my Dearest Mama, arrived at this place, and have paid our respects already to a Merchant of this place, with whose assistance we have settled our plans during our stay here. To morrow we intend to be up by 6, and off immediately to Paisley, 8 miles distant, where there is a manufactory of Gauzes, &c., and some curious Cathedral. We intend returning by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, then see the College, and a fine apparatus belonging to the Professor of Natural Philosophy; then see a great Porter Brewery, a pottery, a Linen Manufactory, and one of Cotton table Cloths, besides one of tape, or as they here call it the Inkle Manufactory. The next day go to Lanark, distant 25 Miles, see the famous falls of Clyde and Cotton Mills, return by Hamilton to Bothwell Castle, Ld. Douglas's, Dine and sleep there, and set off in the Mail Coach on Friday to Trentham, and so to Lichfield Races. Pray give my Duty to my father. I hope he will approve of this plan, which appears to me to have enabled me to have seen all that is worth seeing in Scotland, and yet be able to attend the Races. Boringdon intends returning by Edinburgh, Berwick, Alnwick, and Scarbro', where he hopes to find you; but I flatter myself that will not be the Case. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Nov. ye 4th, 1790.

When I hear'd yesterday morn. of the Messenger being arrived from Spain, I intended to have written to you, but as I was to go to the Drawing-Room, I put it off till I should return from thence; and when I came back it was too late, for Company was to dine with us, and I was obliged to undress and dress for them. So by *Delay* I had not the Pleasure of giving you the first Information of Peace. There were many People at the Drawing-Room, and with cheerful countenances all rejoicing at the good News from Spain,¹ and His Majesty, I think, appear'd to feel it with as much real satisfaction as was possible. The Drawing-Room was not brilliant by every Body being in Black. . . .

We had some People last Night, who are just come from Paris, and the acct they give of the Poverty there, their want of Money,

¹ Trouble had arisen with Spain during 1790. Three British ships that were endeavouring to establish a foreign trade between China and the Nootka Sound had been seized by the Spaniards, who insisted on their exclusive right to that part of the west coast of North America. The expected rupture, however, was averted by timely concessions on the part of Spain.

and Business is really humiliating, and yet so are that People made, that they are *not* humbled, and still look upon themselves as superior to every other Nation—and with all this there is such a want of Morality that their Conversation and Principles are shocking. They have not an idea of Religion, of that they make a jest. . . .

Your Brother and Lady Sutherland are in perfect Health, quite pleased with their Situation, and have no Fears of any Sort, for their only Alarm was War, which would have occasioned Lord Gower's being recall'd. . . .

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

We were extremely happy, my dear Lady Stafford, to hear of the visit you promised us in your last Letter of Granville and Lord Garlies, and were expecting them with impatience yesterday, but they are not yet arrived. We have contrived to lodge them chez nous. I meant to have proposed to Lord Garlies to have partaged Lady Alva's Appartment, but it is possible to contrive it otherwise, and there is a very good room for Granville, that Miss Campbell evacuates (to use a fine Word), so that I shall have them under *my own* eye from Morning till Night. I shall be quite disappointed if anything should happen to make them change their Plan. I was sorry to hear of the Duchess of Argyle's¹ death, as I thought it would distress you, and be a loss to her Family; it had been expected so long that I was not surprised to hear of it. I am at this moment very anxious about Lady F. Douglas,² as I was quite alarmed at the account of her illness, and there are few People I should regret more, or that would be a greater loss to all their Friends. Lord Gower is *bilious* and *rheumatic*. I hope his visitors will do him good and make him forget his disorders. It is dark, dismal weather, and I am sorry that they should see Paris when it looks so blue and ill. If I was not very stupid I should try to tell you a long History I have just heard, of the King of Sardinia having declined interfering in French Affairs, and signified the *same* to the Comte d'Artois³ and Prince de

¹ Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, born 1732. An intimato friend of Lady Stafford's. She was the wife of two Dukes and mother of four. She died 20th December, 1790. Herace Walpole wrote of her: "If her fortune is singular, so is her merit: such uncommon noise as her beauty made has not impaired the modesty of her behaviour."

² Lady Frances Douglas, daughter of second Duke of Buccleuch, married, 13th May, 1783, as his second wife Archibald Lord Douglas of Douglas Castle, son of Lady Jane Douglas, of the famous Douglas peerage case.

³ Charles Philippe, brother of Louis XVI. and of Louis XVIII., afterwards Charles X. (1757-1836), one of the first to emigrate in 1789. He wandered through the different Courts of Europe, trying to get supporters for the Royalist cause. He had married in 1773 Marie Thérèse of Savoy.

Condé.¹ The former was satisfied with what he said, the latter *outrageous*, and expressed his sentiments so strongly that he was desired to leave Turin, which some People say he has done. It is certain that many People expect the Comte d'Artois here, as the truth is that he is much tired of Turin, and begins to think that the amusements and life of France are to be preferred to all *political prospects*, and that it is not worth while to sacrifice one's present pleasure for an uncertain *good*; in short, that his life is too short to be spent at Turin in hopes of a thing that may never come to pass; and the failure of the attempt of a counter revolution at Lyons has discouraged the Party so much that, all things considered, it is most likely he will come back, and the Princee de Condé seek for an *asile ailleurs*. The Temple is getting ready for the reception of the Comte d'Artois.

We are to be at Court tomorrow from 11 o'Clock in the Morning till 10 at Night, with a very short interval. I have sent to get Tickets for *ces Messieurs* to see the grand Couvert at Night if they arrive, as it will be the best method of seeing the royal Family all eating Pork Stakes or some such thing together. The Duke of Orleans² has discharged all his Gentilhommes de la Chambre, and has begun the reforms in his Family which are very necessary, though a loss to the People who depended upon him and helped to *consume* his Treasures. The King has sanctioned the decree concerning the Clergy; most of them have acceded to it, and he has also declared that the *Queen* is as *zealous* for the new Constitution as he is, so I suppose she is to take her *partie de bonne grâce*, and become a *new Creature* in thought, word, and deed.

Lord Gower is so busy to-day that he desires me to say he is afraid of not being able to write to Lord Stafford, which he intended. I am also to tell you that our three eldest Princes have been sending about all over Paris to try to raise a Loan (is that a proper expression?) of four millions of Livres (£160,000), but from the nature of the security and the character of the Persons employed to negotiate, nobody will venture to give them anything, and there is no likelihood of its success here. It is much talked of by all the banking People here; they have also done something similar in Holland. I saw an old acquaintance of the

¹ Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé (1736-1818), emigrated 1789, and formed on the banks of the Rhine the Army of Emigrants, known as "l'armée de Condé."

² Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans (1747-1793), since 1785 had been the centre for the enemies of the Court, and was exiled. In 1789 elected Deputy to the États-Généraux; in 1790 he and his sons joined the army of the North, but were recalled; became a member of the Convention, and known as Philippe-Égalité. He voted for the death of the King, but was none the less himself executed 5th November, 1793.



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND

From the mezzotint after George Romney

[To face p. 26, Vol. I

Duchess of Bedford's yesterday, Madame de Forcalquier, who has been very handsome, and was married a long time ago to the son-in-law of the Comte de Toulouse, which makes her a sort of *relict* of the jeunesse de Louis XV., which is not a story of yesterday, mais elle a encore des *beaux restes*, and plays at Biribi every night of her Life, which is enough to wear anybody's patience out. There are about a dozen old Women who employ themselves in that way—entre autres la Duchesse de Gramont,¹ M. de Choiseul's sister, like an old Capitaine de Dragons in Petticoats; c'est une Femme à faire peur, and Lady Holderness² says always was so.

My attention has been taken from my Letter to buy lace Ruffles for Lord Gower. If you want any fine point Lace I have seen some that is beautiful for 5 and 6 guineas per aune, and some much cheaper. Adieu, My dear Lady Stafford, pray write me Something to enliven me, for I am at this moment an ennuyeuse Mortelle. Adieu, pour cette Année.

S.

PARIS,
December 31st, 1790.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

PARIS,
Friday morning.

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—The two Voyageurs arrived safe on Tuesday Night, after having been impatiently expected by us for some Days, but I believe our calculations for their Journey were rather short, as they seemed to have travelled with all possible diligence. They came to take up their abode with us on Wednesday; they served as Lions to be shown to a great many French People who were with us that day. It is so long a time since I have seen Lord Garlies that I should not have known him. We like him of all things; he is remarkably agreeable and clever, and talks French like a *native* of that country. Lord Gower has followed your directions, and has heard of Huard as a dancing Master. He is the one generally used, as Vestris and Gardel would not take so much pains; they went to see *Psyche*

¹ Beatrix de Choiseul, Duchesse de Gramont (1730-1794), married 1759. She exercised great influence over her brother, the Minister Duc de Choiseul. Though she held much to the dignity of her rank and to the credit and importance which her influence over her brother gave her, no one had more nobleness and disinterestedness of character, and no one was more attached to her friends than the unfortunate Duchess. She was guillotined under Robespierre with her friend the Duchesse du Chaillet, for whom she made an eloquent and touching appeal.

² Mary, daughter of Francis Doublet (member of the States of Holland), married, 1742, Robert D'Arey, fourth and last Earl of Holderness, who died 1778, having divorced his wife. She married, secondly, John Byron, Esq., by whom she had one daughter, born 1783—Augusta. Lord Byron's half-sister.

Yesterday, and they will find occupation enough for every day during the time they stay, which I am sorry to find is so short. The Affair of the Bishops was finished last Tuesday in the National Assembly; they are deprived of their Bishopricks, but I heard to-day that they are to have a pension of £400 a year. There were only two who took the oath, and, of course, who remain in their situations, the Bishops of Autun and Lydda. There is nothing new in the N. Assembly but the necessary discussions for forming what remains to be settled of the Government, such as *Juries* and Law Matters, &c., and some *trifles* of that sort. Ces *Messieurs* are to go the first day that anything interested is expected.

There are a good many English People arrived, among others les *Generaux* Smith, Dalrymple, and Sir Hector Monro. The latter appears rather in the character of a fish out of water, and came with Mr. Coutts, the Banker, here. When Granville and Lord Garlies arrived at the Hôtel de l'Université they were taken by the People there for Mr. Coutts and Sir Hector, and had very near received the *embrassades* of all the Ladies of the Family who came to meet them les Bras ouverts before the mistake was discovered.

Madame de Vaudémont¹ is arrived at Trêves; she travelled perfectly unmolested notwithstanding the quantity of Baggage and Money she carried, which shows that the tranquillity of France is but little disturbed, notwithstanding the wonderful changes that have of late happened, and that one scarcely believe can possibly be effected so quietly. In short, this world is grown very *dull*; everything is reduced so entirely to a *système politique* and *morale* that People are ruled entirely by two or three *Orators*, and their own wills and actions so perfectly controlled that every sort of spirit or will of their own is entirely extracted from them. They let themselves be wound up like watches ce sont des véritables machines; they have not even courage to rob and plunder unless it is put into their heads and taught, as a necessary part of a *système politique* and nécessaire pour l'arrangement universel. They will certainly not *fight* or change their minds suddenly, so that les amis de l'ancien régime have only to wait some centuries till this Fit of Philosophy is over. En attendant some people think that as simple reasoning and disquisitions will not pay the Taxes, there may be some little disputes about the droits de l'homme when they come in Question.

¹ In a former letter Lady Sutherland says: "The Princesse de Vaudémont, whom I like the best of any *de mes nouvelles Amies*. She is very clever, lively, and fière comme une Grande Princesse, elle donne beaucoup dans la politique, so that the Society at her House is very entertaining, and one hears everything that happens immediately there."

There was a great crowd at Court on New Year's Day in the procession des Cordons bleus. The Duc d'Orléans, with becoming modesty, went last, instead of going next *Monsieur*.¹ I saw him at the Luxembourg; everybody turned their Back to him. They have begun to *reform* at the Palais royal, to diminish their establishment, &c. The Duchess seems to be very much distressed, and everybody is sorry for her, as she is certainly one of the best sort of People possible, and has not, like her mari, drawn the *colère celeste*, or at least the vengeance *municipale* upon her own Head. M. de Bailly read the Compliment upon the Jour de l'an to the Queen, to which she made an instant reply, with beaucoup d'éloquence. I think I could have harangued much better than M. de Bailly, whose words flow with great difficulty, and in the manner of a prescription in Medecine, so that the whole ceremony which passes in the Queen's Bedroom makes it difficult to keep one's countenance with proper gravity. . . .

S.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—You will have so many Letters to-day from Paris that mine will be a *hors d'œuvre*. However, I shall say a few words to tell you of the pleasure we have in the Company of ces deux Messieurs. If they like us as well as we like them they will lengthen their Visit. Granville had last Week a sort of Cold, which ended in bleeding at the Nose; he told us he was sometimes liable to it. I *nursed* him as well as I could without tormenting him; he has been perfectly well for some days, but Lord Gower says he ought to be *taken care of* till he finishes growing, as *large Bodies* are longer coming to their strength than little ones.² The life of Paris is the best thing in the world for him, as he gets amusement without fatigue; therefore *pray* send him back in summer. Pour moi je l'aime à la folie, and si je n'étais pas d'un *certain âge* ce serait une affaire dangereuse, mais comme je suis la *sagesse même*. I am with regard to him in the situation of an old Fairy qui veille sur un jeune and beau Prince, as you read in old legends and fairy tales. I don't know how he likes the French Ladies, but altogether he behaves with great propriety without quizzing anybody, which is an instance of self-denial. Lord Garlies we like of all things; he is so entertaining and agreeable that we all sit chattering two hours after Supper without thinking of going to sleep. Un ses agrémens and his conversation.

S.

¹ Afterwards Louis XVIII. ² He was seventeen, she was twenty-six.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

Vous vous flattez peut-être Miladi, que ces Messieurs sont partis, mais je suis charmée de vous dire qu'ils sont encore ici, and are to remain a few days longer, and I hope are amusing themselves very well. I am very sorry that the time for their departure draws so near. Granville seems to be in a very good state of health. If nobody takes him by the nose,¹ and if he keeps rather quiet for some time, he will be very strong, as he is formé *en Hercule*. I think you will find his Shoulders pulled back by Mr. Huard, and perhaps his manner of coming into a room improved, but as he has naturally a good manner, les grâces d'acquit ne paraîtront pas peut-être tant que s'il avait été gauche, et contrefait avant de les apprendre. Lord Garlies and I talk so much French, and in so very *French a manner*, that as I am just come from playing at Billiards with him you must not be surprised at my having begun my Letter in that Language.

As Travellers like to see all the curiosities of a country, they were in hopes of having met with something like a riot. Last Monday there was a combat at one of the barrières of Paris between a large Body of People who wanted to bring in smuggled goods, and the guards at the Barrière. They fired upon one another, and some people were killed. We had the satisfaction of hearing the alarm beat, for all the garde nationale to be under arms for two days together, but nothing further happened, only constant reports of skirmishes in different parts of the Town, and Guns that we frequently hear going off, which make Granville listen with attention, and wish to know what is the matter. Nous autres anciens militaires hear it without the least sensation, and I don't believe there will be any further riot, unless some of the common People who are near the scene of action get an accidental knock upon the Head, and there are so many of them to spare that it would not signify much if they were to be treated as Sparrows and killed in dozens at a time. Voilà des tendres sentimens pour ceux qui s'y plaisent. There have been also some disturbances about the Club monarchique. The Jacobins accuse them of seditious intentions, and I heard that they went last Night to attack the House of M. de Clermont Tonnerre, who is president of that Club, but I have not heard what they did. It is said to be proved that that Society distributed bread at a reduced price to the poor, in order to obtain partisans among the lower Class of the *Citoyens actifs*. This is all that has come to my knowledge, and I have not penetration to guess at the secret springs of the affair, or at what is likely to be the *issue* of it. I hear

¹ Allusion to his being subject to attacks of nose-bleeding.

that *La Cour* seemed to be in good spirits yesterday; they probably do not dislike troubled waters. The Faubourg St. Antoine was barricaded in the Evening, and some disturbances happened there, but nothing material—mais cela renouvelle un peu les temps de la Fronde. Granville is just come in from walking in the Garden, and they heard a great deal of firing, but whether it is that Heroes perish or that Sparrows fall we know not—we rather suppose the latter.

Independent of these military Operations, which do not annoy us as they are in a distant quarter, we are all very well amused. Besides the Spectacles, there are two or three Places to go to every Night. Lord Garlies fait des grands progrès avec les belles Dames. I don't know if they mean to write their memoirs after their return to London in the style of Gramont and his friend Matta. Pray talk to Lord Garlies particularly about Madame d'Oudenarde, and in the course of conversation look him in the face and mention Madame de Fougé; and talk to Granville about the Princesse Lichnowsky, as if she was a Person you knew a great deal about.

I am very sorry to hear of the reason for Lord Stafford not being at the birthday. I hope it was more from precaution than necessity that he did not go, as going to Court is exactly the worst thing one can do in such circumstances, and the loss of a Birthday n'est pas un plaisir perdu.

We are all in hopes that the bad news they treated us with here from India is false. General Smyth is sure of it, and, as he says, delighted because he *sides* with government on that Subject, and thinks the present management of India excellent. He told *Pitt* so, and told *Fox* so before he left London, and he told *Me* so yesterday, and gave me a Bottle of Eau de Roses, or Odeur de Roses—I don't know how to spell it, mais l'odeur est ravissante.

I have got a Box at the French Play qui me fait grand plaisir, and I must go and write about it, and bid you adieu.

S.

Friday.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—I believe Granville and Lord Garlies go to-morrow, so I refer you to them for all the private and public History of Paris (having, however, recommended *discretion* to them sur mon Chapitre). . . . All I shall say of them is to express my regrets for their departure, which are really sincere, though I must do myself the justice to observe that I did not say one word to persuade them to stay or turn them out of the strait road. Ce sont en vérité de très aimables Gens.

All is quiet again at Paris, and unless the Jacobins kick up a

dust we do not expect anything new. Mesdames tantes du roi were going to Rome, but they say the districts will stop them, so to avoid the Perils to which Ladies are exposed on such occasions they mean, it is said, to remain where they are.

Talk a great deal to Granville about the Princesse de Hesse, and tell him how invidious it is to talk much to *married Women*, particularly when they have been living so long quietly and without scandal.

S.

February something.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

I was much disappointed not to hear from you last Monday, My dear Lady Stafford. I hope it was only paresse that prevented you from writing, and that I shall receive de vos nouvelles on Monday. You are by this time informed of the little subject that Paris furnishes for me to write. Lord Garlies can put you perfectly au courant of the politicks of France, both from his own knowledge and from the valuable information he carried over with him in Books. As everything has been quiet since their departure and no novelty occurred, J'ai si peu que rien à vous dire.

Mr. and Mrs. Villiers¹ are still here; they have both been ill since they came, which shows that the precaution of going abroad for their healths *was necessary and proper*. The Duc de Pienne² is going to England in ten days. I daresay mon Beau frère has told you of him, and as he is the most *aimable* little man that ever was exported from this Country, and though a great Jockey, very much of a Gentleman, and excessively good-natured and well-bred, if he comes in your way (which he will be *very happy* to do) pray be good to him, and treat him as you would a little canary Bird; *in short*, with a great deal of tendresse and gentillesse. He talks English with great satisfaction to himself. I don't mean to be *exigeante* in my demands from you to M. de Pienne. I only mention him as an excellent Sujet, and Madame de Rully ditto when she arrives, but she is not to be in England for some Months.

The Municipality of Paris are at present very uneasy about 30,000 Vagrants they have upon their Hands, and have made a little demand of some millions upon the National Assembly to help to maintain those idle Pères de Famille and their Families. They begin, however, to provide for themselves, and to rob and steal; they took 12,000 Livres from the Duchesse de Fleury, our next-door neighbour, the other night, and last night I was on the watch with a sabre and pair of Pistols. The watch Dog barked

¹ John Villiers (1757-1833), second son of first Earl of Clarendon; married, 1791, Maria, daughter of Admiral J. Forbes; succeeded his brother as third Earl, 1824.

² The Duc de Pienne married Madame de Rully March 25th, 1791.

all night, but in spite of all these warnings and preparations nothing happened. There have been accounts of riots in Alsace, and at Colmar they threatened to hang the People who were sent to keep them in order. I beg you to give the enclosed note to Granville. . . .

I should like much to see Charlotte play at Bandelo.

S.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Ch. Ch.

WHITEHALL, *Febry. ye 22d*, 1791.

MY DEAREST GRANVILLE,—My Lord says that he rejoices in your daily Communication with Livy, that he hopes Mr. Wood and you will continue to go on as you mention, and that you will prove to the Dean that you have all the Ability, Application, and Desire to do well which he has so strongly represented to be your Character. Your Father is very partial to you, and much inclined to do every Thing in his Power to make you comfortable and happy—and you will find what I say to be true, if you do not wean his fond Affection from you by Idleness and Dissipation. You know Gaming is, in his Eyes, an inexcusable Fault, because it leads to ruin, not only by hurting the Fortune, but it erases every good Affection, it destroys Health, it brings into the worst Company, and destroys all good Principles. He says that it is by Degrees that Men and Women learn this destructive Vice. They begin *with Silver* at Games of Chance, fancying that as the Loss can be small, it can do no harm. Whereas that Beginning is big with Mischief, it gives the Taste for gaming, and when once that Inclination takes Place, it is with difficulty restrain'd—therefore the surest and the only prudent Resolution upon that subject is never to play at Games of Chance, and I am sure it is very necessary for you, for many Reasons, to make that Resolution. Your Brother has always been inclined to it; Lady Sutherland avows it to be her Passion, which will naturally give you continual Temptation if you do not determine never to be of those Parties—and I must name another unanswerable Objection, that of your Father disapproving of it in the highest Degree, insomuch so, that he thinks with the Duke of Bridgewater that it is equally the same for a Man that Games whether his Fortune is £3,000 or £30,000. You can draw your Conclusion from the foregoing. I was told t'other Day, not by Lord Garlies, but by a Person who did not mean Mischief, that when you were at Paris you never play'd but for Silver, and with Lady Suth., &c., at a Game like Hazard. Rouge et noire was the fashion, and most People play'd at it. Your Father was not present—it would have vex'd him thoroughly if he had, for he knows that it was in this Way that most of the Men of Fashion begun who have turn'd out

Gamesters in a more advanced Age. You had better not answer this, as your Papa reads all Letters directed to me.

Wednesday ye 23rd.—I was obliged Yesterday to lay aside this Letter without finishing it, and I have now read it, and said to myself, these are not the Sort of Letters that Granville likes. I shall make him dislike hearing from me; he will grow *caché* and reserved with me. I shall do him little good, and he will look upon me as a tiresome Lecturer. It will take away that open Confidence between us which unites Friends, is of an Advantage to the Son, and a Happiness to the Parent; but, my Dear, my only *But* in dwelling upon the foregoing Subject is to show you the great Disadvantages of taking in the *smallest* Degree to Play, to endeavour to persuade you to avoid even the Temptations to it. I am anxious that neither in this nor in another fashionable Vice which I mention'd to you that you may be hurt by your Séjour at Paris. I hope that the polluted Water of the Seine will not contaminate the pure Stream of the Isis, nor poison the Source of the Fountain of Helicon. . . .

Your Sisters go by turns to publick Places, and they, I believe, like it; I suppose Susan does, but she does not express much pleasure. Geo. and Cha. were at Lady Salisbury's on Monday, Cha. and Sue last night at the Opera; it is a very pretty Theatre. The Mara's Voice is fine, but I think Lazarini's voice much preferable to hers, and, indeed, to Marchesi's, and almost all the fine singers. . . .

The whole town talks of Miss Gunning's story.¹ She, they tell me, appears quite unconcerned, and goes constantly to the Dutchess of Bedford. What you write to me about the Marlboroughs appears to me incredible. I think the great Happiness of having riches or Power is the being enabled thereby to make many happy; but a Parent with even an illiberal, contracted mind I should imagine must delight in being of use or in any way conducing to the comfort of a child. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady Stafford.

CHRIST CHURCH,
Friday.

. . . Collections begin on Monday, the 12th of December, and I shall undergo my examination on that Morning. People in general remain here till the Thursday after on account of a Censor's Supper, but I trust the Dean would have no objection to my leaving this place as soon as my examination is finished. I

¹ Miss Gunning was a niece of the Duchess of Argyll, and her mother was housekeeper at Hampton Court. She had been announcing her engagement to Lord Blandford.

have not had the pleasure of seeing Charlotte.¹ I shd. have certainly gone to Blandford Park² the middle of this week had I not been under an engagement to visit the worthy folks at Nuneham. Morpeth and myself went there on Wednesday, dined and slept there. The Party consisted of Ld. and Ly. Harcourt, the Bishop and Ly. Anne,³ Dow. Lady Vernon and her daughters Anne and Pat.—all very respectable and worthy people, but not those who give a very agreeable or lively turn to conversation, but the extreme civility which we experienced was a compensation for the dryness of the party. The Bishop and Ly. Anne dine at the Deanery to-day, where I also am invited. I can assure you the short Cassock and Wig give him l'air bien sérieux et Episcopal. He told me of his intended kindness to Mr. Woodhouse, which, I need not tell you, gave me great pleasure. Morpeth and Boringdon have begun the study of the German Language; it strikes me that it will be an useful acquirement, and next term I shall be inclined to follow their example. Jenkinson⁴ has been here for a few days. We were not upon such intimate terms as formerly; there were some traits in his character I heard from different people (Strathaven among others) which inclined me not to look so favourably with regard to him as before, and his excessive importance (unless one is prejudiced in his favour) becomes very disgusting. I do not think his abilities are of the highest class, but a wonderful fluency of words and no share of mauvaise honte may cause his making some figure in the House of Commons. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Oct. ye 28th, 1791.

The Letter I received from you last Night, my dear Granville, gave me Pain. It vexes me to find that you are desirous to go on playing at Tennis, because I know your Father is so averse to it. A few Days ago, talking of you, he spoke with much Satisfaction that he had settled that matter with you before you left Trentham. I recollect that he then said: "Tennis does not only lead to gaming, Idleness, and bad Company, but connects you with the idle." I then mentioned Lord Morpeth's playing; he said he was sorry for it, and he hoped that he would not suffer from it—but he added: "If he has any turn to gaming (which is reported) Tennis will strengthen that infernal Vice." . . .

¹ Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower had married Lord Worcester 16th May, 1791.

² Blandford Park belonged to the Duke of Beaufort.

³ His half-sister, Lady Anne Vernon Harcourt, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

⁴ Afterwards the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool.

I am sorry I do not know anything to entertain you. We expect the Strathavens,¹ Lady Euphemia and Miss C. Hamilton, this Day. Lady Carlisle says that London is Stupid—no Amusement but Plays. The Duchess of Devon., Lady Eliza. Foster, and Lady Dow. Spencer are all going abroad with Lady Duncannon, either to Nice or the South of France. The Lady Cavendishes are to remain in England. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

CH. CH.,
Saturday

(probably November or December, 1791).

I am afraid I have delayed writing so long that you will accuse me of being idle. I must, however, mention in my justification that I began two separate letters on Thursday and Friday, both of which I was unexpectedly prevented from finishing by visitors the first day, and last night by Holland supping particularly early. Ld. Lansdowne,² Miss Vernon, and Miss Fox were the company who caused our commencing that meal at an earlier time than usual. His Lordship, whom I never had the honour of meeting before, appeared to have a very confused head—that is, knew a great many stories, but told anecdotes about some people when they ought to have been told of others; but this confusion might be perhaps owing to his thoughts being occupied by the Death of Prince Potemkin.³ A Mr. Jackson, who was Secretary to Mr. Ewart at Berlin, first communicated to us this information. He seems a sensible young man, but rather disappointed that a line of politics in the Northern Courts, different from that suggested by Mr. Ewart, should since have been adopted; and tho' a friend of Cartwright's, yet is sorry that his acquaintance with him shd. have been caused by his accompanying Mr. Fawkener, who put an end to our former plans respecting Russia. He was very well acquainted with Arthur Paget at Berlin, commended him, but said he had frequently odd humours in which he used to be very grave and fond of solitude. The Dean asked me to dine with him yesterday; we had a parti Quatre, consisting of this Mr. Jackson, Cartwright, the Dean, and myself. You have no idea how very kind the Dean has been to me; he

¹ Lord Strathaven had married Miss Cope, daughter of Sir Charles Cope, 4th April, 1791.

² William, second Earl of Shelburne, and first Marquis of Lansdowne (1781). He married first, in 1765, Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of John Earl Granville, by whom he had one son; and secondly, in 1779, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, daughter of John Earl of Upper Ossory. He died 1805.

³ Gregory Alexandrovitch, Prince Potemkin, born 1736, the favourite of Catherine II., died 15th October, 1791.

always was very much so, but I think this term more so than ever. I have constantly long conversations with him upon the subject of Algebra, and I really find myself always more improved by such conversations than by the Books of the Algebraists and the assistance of Wood, my tutor. The two latter can instruct how to proceed in sums, and how to answer questions required, but the Dean gives me the reasons for proceeding in that way. This is more likely to prevent my forgetting it than if I learnt it all by rote.

There was on Thursday a very splendid ball at Blenheim, made splendid by the variegated lamps and colouring of the frames at supper. The company was by no means beautiful, and the Ladies Spencer almost the only girls with whom I was acquainted. Lady Caroline¹ being the first dancer, I thought proper to ask her Ladyship, and figured away three dances with her. Lady Skinner passed great eulogiums upon my dancing, but as she did the same with respect to Boringdon I did not feel much flattered—for certainly that of all others is what Boringdon least prides himself upon. Ld. Bagot² has been at this place for two or three days, but tho' we have called upon each other, I had not the pleasure of seeing him till this morning. I asked his Son to drink wine at my rooms after dinner to-day, and I introduced him to Holland, Boringdon, Cartwright, &c. He seems very inoffensive and good-natured, and as I had formed ideas of his appearance being extremely quizzical, I was glad to find I was a little wrong, tho' it must be owned he is not quite fashioned. My writing in this way may appear fine and coxcombical, but I put down in my letters to you just what comes into my head, without taking into consideration what idea of me it may give. Pray give my Duty to Father, and love to My Sisters, and Believe me, my Dr. Maria, —Your Dutiful Son,

G. LEVESON GOWER.

¹ Lady Caroline Spencer, daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough; born 1763; married, 1792, Henry, second Viscount Clifden. He died 1812.

² Sir William Bagot (1728-1798), created Baron Bagot, 17th October, 1780; married, 1760, Louisa, daughter of John, second Viscount Bolinbroke.

CHAPTER II

1792

TOUR ABROAD

THIS year saw the rapid progress of the Revolution in France, the deposition of the King and his imprisonment in the Temple, the massacre of the Swiss Guards, the setting up of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Decree of the National Assembly against the priests, followed by the massacres in Paris and the murder of the Princesse de Lamballe in September.

A treaty of alliance between Russia, Austria, and Prussia was signed, and the first coalition against France was formed in June. The Duke of Brunswick, in command of the Allied Armies, issued his famous manifesto in July, in which he said that he had been sent by the Sovereigns of Europe “to lay Paris in the dust, and to crush the republican vipers under his heel.”

At home various measures were taken by the Government to suppress sedition and insure the safety of the country. Parliament was summoned early in December, and part of the Militia was called out.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,
Febv. ye 3^d, 1792.

. . . My Lord bids me tell you that he has no wish about your taking a Master's Degree; that if Boringdon and others of your age do, that he supposes it will be best for you to do as your companions do—but that you and the Dean must settle this matter as you like. . . .

Did I tell you in any of my Letters that the Évêque d'Autun is here, by the name of Mon^r Talleyrand-Perigord? He is a disagreeable looking Man, has a baddish tricking Character, and supposed not very upright in disposition or Heart. He is here from the National Assembly to try privately what he can do with our Ministers, and the Duc de Biron with him to pay his Court to the Opposition—but this is entre nous.

. . . We went to the Dutchess of Gordon's Assembly in the Eve.

It was very full; all the fine Men and Women. Lady C. Bentinck,¹ who was presented, and they tell me is Vastly pretty. She looks good humoured, natural, and cheerful, and not ill-looking selon moi, but not a Beauty. We had a card to go to Lady Hume's next Monday at eight o'clock, which put us all on the qui vive, believing it to be for a Ball, when lo, last night we found out that it is a Musical Party for Madame Brûlart,² the Duke of Orleans's old—I don't know what; in quality of Gouvernante to his Children. I suppose the Democrat Évêque will be there. The Duchess of Dorset is not at all what Miss Cope was: She looks Vulgar and bad. Mr. Edward Legge³ rejoiced our Eyes last Night. I believe he dines here this Day, to meet the Worcesters, Mr. Villiers, &c., which reminds me that it is Time for me to go to prepare my old Carcass for Dinner.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Feb^y ye 14th, 1792

I am not more vex'd than My Lord is to find by your last Letter that you and Lord Boringdon are not to travel together. It is unnecessary to say that we are of Opinion *that his Reason of two travelling together is disadvantageous to both* must proceed from a Reason of which we are ignorant—but let the Cause be what it may, your going together is now at an End, for his wishing it to be otherwise makes it necessary for My Lord to think of another Plan. . . .

Wednesday ye 15th.—I was interrupted Yesterday. I hope you have got the *tub*, and that you go constantly into the Cold Bath. I want you to be stout and active, not to have an *Iota* of Listlessness nor Indolence belonging to you. The Gentleman that was here on Monday did not represent Oxford in a favourable light—I mean the Colleges; he said that *in a Degree* most of them gamed, that at Ch. Ch. it was so much the custom to play at Cards and to Bet that the young Men must bring from thence the Taste for

¹ Lady Charlotte Bentinck, daughter of the third Duke of Portland; married, in 1793, Charles Greville, a younger son of Fulke Greville, Esq., of Wilbury, Wilts.

² Stephanie Félicité Ducrest de Saint-Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis and Marquise de Sillery (1746-1880), governess to the children of the Duke of Orleans, and well-known writer. In 1790 she dropped her title, and called herself "le Citoyenne Brulart." She arrived in England October, 1791, with Made-moiselle d'Orléans, who had been advised to take the waters at Bath. "Pamela" was also of the party, and it was during this time that Sheridan fell in love and wished to marry her. They returned to France the following November.

³ Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge, second son of the second Earl of Dartmouth, rather older, but an intimate friend of Canning's and that set. He was a victim of their practical jokes and quizzing. He became afterwards Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Oxford. Died 1827.

that Infernal Vice. He said that some of the young Men seldom dine in the Hall—almost always in each other's Rooms, at the Coffee House or Tavern—and the Parents or Guardians are to blame, for if they were not allow'd too much Money they would be obliged to conform to the Rules of the College, and they would leave the College better Scholars, better Members of Society, and better form'd for the Duties both of private and publick Life. I know you will exclaim, "What a stupid Quiz!" Indeed, my dear Granville, there is not anything Quizzical in his Ideas, and if you are one of these young Men, I rather suspect that your Father will be of his Opinion, that he *does* allow you too much Money. . . .

I want to know what you wish, and propose about your going abroad. There are many things to be consider'd. *The Pour and the Contre* of going alone or with a Companion are numerous. Much depends upon the Disposition of the Traveller. He who considers his own Ease and Pleasure, and is not inclined to *céder* to the Will and Inclination of his Companion had better go alone; or he who takes the Lead, and makes his companion his *Javelin-Whisky* had much better go alone, for he strengthens the Disposition to self-will and self-sufficing by travelling with one of an easy, compliant temper, and travelling with one who is not so easily led and directed there must be Cause for Dispute and Ill-Humour. It is a great Happiness to every Situation to feel more Pleasure in obliging than in being obliged, and those who are so selfish as to prefer themselves to the rest of the World are never loved by the World, therefore when it is not natural to us to feel the Delight of pleasing we should endeavour to acquire it. *Self* should be put out of the Question, when we can add to the Ease, Comfort, or Satisfaction of a Friend. . . . My poor Head is full of you and your going abroad. . . . I assure you my Sleep is often interrupted with my Anxiety about it. For I think your future situation and Figure in Life depends so much upon your Conduct and Connections when Abroad that I look upon it as a matter of the *greatest* Consequence to have it settled properly. *Most* of the Young Men who travel had better remain in their own Country; they learn follies and contract Vices in Foreign countries without getting either knowledge or Improvements; to make a Bow, or to come into a Room like a Gentleman, they sometimes acquire. How many of them lose all Idea of Religion; they hold the Government of the Passions in Contempt, connect themselves with married Women, and return what the World calls a fine Gentleman. My dear Granville, if these were to be the consequences of your foreign travel it would break my Heart. I hope in God that you have Principles, Reason, and Resolution to guard you against such evils. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

June ye 18th, 1792.

This Morning, my dear Granville, we had the Happiness of receiving yours of ye 14th from Amsterdam,¹ and much pleased we are to find by it that you are so well satisfied with what you have seen, and with the reception you have met with, both from Lord Auckland² and Monr. Hope. Your Letter entertain'd us mightily, and I am sure you will be glad that you did not omit writing when I tell you that my Lord's Eyes have been so bad for some days that he finds it necessary to give up reading and writing till they are better; indeed, we sit in the room so darken'd that it is impossible to do either, but when your letter arrived I open'd a Shutter, and I read it to him. He was delighted! and talk'd of you with such satisfaction that your chère mère felt his praises of you with a fond Delight. It was doubled to her, for I joy'd that you are a Source of Satisfaction to your beloved Father. He said: "Must not Granville feel much happier in improving himself in this style than in stalking into my Lady Gadabout's Assembly, or in staying till three o'clock in the morning at Mrs. Scatterbrain's Court Party, getting up half Dead to canter up and down Rotten Row, and to pursue the same useless, dissipating Amusements Day after Day, without growing either wiser or better, or in doing anything to make a thinking mind happy?" But to return. My Lord's cough is better, and he is really well, all but his Eyes, and they are better last night and this morning. We are to leave this Town the End of the Month to go to Scarborough. We are to have the good House at the End of the Cliff, where we shall often think of you; but I am glad that you will be better employ'd than in sauntering there with us. You are to be a Captain in our Militia—the first Vacancy. The Lord-Lieutenant and the Col. agree that you may put on the Uniform as soon as you please. I therefore enclose the Colours, and the Direction for making one. My Lord begs that you may learn to fence; he says when you are settled in some Place, such as Vienna, that you will find Advantage from it in two or three Ways. Perhaps you do not know that Lord Henry Spencer is the Person to carry the Congratulations from our Court to the Emperor—at least, I hear so. . . . Every Body is getting out of this Town, and yet they regret leaving it, from the Desire

¹ Letter missing.

² William Eden, Esq., raised to the Irish Peerage as Baron Auckland, had been Secretary of State for Ireland, a Privy Councillor, and Ambassador to France; now at The Hague. Married, 1776, Eleanor, second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto.

of hearing as soon as possible what happens on the Continent, for next Month much is expected. I beg of you not to be shy with the Dutchess of Brunswick;¹ she is perfectly good temper'd, and has a real good Heart, and will be happy to see you and Lord Boringdon. I had a long Letter Yesterday (this is ye 19th) from Lady Suth.; she writes in great Spirits, and delighted to have her *doleful* Business over. She says that Drums are beating from Morning to Night, that it is *one constant Tattoo*. She does not mention particulars, but I hear that the Confusion at Paris is now very bad, and that the King and Queen have more reason now than ever to fear for their Lives. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 1.

THE HAGUE,

Tuesday night, June 19th, 1792.

Although it is now near one o'Clock, yet imagining that you would be much disappointed if you did not hear from me, I am determined to write a few lines before I go to bed. You will think Me a strange dilatory creature for having put off writing to so late an hour, but I was unexpectedly asked by Ly. Auckland to go to an assembly, and as we have not been much plagued by invitations, I thought it was best to comply with her Ladyship's request. She has been very civil, but she, however, is no favourite of mine. Her husband I like much, and nothing can exceed his attention to us. He has offered to procure us letters to almost any town we may go to.

Upon our return from Amsterdam we found Cartwright,² who had been here during most of the time we were absent; he delivered to me the books and watch. He yesterday set off for Amsterdam, and thence intends to go to Berlin. He did not appear the least cool upon finding that Boringdon and myself had been travelling together, but certainly he is the most good-humoured creature in the world. You will be surprised to find this letter dated from the Hague, and will not perhaps know after the description I gave of this place what could have induced us to remain here. The Princess of Orange,³ being rather a dis-

¹ Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III. (1737-1813). Lady Stafford, when still Lady Susan Stewart, had been Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Augusta, and accompanied her to Brunswick after her marriage to the Hereditary Prince in 1764.

² Ralph William Cartwright, Esq., of Aynhoe (1771-1847).

³ Wilhelmina Frederica Sophia, Princess of Orange, was sister to Frederick William II., King of Prussia. She married, 4th October, 1767, William V., seventh Stadholder. She had shown much courage and strength of character during all the troubles in Holland in 1785-1787. Mr. Harcourt says of her in

tinguished character, famous for her cleverness and amiable manners, we thought that the seeing her at court on Thursday would recompense us for the insipidity of two or three days spent at the Hague. Her royal Highness arrived here yesterday from Brunswick.

There is a minister here from the Jacobins who exceeds Chauvelin¹ in original simplicity. His notes begin (without any Monsieur), Emanuel de Maulde fait bien, &c., and are dated Quatrième Année de la liberté. His house is the receptacle for discontented anti-Statholderians.

I was happy to hear from Mr. Hope² that the Proclamation in England and the unanimity with which it was supported had been of great service to the Merchants, inasmuch as it gave them a confidence of no change being likely to take place. Boringdon always numbers his letters, by which means his Correspondents can know if any of them should miscarry. As I think there is little trouble in it, and some satisfaction may be derived, I will imitate him, and will begin by Numbering this 1. Pray follow our example. I fancy as we leave this place on Friday, and stay but a very little while at Osnaburg and Hanover, you had better direct your next to Brunswick. I have to thank you for your letter to the Dutchess, and for the trouble you have given yourself in procuring me the other letters which I recd. last night. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 3.

COLOGNE,
Tuesday, 26 June, 1792.

As I find upon recollection that 3 days have elapsed since I last wrote, and that a letter written from hence will be longer upon the road than one from Utrecht, I will not defer any longer informing you of our proceedings since we left that town. After having looked at an establishment of Moravians on Saturday Morning, we set off for Nimeguen, but arriving at a little after 10, we were unable to gain admittance, and so an ale house on the outside of the town furnished us with lodging for the night. We

1794: "The Princess of Orange fully answered my expectations. She is like Lady Pembroke, but darker, with the finest eyes I ever saw. Her conversation and her manner would convince one how sensible she is. . . . Lord St. Helen tells me She is superior to any man or woman he ever conversed with" (Harcourt Papers).

¹ Bernard-François, Marquis de Chauvelin (1766-1832). He adopted the principles of the Revolution in 1789. He was charged with a diplomatic mission to London in 1792.

² John Williams Hope (1757-1813) assumed the name of Hope on his marriage. Banker at Amsterdam, and one of the eight statesmen of Holland.

thence proceeded by Cleves to Dusseldorf, to which place we came yesterday Morn. That day and part of this we looked at the Pictures, Stables, &c. A General Harold, the Commander of the troops of the Elector Palatine, was upon the Parade. With him we got acquainted. He told us that the intentions of the Austrians and Prussians are, after they had formed their armies, to proclaim the King of F. Captive, and appoint the next Brother Regent, to call the ancient parliament to pronounce the Members of the National Assembly Rebels, and the Assignats to be of no value. How far the information of our acquaintance may be true I cannot say, but he spoke as if he had it from authority. I ought to mention that he was a pleasant, sensible man. We arrived here late this Evening, and shall see what is worth seeing in and abt. here to morrow, and then go on to Bonn. There and at Coblenz the French Emigrants are very numerous. As yet we have seen but few white Cockades—they are, however, at Coblenz to give place soon to the Prussian Troops, of whom many will arrive abt. the 3d of next Month.

The accounts I have just been reading from Paris are most melancholy. The excesses of the Mob, and the total want of authority by which they might be restrained, makes a very melancholy prospect for the King and Queen. Remember my Duty to my Father; I hope he will not disapprove of this route we have taken to Dresden. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady Susan Leveson Gower.

FRANCFORT,
July 7th, 1792. Saturday.

The very *elegant* epistle, My Dear Susan, that I had the pleasure of receiving from you a few days ago deserves both a speedy and entertaining answer, but as my poor abilities are by no means equal to the accomplishment of such a task in twenty minutes, I fear that your letter will not meet with its deserts. We are at this place deeply immersed in Gaiety; the dinners are more to look at than to eat upon, for I have not yet prevailed upon myself to eat much at two o'clock. We were at a *bal Masqué* on Thursday night, where there were a very considerable number of French and German women; the beauty of the former exceeded much that of the latter. Our friend Careney¹ we saw; he says that he,

¹ Prince Paul de Careney (1766-1824), eldest son of the Duc de Vauguyon, married Mademoiselle de Rochechouart-Faudoas, and was brother-in-law to the Duc de Richelieu and the Duc de Piennes (later Duc d'Aumont); now an *émigré*. During the Directory became one of the principal Agents of Police and the terror of his old Royalist friends; fell into discredit under the Empire and Louis XVIII. Died in a madhouse.

Tarente,¹ and many more of the Noblesse are now living at Mayence. To-night the King of Prussia's² Ambassador gives a ball, to morrow night again public Bal Masqué, and on Monday a most splendid bal and Souper is given by the Prince Esterhazy, who is here as Ambassador from the Emperor, and who was chosen out for that employment on account of his being the richest subject in Europe. We had flattered ourselves that, as he usually resides at Vienna, and as his Wife seems a very pleasing gracious woman, our acquaintance with them might have been a great advantage to us when at the Capital, but a Mr. Wodehouse (Son of a Sr. J. Wodehouse) informed me that at Vienna he gives no entertainments of any kind. This Mr. W. is really a pretty young man, and very different from what I remember him at Ch. Ch. This gives me some hopes that you will find me much improved and perfectly maniéré. I have not, however, as yet put myself under the tuition of a dancing Master, as the Valses are the usual dances. I must first perfect myself in those. That you may know what pretty music we have at our Spectacles, I have sent you by Mr. Legge, who will be in England by the End of the Month, an opera which struck me as very pretty. I have only time to desire you to give my Duty to my Parents and love to Geo., and Believe me to be yr affec^{nate} Brother, G. L. G.

Direct to Dresden.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 5.

MAYENCE,

July 21st, 1792. Saturday.

. . . The Coronation which took place last Saturday was really a most splendid sight, and the illuminations in the Evening were superb. The gaiety of Francfort, however, has been transferred here; we arrived by water on Wednesday night, but could not learn when there was Court till yesterday Morn. Carency told us that there would be a splendid ball and supper at the Elector of Mayence's. Thither we repaired about 6 o'clock, and I do not imagine that there ever scarcely was collected an assembly of such great personages as we saw last night. As I think you will not be tired with reading some of their names I will put them down: The Emperor,³ Empress, and his two brothers; the King of

¹ Prince de Tarente (1764-1839), eldest son of Jean B., Duc de la Trémoille, and of Marie, Princess of Salm-Kybourg. Joined the corps of Hussars raised by his uncle, the Prince of Salm; fought against the armies of the Republic; returned to France 1814. His first wife (*née* Châtillon), friend and Dame du Palais of Marie Antoinette, died in Russia, 1814. He married, thirdly, 1830, Mademoiselle de Walsh-Serrant, grandmother of the present Duc de la Trémoille.

² Frederick William II.

³ Francis II., grandson of Maria Theresa (1768-1835); had succeeded his father, Leopold II., March, 1792: crowned Emperor of Germany as Francis II.; after 1806 took the title of Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

Prussia and the Prince Royal; the Elector of Cologne;¹ the Duc de Bouillé,² Polignac,³ &c.; the Abbé Maury;⁴ Mon^r de Calonne; the Duke of Brunswick;⁵ the Prince of Nassau,⁶ who commanded the Russians against the Turks, &c., &c., &c., &c. The same ball and Supper are to be repeated to-night; the same Company, with the addition of Prince Augustus,⁷ who arrived this Morning from Switzerland. I saw him at the K. of Prussia's levée soon after his arrival, and was agreeably surprised to find that he looked in very good health, and appeared to be a hearty, strong, young man. After supper to night we are to go in procession by the side of the river to the Favorite, which is a villa of the Elector; this is to be illuminated in the most splendid manner, as well as all the Churches, of which there are many on each side of the Rhine. It enhances not a little the pleasure of seeing these great people the idea that they are preparing to crush the Democrats and to bring back the people of France to their senses. The French here speak as confidently of living at Paris next year as if they were now in actual possession. Carenay was told by the K. of P. that he hoped to re-establish him in two Months. The appearance of his troops, some of which we saw march thro' Francfort, would lead one to imagine that he will perform his promise. I never saw men of a fiercer aspect or who appeared to be under more regular discipline; this, I fancy, will be more

¹ Maximilian-François-Xavier, Duke of Bavaria, a brother of Marie-Antoinette. He died in 1801. He was the Elector of Cologne.

² Fr. Claude Amour, Marquis de Bouillé (born 1739; died in London, 1800); a General; devoted to Louis XVI.; in 1790 commanded the Army of the Meuse; in 1791 chosen by the King to help in the attempted escape from Paris; took refuge at Coblenz, from whence he appealed to different Courts to help his master. His efforts failing, he retired to London, where he published his memoirs of the French Revolution.

³ Probably the Duc Jules de Polignac (died 1817), husband of Marie-Antoinette's intimate friend. She died in Vienna in 1793 at the age of forty-four. They had two sons, Armand and Jules, the latter known as the Prince de Polignac. These two were both implicated in the Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal conspiracy, and were imprisoned until the Restoration.

⁴ The Abbé L. S. Mauri (1746-1817) was elected Deputy for the clergy in the States General, 1789; spoke frequently in opposition to Mirabeau. Emigrated and retired to Rome when Pius VI. made him a Cardinal and Bishop of Montefiascone in 1794.

⁵ Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick Lunéburg (1735-1806), the celebrated General so long known as the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick; married Princess Augusta, sister of George III.; mortally wounded at Auerstadt, 1806.

⁶ Charles, Prince of Nassau-Siegen; served in the French Army; then in Spain, where he took part in the Siege of Gibraltar. Largely rewarded for his services, he then passed to the service of Russia, where he became an Admiral, and destroyed the Turkish Fleet, 1783, near Otechakow, and again against the Swedes in 1789-1790, but was himself completely defeated by the Swedes at Svensund, 1790. He took no further part, and died in Paris about 1805.

⁷ Prince Augustus, sixth son of George III., born January, 1773; created Duke of Sussex.

powerful than any enthusiasm with which the French may be animated. The declaration of the Duke of Brunswick with respect to not sparing any man dressed in the habit of National Guards, but treating all the prisoners of the ligne with mercy, will much abate that Spirit of wearing cockades and their *vivre libre* or *mourir*. The method of attack, I understand, is this—the Austrians, who, to the Number of 50 thousand men, are encamped about Mannheim (where if there is a review we intend going), are to attack the strong posts in Alsace, such as Strasburg, &c.; the Prussians, encamped to the No. of 45,000 at Coblenz, are to enter France by Sedan, which part is the weakest of the Frontiers, and are to march straight to Paris, while the Emigrants, to the No. of 25,000, are to be between the two armies. I am informed they are likely to engage with La Fayette's army. As they are the least powerful force, I am surprised at such a disposition. My information I had from Carency, who was told it by Bonillé.

We most probably shall go down the Rhine to Coblenz, and then proceed by Francfort, where we have left our Carriages, to Dresden. After these gay proceedings that place will appear to be a retirement. I shall feel sorry to be at such a distance from the armies, as it will be a long time before we shall be able to hear of the defeat of the French. It will be a great pleasure, however, to hear from you, and to know that my father, to whom remember my Duty, has approved of our proceedings. We flatter ourselves that we have managed matters so as not only to be entertained but instructed. The Expense of remaining in this neighbourhood is great, but by living quietly at Dresden I shall live as much there within my income as here, on account of the excessive dearth of lodging, &c., &c. I exceed it. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 6.

COBLENTZ,
24th July, 1792. *Tuesday.*

Having 20 minutes of leisure, I think I cannot occupy them better than by correcting the information which I gave you two or three days ago from Mayence. The Emigrants, I find, are to be divided into 3 parts of about 8,000 each, one of them to be with the Prussian army, and the other two with the Austrians in Flanders and with the Austrians near Mannheim. We arrived here last night, and with great difficulty procured a small lodging. As an agrément we have 6 Prussian Soldiers quartered in the house. From Mayence we came by water 60 Miles in abt. 12 hours. We were accompanied by a distinguished Frenchman, whose name I have often heard, but have not an idea how it is

spelt; he is called Comte de Beylon. He told us he had arrived lately from Spain, where he had been sent by the Princes; that he feared that court would not take up their cause with troops, but that he had received from it 2 millions of livres. If this is all the support they are to receive from that quarter, their obligations to it, I think, will not be great. We are just returned from Court, where we were asked to dinner, but there were so many distinguished and celebrated personages, as well as many of inferior consideration, that we preferred a little private dinner; we go in the Evening to the Ball and Supper. Splendid illuminations are preparing for to night, and the gaiety of this place will surpass even that of Mayence. To morrow at 4 o'clock in the Morning takes place the grand review of 40 thousand Prussians a few miles from this town. From what I have heard it will be a most delightful Sight. When I left my name at the house of the grand Chamberlain I found that of Jenkinson and Sir S. Smith on the same card. As it did not mention where they lodged, I have not been able to call upon the former. . . .

P.S.—To night is to be published the manifesto of the D. of Brunswick.¹ It requires the surrender of the person of the King, the restoration of his rights, and if any violence is offered to his person the threat of burning every house in Paris. It also mentions the rigour that will be exercised against any person in National Uniform.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 8.

FRANCFORT-ON-THE-MEINE,

Wednesday, Aug. 1st, 1752.

We arrived here yesterday from Mayence, and having remained here one day for the purpose of settling accounts, &c., shall proceed to morrow on our route to Dresden. I was much disappointed upon my arrival not to find a letter from you. Boringdon found $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen, but that disappointment will make me read with greater pleasure those that I trust are now waiting for me at Dresden. I Believe I mentioned in my last that we had an intention of going to Mannheim. If so, you will be surprised to find a letter of so early a date from this place. From Coblenz to Mayence we were accompanied by Jenkinson and Carency; the former is now pursuing the Austrian Army to the French Frontiers. As we found much difficulty in procuring horses at Mayence, and as an army on March is by no means so well worth seeing as one Encamped, and as we were both anxious to go to

¹ The Duke's famous manifesto was issued on 25th July in the joint names of the Emperor and the King of Prussia.

Dresden, all the Eloquence of Jenkinson could not persuade us to accompany him in his pursuit. It is the supposition of the French that he was sent to Coblenz by Mr. Pitt. He denies it, but in so mysterious a manner that his denial is a kind of insinuation that the supposition is not false, and he seemed not a little pleased to see in the Leyden Gazette his departure from England was announced very formally, and the mentioning that they were ignorant as to l'objet de *sa mission*. His eloquence in the French Language is nearly equal to that for which he is so famous in the House of Commons. Upon the road he gave Carency his plan for the government of France. I must say that upon the first view of it, it appears very good. As the general outline is short, I will mention it. He proposes in the first place that the authority of the King should be perfectly reestablished, and that any liberty the people may afterwards possess should be considered as his indulgence; that he should send to each province (not department) a lieutenant, who should call a parliament consisting of two houses—one of the Commonalty, and the other of the Nobility, together with the Haute Clergé; in short, that every province should have a constitution formed upon this idea, but differing only according as the various circumstances of each province should require. That upon any emergency, such as supplies for war, &c., his Majesty may summon from each parliament 2 deputies, that these when they are met may have the power of determining whether the nation at large will assist the king in the prosecution of the war, and then the taxes will be imposed on each province by its own legislature. I shd. mention that each parliament is prorogued or dissolved at the pleasure of the King. The objections against this plan seem to be these: that it is by no means improbable that it may create dissensions and quarrels between the provinces, and that the Nobility will not easily be reconciled to remaining so much in the Country, it having always been their custom to reside constantly at Paris. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 10.

DRESDEN,
Aug. 17th, 1792.

. . . Cartwright and Stopford are come back from Prague, and were much pleased with the magnificence that was there exhibited at the Coronation. Ld. Bruce also and a Mr. Hawkins are arrived from the same place. Cartwright purposes going from here to Warsaw. I own I wish Boringdon had the same intentions, not for the sake of the Company of the former, tho' he is

a very good and pleasant fellow, but because I think the Polish City a more hospitable and less uncouth place for one part of the Winter than Petersburg, and much nearer to Vienna, the Capital at which we intend to reside the remaining part of the Winter.

There are here numbers of Poles who have fled from their country since their Constitution was given up. It quite vexes me the success of the Empress¹ with regard to that unhappy nation, and more particularly when I recollect that it was owing to the opposition in England that her plans have proved so successful. Sir G. Webster allows that when he voted with Fox on that business he gave a very improper vote. He and his Wife are very civil to us, by which I mean asking us to Dinner and Supper constantly, but they do not agree together, and their jarrings might as well not be made matter of public observation. You may perhaps imagine that we should do better to cut them and live more with the natives, but the people *comme il faut* are all out of town, and will remain in the country till the middle of Sep^{ber}, at which time there will be a camp formed near here of 30,000 men, but which is to be a mere spectacle, and the forces in it are not to engage in any real business. We English in this place do not at all approve of the Camp that has been at Bagshot, and were much entertained at a story we heard of 4 Waggon loads of paper men going from London to be shot at. Spencer² leaves this place for Vienna in a day or two, Sir G. and Ly. Webster³ go at the same time; she affects being in love with him. I cannot conceive it true that Loughborough⁴ is to be made Chancellor, but they speak of it here as a certainty. Pray give me in yr. next a little home news. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

No. 11.

TRENTHAM,
Aug^t ye 29th, 1792.

Yours of ye 17th, my beloved Leveson, I received last Night with infinite Pleasure from Dresden—No. 10. We had not

¹ Catherine II.

² Lord Henry Spencer, second son of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough (1770-1795), at that time Secretary at The Hague; was appointed on a Special Mission to Vienna to compliment the Emperor on his accession. Lord Henry was afterwards appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Berlin, where he died, at the early age of twenty-four, in 1795.

³ Elizabeth Vassall, born 1771; married, 1786, Sir Godfrey Webster. Divorced in 1797, she married Henry Lord Holland.

⁴ Alexander Wedderburne, Lord Loughborough (1733-1805), a follower of Fox, but joined Mr. Pitt's Government, and succeeded Lord Thurlow as Chancellor, which office he held until 1801, when he retired, and was created Earl of Rosslyn.

hear'd from you, since one dated from Francfort, ye 1st of Augst, No. 8. Therefore if you have written since that Time I have not had the Happiness of receiving it. I am sorry that you find Dresden so dull. After the magnificent, bustling Scenes at Francfort, Mayence, and Coblenz, every other Place, except in France, or its Frontiers, must appear flat and insipid; but the present Moment is so *eventful* it must furnish useful Topics for Reflection, to a Mind so well disposed and (I believe) so well inform'd as yours is. I wish I could give you a distinct Acct. of all I hear, but that is impossible, for the Reports are so various that I fear to misinform you in relating almost any thing we hear from France. Since the Courier went with Dispatches to recall your Brother from Paris, we have not hear'd of, nor from them. This has caused your Father great Anxiety.¹ We supposed that they would have arrived in England before this Time, nor can we be easy till they are safe out of France, for it is now solely under the Direction of a lawless Mob. I will not seal this Letter till the Post comes, as I may learn something of them from some of our Letters. Admiral Leveson's² Death I believe I mention'd in my last. He is a national Loss, for he certainly was an extraordinary good Officer. His Death is a great Loss to Garlies, who is now I know not where. He meant to be in Canada about this Time when he left England. Mr. Egerton of Tatton stands at Newcastle, and we think will succeed. Several of Fletcher's Friends have left him and join'd us. The Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. and Mrs. Villiers have been with us this Week; the two last are going to Buxton, and are to return here. I like him much; he is so friendly, and seems to have so great a Regard for my Lord and all his Family. You know his Partiality for you. . . . Pray do not forget to tell me time enough before you leave Dresden that I may know how to direct my Letters. I wrote two to you directed, *à la Poste restante* at Francfort, two so directed to Brunswick, and one enclosed to the Dutchess of Brunswick. We think here that Cartwright, &c., will not find Warsaw a pleasant *Séjour* this Winter, nor indeed for some Time, and your Father thinks that you will *afterwards* be better pleased that you went to Petersburg; and we suppose that Vienna this Year will be very gay, as all Capitals are fuller and more inclined to give *Fêtes* at the Beginning of a Reign. I grieve for the Poles; it is provoking to reflect that Opposition to Mr. Pitt was Charles Fox's whole

¹ Lord Gower left Paris towards the end of August, and arrived at Dover on the 22nd September.

² John Leveson, born 1740, youngest son of John, second Baron, and first Earl Gower, and his third wife Mary, widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, and daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet.

Motive for acting the wicked Part he did at that Time *with* Russia, and that it has caused so much Misery to a whole Country. I have seen Lady Webster; she was a very pretty, innocent looking woman, but I saw her in bad Company, with bad Connections—I mean bad for domestic Happiness—and her Husband never near her, and I then fear'd they would not long continue happy. When you get a Wife, I trust you will *go* and *come* together, and not think it necessary that she should live with the fashionable bad Wives about London. Your Sisters know pretty well my Opinion on this Subject, and I am sure there is not any Thing so dangerous for a young married Woman as to be flying about, without her Husband, or even with him to all the *giddy idle* Houses about Town. I find you read Opposition News-Papers by your History of *Paper Men* being brought to be shot at—for the Fact is not True; and altho' I think the Camp at Bagshot was foolish, Officers say it was useful. I don't believe that Lord Loughborough is to be Chancellor. The three Commissioners go on very well, and as the Opposition seem to be broken and *disjointed*, it may not be necessary to have any Thing very brilliant in the House of Lords at the Meeting of Parliament. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville gave very zealous Interest, and in short will carry the Duke of Portland's being made Chancellor of Oxford, and you see Lord Stormont is to be an English Peer at Lord Mansfield's Death. These things have the Appearance of Peace and Harmony at Home, but whether or no when Opposition have got all they can they will be *good Boys* is more than I can tell you. I imagine Mr. Pitt thinks they will, mais j'ai mes petits Soupçons là dessus. . . .

Wednesday Eve.—The Post is arrived *without* a Letter from France. All we learn is that no One is allow'd to come out of the Kingdom, but I flatter myself they *dare* not do him or his Family any Hurt. The *dear* Post brought me a Letter from my Granville, dated ye 12th, No. 9, by which we know your intended *route*, and that you are to leave Dresden the beginning of Sept., which will occasion my sending this Letter to Berlin. My Lord and I hope that you will receive this Letter Time enough to prevent your making so troublesome a Journey as you describe it to be from Dresden to Brunswick, for we do not insist upon your going there, as the Duke and almost every Body are absent at present, and H.R.H. very likely gone to Hamburg. At least, your having hear'd that she intended it will be an Excuse for your not going there, and as soon as I hear from you I will write your Excuse to Her Royal Highness. We shall anxiously wish to hear often from you, and to know that you are well. We love you more than I can express, and are truly desirous that you should do well and be happy. The last is always the consequence

of the first. . . . My Lord is much pleased, as is his chère moitié, with your proposed Plan of Berlin, Petersburg, &c., &c.

Good Night, my dear. Your Sisters are both well—the unmarried, I mean. Poor Charlotte is sick enough, but not without a cause. We expect them in ten Days. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 12.

BERLIN,
September 11th, 1792.

. . . After a most tedious journey, being upwards of 36 hours in going 100 English Miles, I arrived here last night, and this day received a letter from you dated the 29th of June, which Sir Morton Eden,¹ with whom I this day dined, had not sent to me at Dresden, expecting me to arrive here every day. I had hoped to have received one of a later date, one which would have informed me a little of my father's and your sentiments respecting my intended expedition to Petersburg. The reviews begin here on Friday; we talk of setting off for the Northern Capital on Monday. I do, however, hope that before this week has elapsed I shall have some letters from Trentham. You are at this moment, I suppose, upon the course at Litchfield. There is always a kind of satisfaction and pleasure in knowing the exact occupation of those one loves. I hope you are all enjoying the gay scene uninterrupted by any disagreeable news from the Borough of Newcastle. Boringdon informs me that the Newspapers mention a Mr. Egerton standing in opposition to Fletcher. I am so much in the dark upon that subject and at the same time so anxious that I feel quite vexed at not having heard from you these 10 days. They have just told me that a parcel is now waiting for me at the Post Office; I take for granted it is the seal. During my stay at Dresden I made some progress in the German language. I had a man there who is not master but Gentleman by profession, who attended me for an hour or two every morning. He is perfectly well informed; indeed, so much so that I not only found myself ignorant in comparison with him in the German Language and history, but even in the history of Great Britain. I have been reading Memoirs lately of the French Court in the times of Louis 14 regent and 15th, and tho' a little disgusted, yet have been much amused with the transactions at Court during that period. They here talk of the Prussian Army being at Paris the 25th of this Month, but they cannot speak with certainty; their arrival

¹ Sir Morton Eden (1752-1830), diplomatist, was at this time British Minister to the Court of Berlin, afterwards Ambassador at Vienna and Madrid; retired in 1799, and was created Baron Henley.

there certainly must depend upon circumstances. The easy capture of Verdun and Longwy seem to attribute to the Declaration. I have my doubts, however, whether that declaration was politic; it certainly has been the cause of the imprisonment of the King. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

No. 14.

TRENTHAM,

Sept. ye 12th, 1792.

I hope you have warmer, drier Weather in your more Northern Climes than we can boast of in England, or I fear you and Lord Boringdon will find your Journey to Petersburg very uncomfortable; and as I believe the Roads bad, if you have the constant heavy Rains that we have here, I should imagine that travelling there must be difficult. I have not any Thing to entertain you. We have been almost constantly alone since we return'd from Scarborough. Admiral Leveson's Death till the Burying was over kept every Body away. Since then poor Lady Caroline Egerton¹ was, for a week before her Death, expected to expire daily. She died last Thursday about one o'Clock, and has left many poor People, as well as a great Number of Friends, to lament her Death. . . . She has left a great Deal in Charity and many Legacies. You will be surprised when I tell you that you are in her Will. Her Goodness to me and my Children was quite unexpected. She has left each of you £500, and to me all her Books, therefore *you will have* a pretty tolerable Library of modern Books when I am gone. The Newcastle Election has been carried on with so much Tumult and Mobbing by Fletcher's People that the Council and the Returning Officers stopp'd the Poll. They were in Danger of their Lives, and they sent for Troops, and declared that they would not go again into the Hall till Fletcher's People should come unarm'd, without Bludgeons, &c., &c., and that Mr. Fletcher must answer for the consequences if any Mischief happen'd. This frighten'd the Scrub into good Behaviour, and the Poll is going on quietly, for Troops came to quell the Mob, and they remain near till the Election is over. The News from France is more shocking than Words can describe. The Massacre on the 10th of Augst was not near so bad as that which began on ye 2d, and when Mr. Lindsay left Paris on the 6th it was then going on. He had a narrow Escape, and had great Difficulty in getting away. There were then not fewer than twelve thousand People murder'd by the Mob—the Princess de

¹ Second daughter of Scrope, fourth Earl, and first Duke of Bridgewater, and sister of Lord Stafford's second wife, Lady Louisa Egerton.

Lambelle, &c., &c., &c., all butcher'd in the most horrid Way. I *cannot* relate the Barbarities they committed. The King, Queen, and Royal Family were then safe, and it is thought that the Fear of the Duke of Brunswick, who was expected soon at Paris, might save them from being butcher'd. Thionville and Verdun were taken by the combined Armies, and the Duke of Brunswick was near Chalons (I think) on the 2d. He and all those who go against this French *Massacring* Party ought to be revered. It is the Cause of Justice, it is the Cause of Humanity. This Plan of Murder must have long been determined, for it is plain now that the Marseillois was brought to Paris for that purpose by the Jacobins. Can such Wickedness go unpunish'd ! But I will quit this Heart rending Subject and put my Letter aside till the Post comes. . . . We have not had any letter of a later Date than the 17th Augt. . . .

The Post is arrived *without* a letter from you. Oh Dear ! It is not pleasant to be so far from those we love. . . . The Election is not over, and what with tricks and foul play some think Mr. Egerton will *not* be return'd, but that Fletcher will. I won't believe it. It is not pleasant to be foil'd by a Gentleman, but to be beat by an upstart, without sense, without Honor, and without everything that one can wish to have, riches excepted, would be too mortifying. Good night.—Ever your most tenderly affect^o anxious,

S. STAFFORD.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

No. 18.

ST. PETERSBURG,

Tuesday, 16th Oct., 1792.

As the post leaves Petersburg to morrow morning, I will not any longer delay thanking you for two long letters which I had the pleasure of receiving since I wrote last. I mention long (not that they appeared so upon the perusal of them), but to shew that I am aware of your goodness to me in taking up so much time for my entertainment. I was surprised to find that Lady C. Egerton named me in her will, particularly as I fear I did not always behave to her with that attention which her numerous good qualities, as well as her care for me when a child, gave her a right to expect.

I have to congratulate you upon Fletcher's defeat at Newcastle, but you do not tell me the particulars, or what was the majority which elected Mr. Egerton.

We find Petersburg pleasant; there are a few private houses constantly open, a spectacle every day, and the civility of Mr.

Whitworth¹ is such that that alone would render Petersburg agreeable. We have dined with him every day since our arrival, and shall do till we go away, except those days when we are engaged elsewhere. I really cannot say half enough of his attention to us, and the trouble he gives himself in presenting us to every person and introducing us to all the good houses of this immense capital. I must not forget to mention the civility of the Empress.² It is seldom that she speaks to strangers at all, but she asked me a good deal abt. Paris and my brother, and hoped I shd. amuse myself much at Petersburg, &c. I was surprised to hear from a young Italian who is travelling with his tutor à l'angloise that Warsaw is now very gay. If we find it so we shall perhaps not be able to reach Vienna till the end of January, but I think 3 months in that capital will be nearly sufficient.

The Cold weather is not as yet set in; indeed, this day was as mild as in June. It seems ridiculous enough to write abt. the weather, but you will allow it is less so in a letter dated from so Northern a spot than it would be from Paris or Vienna. Remember my Duty to my Father. I hope that Business will not call him to London till after Xmas. He will be much amused (if the stories are not too shocking) with the various little Parisian anecdotes which my brother will relate. I trust the latter will not be angry if he should hear that I call myself here *Ld. Gower*, as two names always confound foreigners and cause mistakes. *Princesse Galitzin*, whose youngest daughter is beautiful and abt. to be married to a man she does not like, inquired much after them, expressing her obligations for the civilities she had received from them in London. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady Susan Leveson Gower.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Novber 5th, 1792.

MY DEAR SUSAN, . . . There is arrived here Booth and Sir W. Wynn;³ they both look in high beauty and as like each other as two peas. I understand that the latter is entertaining from his translations of English into French, and from his imagining himself to be an object much admired by the Fair Sex. At Berlin he had some doubts, knowing that the Princess Louise (a very pretty sensible girl, daughter of P. Ferdinand) was violently in love with him, as to making her Lady W. Wynn. As an instance

¹ Charles Whitworth (1754-1825), afterwards knighted, and later Lord Whitworth; was Ambassador from 1788 to 1800.

² Catherine II., daughter of the Prince Auhalt-Zerbst (born 1729), married, in 1745, the Grand Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, afterwards Emperor Peter III., and murdered 1762. She died 1796.

³ Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (1772-1840).

of translation he told a Frenchman his horse was *Frappé en haut*, which being interpreted is *knocked up*. Poor Booth, I should suppose, thinks more of a visitor at Trentham, and perhaps flatters himself that when he returns a finished and accomplished Beau from foreign parts he may be looked upon in no unfavorable manner. As the Duc de Serracapriola,¹ with whom I this Day feed, dines at an early hour, I fear that after I have desired you to give my Duty to my Parents and Love to Brother and Sisters it will be time to put myself into an uniform and march off; and as I know you had rather have a short letter from me than that I shd. arrive uncivilly late I will end by assuring (you) than I am your most affectionate Brother,

G. L. G.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Novr. 9th, 1792.

We are very happy to find by yours of the 9th that you are *safe* and well at Petersburg, and the Pleasure with which you mention the having so agreeable and pleasing a Companion through the dreary Roads through which you had pass'd is no small Satisfaction to us. I had begun to fear that you were performing the Parts of the Lords Huntingdon and Stormont, who travell'd together, and had possess'd the greatest Friendship for each other *for Years*, but from self Sufficiency on both Sides, and each thinking it below their Dignity to give Way to the other, they quarrell'd, and both cut a foolish Figure, and were laugh'd at by every Body. I am sorry that every thing is so expensive at St. Petersburg, and certainly travelling is a heavy Expense. I will, when the House is not so full, mention it to my Lord, and perhaps he may, when you come to Vienna, make you a little Present. At least, I will represent your Situation *Pathetically*, and if I do not succeed with him, it is not impossible but a certain old Lady may squeeze a small Sum out of her Allowance to make your Séjour at Vienna more comfortable. Do not answer this last Paragraph. Your Brother and Lady Suth. are with us, so is my Sister and Miss C. Hamilton. Lady Caroline Capel is here with her cher Mari. She looks very handsome indeed, altho' her Shape is of a very large Size. Lady Jane is much the same as she was last year. Sir John Wrottesley arrived Yesterday; he is growing fattish. I believe him to be prudent and sensible, but he is in Appearance pas à mon Gout. You lament being at so great

¹ Antoine duc de Serra-Capriola (1750-1822), diplomatist; Neapolitan Minister to Russia since 1782. He married, secondly, the daughter of Prince Wiasemsky. He took as a rule for his conduct the three words, "Prévoir, attendre et profiter."

a Distance from the busy Scenes that are going on. Indeed, I think it is rather fortunate for any One who is ignorant of the Affairs of France and the combined Armies. Ever since the Negotiation that took Place between the Prussian Army and Dumouriez's, there is not any One in this Country that can Acct. for what has happen'd. The whole Proceedings are so wrapt up in Mystery that there is great Latitude for disadvantageous Surmises. You know the French have taken Mayence and Francfort without a Shot being fired. The Inhabitants are supposed to be bribed or dazzled with the Idea of Equality with which the French are endeavouring to bamboozle the lower Orders of People, and to overturn all Government in every Nation in Europe. The Retreat of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prussian Army out of France have been great Matter of Triumph to all Republicans, and have raised the natural vain Boasting of the French to an insupportable Height; but they are quarrelling, cheating, and suspecting each other, therefore there is Reason to hope that these wicked Desperados will have so much to do at Home, and so entirely ruin their own Country, that they will be annihilated before they can create such Anarchy and Confusion in other Countries. It is in vain to relate any thing from France, the Netherlands, or Germany, as you cannot receive this Letter for four or five weeks. I hope you received three from me at Petersburg, as I directed them there, and this is the second that I send to Warsaw. If any Thing particular or interesting happens to any of your Friends here I will write again, and enclose it to Col. Gardiner. Your cher Père and your Brother and all at Trentham are well. I believe I told you in my last that Lady Louisa Macdonald has lost her youngest Son; he was very young and sickly, and died of the Measles. My Lord and I have been reading Cox's Journey from Moscow to Petersburg to give us an Idea of what you are going to see. He hopes that you keep a Journal, which will be a great Amusement to us, as well as useful to yourself. Dick Whitworth has resign'd, and my Lord intends to make you a Captain in the Militia. I wish the Uniform was prettier; it looks *Sneydish*.¹ Do not forget to tell me how I must direct to you at Vienna. Sir Something Keith is come from thence, which *annoys* me, and I know not who is to succeed to his Mission. I have subscribed for you to a Publication that comes out in November; it is an Acct. of the Massacre at Paris on the 10th of August, of those in the Beginning of Sept., and the Proceedings there since that Time. The Acct. is Authentic and well written. I will send it, if finish'd, with your Things to Vienna by Lord Morpeth, who I believe will not set out before January. . . .

¹ An allusion to the Sneyd family, neighbours at Trentham.

Ye 11th.—I thank you 1,000 times, my dear Granville, for yours of ye 16th of last Month, which I received this Minute. We are (your dear Father and I) quite happy that you like Petersburg, and we are sorry that we cannot do or say any Thing to express our Gratitude to Mr. Whitworth for his Attention and Kindness to you. We are sadly sunk with the News of this Post that the People are quitting Brussels on Acct. of the Approach of the French Army—that the wounded are bringing in there from Duke Albert's Army, and that the Populace are all for the French. How this will all end God only knows. At present Things have a dismal Appearance, and I believe there is little Doubt that the French King will soon be murder'd; but all this will be old News before you can read this Letter. My Lord desires me to say that your Letters are among his chief Comforts. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Decr. ye 1st.

MY DEAREST LEVESON,—Yours of ye 22d to Georgiana, and that of the 30th of Octr. to me. Both arrived here two Days ago, and we are happy to find by them that you find Petersburg so agreeable. You mistake me if you believe that I wish'd you to make a short Stay in that Capital. I believed you to be unwilling to go or to be there; I therefore was inclined to adduce Reasons against your staying long, such as that *that* cold Climate might not agree with Lord Boringdon, whom I have thought not so well in Winter as in the milder Seasons. If you recollect, your going to St. Petersburg was owing to Lord Boringdon, for you did not like the Idea, and only acquiesced because your Friend was bent upon seeing that and the other northern Capitals. It therefore gives me double Pleasure that you have found Petersburg so agreeable a *Séjour*, as it will be an Inducement to you in future not to follow your own Inclination, but to lean readily to the Inclination and Advice of those you love, and of those you wish to oblige. I do not intend this as a Reproof, my beloved Granville. I have ever found you inclined to do every Thing most pleasing to me, but I wish to remind you of the Advantage of being easily persuaded in innocent Matters by those with whom we live in Friendship and Intimacy. You desire the young Ladies to take care of their Hearts when Lord Dalkeith returns to England. (Every Body speaks well of him, and *we* are very glad that you have made so pleasant an Addition to the Number of your Friends), but Sue has lost her Heart—that is to say, she has exchanged hers for one that she seems to be thoroughly attach'd to, and I believe you

will soon hear of her having changed her Name. This same Person was at Scarborough, and there they liked each other. He ask'd Leave to come to Trentham, and he is here now. I fear that you would have prefer'd her having liked an Englishman; so would I too, because of the Distance that will be between us; but he is not partial to Scotland, and says that they will go there seldom, and make short Residences there. He is not rich, and I flatter myself he is not poor. He is well inform'd, clever, lively, and agreeable; he seems to be very good-temper'd, and his Principles (I have Reason to believe) are thoroughly good. I will not leave you to guess, after I have inform'd you that her cher Père is very happy to have our dear Susan have so good a Prospect of Happiness. I imagine you have ere now hear'd still more of the wonderful successes of the French. They boast and proclaim that they come as Brothers to set Nations free, so they talk, but their Actions are very different. They take the publick Treasure out of every Town they enter, they pillage and plunder wherever they go, and their Method of paying is by Assignats, which are of no Use to the unfortunate Seller; but they dare not complain, for that would immediately carry them *à la Lanterne*. I am convinced that the French are permitted by the Almighty to succeed as a Scourge for our Sins, but I believe that they will End in Famine and Misery, for their unheard of Crimes cannot go unpunish'd. Is it true that Paine's¹ writings are translated and read all over Sweden? I am surprised that *that* Government does not foresee what Confusion they may cause in that Country, for the Ignorant are easily led wrong, and his Falsities are plausible and imposing to those whose Understandings are not improved. . . .

Sunday ye 2d.—Before I conclude, *you* will think it necessary that I should tell you the Name of your future *beau-Frère*. A Mr. Drummond of Perthshire. His Estate, I believe (but nothing is settled) is not above £3,000 pr. An., but he has a very good prospect, *not a Château en Espagne*.² In my next I hope to write you particularly. . . . The Duke of Bridgewater comes here this Day. Miss Lloyd is here. Mr. Drummond is a particular Friend of Lord H. Spencer; he knows Jenkinson very well, and left Oxford just before you went there.

¹ Thomas Paine (1737-1809), political and miscellaneous writer; wrote his celebrated "Rights of Man" in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."

² This engagement was shortly afterwards broken off.

Rt. Honble. Wm. Pitt to Marquis of Stafford.

DOWNING STREET,
Dec. 1st, 1792.

MY DEAR LORD,—The accounts of the continued Industry of the Promoters of Mischief in all Parts, and the apparent Necessity of sending in case of further Riots a greater Force to Scotland than we could at present spare, have made us think it necessary to take the step of calling out some Part of the Militia. . . . The Number at present called out will be somewhat more than 5,000, and will materially strengthen our Hands in the Places which seem most to require.

It is, I think, a fortunate Circumstance that the Measure obliges us, as the Law stands, to assemble Parliament within 14 Days, and We have fixed the Meeting for Thursday sennight the 13th. I have no doubt we shall obtain a very decided concurrence from Parliament, and this, added to proper exertions on our Party, and aided by the Spirit which shews itself in the Capital and which will probably soon spread, will, I flatter myself, fully ensure the Security of the Country. The present Measure will, I flatter myself, immediately raise the spirits of the Friends of Peace and Order. I enclose the Gazette containing the copies of the Proclamations.—I am, my Dear Lord, Faithfully yours,
W. PITT.

CHAPTER III

1793-1794

JOURNEY TO ITALY—ON DUTY AT PLYMOUTH

THE execution of Louis XVI. on 21st January was followed by the French declaration of War against England on 1st February. Shortly afterwards the French army invaded Holland, and British troops were sent to the Netherlands under the command of the Duke of York. There were British successes in the East and West Indies and by sea during these two years, but on the Continent the victorious French armies carried everything before them, not only in the Netherlands, but also in Spain and Italy. Lord Granville's return from his tour had been hastened owing to the state of affairs, but after serving six months with his company of Staffordshire Militia, he was given long leave, and went to Italy. This journey was an eventful one for him, for at Naples he made the acquaintance of Lady Bessborough, who was to prove such a faithful friend and correspondent for the following twenty-seven years. Lady Stafford was very anxious to start her son in political life, and some suggestions for his employment were made during the summer of 1794, but nothing definite was decided.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WARSAW,
Janry 14th, 1793.

It is now above 3 weeks, my Dear Mother, since I last addressed you, of which 3 one has been employed at Moscow, nearly one at this place, and the remainder in travelling. I blame myself for omitting to write from Moscow. I had plenty of time upon my hands, but I imagined that one written here immediately upon my arrival, and after the perusal of your letters, would reach you as soon, and be more satisfactory. We have been here abt. 7 days; unluckily the post for England set off the day of our arrival. Having thus accounted in some

measure for what I am afraid has had the appearance of neglect, I will proceed by informing you that we have had a most prosperous journey from Petersburg to this place. We travelled in a Kibitka, which is a small waggon upon sledges, but is an open carriage. I did not mention to you our intention of adopting this northern equipage, as I thought you might imagine that there was some danger in exposing ourselves all night to the air, and though from the warmth of furs and blankets I was myself well persuaded that we shd. travel with much more convenience and rapidity, and with no more danger of catching cold than in our own carriages, yet I was not certain that I shd. convince you upon that point. The event, however, has justified my opinion, for we arrived here in perfect health, and had been 10 days shorter time coming 17 hundred mile than our carriages were coming 13 h^d. The society of Moscow we did not find agreeable; a degree of self sufficiency appeared amongst all the inhabitants, which arises in some measure from their having seen little of the world, and from a false idea they entertain that they, being removed from the imperial capital, are free; whereas the very reverse of freedom seemed to prevail, for we entered but few private houses where officers of the police were not stationed. The forests of Lithuania through which we passed are grand, both from the immensity of their extent and the loftiness of their timber. We were not fortunate enough to see any wild beasts, of which there are great abundance, but our servants saw some wolves. Thro' all the villages and towns thro' which we passed we found Russian soldiers, and tho' I understand the Governor general of all the troops, who resides here, does much towards the prevention of any oppression to the Peasants, yet it is a fact that we were obliged to pay the Money for our horses in that part of Lithuania where no regular posts are established, not to the peasants whose horses forwarded us, but to Russian Soldiers who forced them into that service. If oppression similar to this is exercised generally, which there is a reason to believe it is, I shall glory in any attempt that the French may make to raise up the Turks against Russia, and oblige her to recall her troops from this country. Do not imagine that I am become a democrat, for Polish Constitutionalists are as indignant at the proceedings of the French as the most violent aristocrats. I cannot finish this letter without mentioning the civility we have here experienced from his Majesty.¹ There is a degree of affability in him which one sees seldom in a private individual, much less in a person of his rank and situation. A niece of his, Mad. Mnisvech, desired me to make all sorts of

¹ Stanislas Augustus (son of Poniatowski), 1732-1798.

speeches to Lady Sutherland for the very great kindness she had received from her at Paris. Do tell her and my brother that there are few places that I go to but what some civility is paid to me in consideration of my Brother's and her attention to people during their stay in France. I felt excessively hurt two days ago to hear of the death of Mrs. Robinson; it affected Boringdon excessively, but tho' he now feels melancholy, yet I hope he will soon recover his wonted spirits. The loss is very great, both to him and to his Cousins, the children of Lady Grantham. Gardiner seems very much liked here in that petite société which remains here. There are no balls or fêtes, but there are charming little suppers of 8 or 10 persons consisting of pretty and pleasant women. I shd. like to stay here for some time, but we have determined to set off for Vienna in abt. 4 days. Do express to my Dear Father how much I feel his goodness to me in allowing me to pass my time so agreeably, and I hope I may say usefully. My love to my Sisters. I hope that matters are so arranged that I shall soon hear of the youngest being made happy.—Believe me to be, my Dearest Mother, your most Dutiful Son,

LEVESON.

Lord Granville left Warsaw at the end of January, travelling by Cracow and Olmütz to Vienna and Prague, where he spent a fortnight. Summoned home by his father to join his regiment (the Militia having been called out in January), he returned by Dresden and The Hague early in March.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

May ye 31st.

... I think you will like to have an Acct. of a Ball at Mr. Byng's last night. There were two or three and twenty Couple; all the Men in Town, except *Major* Crawford, whom I wish'd most to see, to have pick'd up News of the 23d, and of our Troops, &c., &c.¹ You will be more anxious for the Arrival of an Acct. from Valenciennes, when I tell you that the Duke of York is to have the Command of the Business there. It must necessarily expose our Officers and Soldiers the most, insomuch so that Success cannot be expected without the Loss of *many, many* of our brave Countrymen. I wish this Compliment had *not* been

¹ Frederick Augustus, Duke of York (1763-1827), was placed in command of the English troops sent to Flanders to co-operate with the Austrian army under the Prince of Coburg against the French, who had successfully invaded Holland under the command of General Dumouriez. The latter, after his defeat at Neerwinden in March, deserted the Republican party.

pay'd to his Royal Highness. It is a Proof of their Opinion of him, and of our Engineers; but, oh dear! think of the Wives and Parents of those who have Husbands and Sons there. The poor Dutches of York is most to be pitied; her Mind must be torn to Pieces with anxiety, for her Husband's conducting this Attack well, the Success of it, and his Personal Safety. But I will return to the Ball, which lasted till five in the Morning. The Dancing went on with great Spirit, the Ladies had plenty of Partners, and there was a famous good Supper. Lady C. Campbell was *not* there; she set out for Scotland with her Father last Wednesday. There were many pretty Girls, but none so pretty as she is. Lady J. Paget look'd vastly well; she goes this Night to a Ball at Lord Courtenay's, to which our Excuse is to go, but as the Uxbridge Family are to leave Town on Monday, Lady Uxbridge consents to Lady J. going to two Balls *de suite*. Lord Boringdon was there for a very short while. I thought (but it might not be so) that he was out of Spirits. There were two Balls the night before, one of them at Lord Malmesbury's, but he did not go to either. . . . It is not yet settled whether or no we are to make you a Visit at Plymouth. Publick Affairs make my Lord's Motions at present very uncertain, and he has a good Deal of private Business which *may* oblige him, when he leaves Town, to go into Staffordshire, and he has a great Inclination to make you a Visit. You now see how we are situated. Mr. Tollemache's Match with Miss Maria Manners cannot take Place at Present. His Mother opposes it, and he is gone abroad. Sir Gilbert Heathcote has proposed to Miss Manners. His Mother and Guardians are against it; he will not now marry without her Consent, so it is delay'd. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

26th June, 1793.

A Letter has been received this Morning by Basillico from Sir James Murray,¹ dated the 21st inst., wherein he states that the 2d. Parallels had been completed, and that he was in hopes the Batteries would be finished by the night of the 23d.²

That of the British two Men have been killed and five wounded, and of the Hanoverians one killed and four wounded since the 10th, and that the Austrians had lost nearly the same number, chiefly from Shells.

That part of the Town had been on fire every night, and that it was supposed a considerable Magazine had been consumed on the 20th.

¹ Sir James Murray was Adjutant-General to the Duke of York in Flanders 1793-1794.

² Siege of Valenciennes.

That the enemy had made an attack on the Out Posts of the two Regts of Hanoverian Light Dragoons, commanded by Prince Ernest and Col. Linsingen, but on the Regts turning out, had been repulsed, having first killed a non Commission Officer and taken one Prisoner. One Man of the Enemy had been wounded and taken.

That 6 or 8,000 Men were said to be on their march from Ardennes to reinforce Custine's Army, and that deserters had reported that 8,000 had been detached from it to the interior part of the Country.

Lord Boringdon to G. L. G.

BRUSSELS,

Sat., 3 Aug., 1793.

Many Thanks to you for your letter of the 18th Ult., which I found here yesterday morning upon my return from Valenciennes.¹ With the military ardour with which you seem lately inspired, I am sure you would have been much delighted at the ceremony which took place there the day before yesterday. To an humble individual who aspires to no such high ideas it was, I assure you, most extremely gratifying. The army of the Siege, which amounted to abt. 25,000 men, and the combined troops wch were brought from the neighbourhood, also the Hessian Troops wch are just arrived, caused the combined forces to amount to near 30,000 men. This very fine army, added to the joy evidently marked on everyone's countenance, the fineness of the day, the quantity of carriages, &c., made it a most glorious Spectacle. I afterwards went into the town, which I found much damaged. One fifth at least must be entirely rebuilt. This you will readily believe when I tell you that above 55,000 bombs had been put into the town by the besiegers. It is much to be lamented that this most severe calamity has happened to almost the best town in France; I mean where the people were best disposed, and where fewer horrors have taken place. The General Brunière (who was in the town, and who, being an hostage at head quarters, I had an opp^{ty} of conversing with) assured me that take Bourgeoisie and *Garrison* altogether, he did not believe there were 200 demoerats in the town. Great part of the garrison at last refused to do service, and it was only by means of the despotism exercised by Mon^r Cochon, a Commissary in the town from the Convention, and by the extravagant pay which he gave of 40 sous pr *hour* to each working man, that so obstinate—one cannot say vigorous—resistance was made I went away from Brussels on Monday, and during my stay at

¹ Valenciennes had surrendered to the Duke of York and the Allied Army on the 28th July.

the camp, and particularly at the ceremony of the marching out of the garrison, had frequent opportunities of making my observations on the conduct of the Duke of York. I assure you it gave me infinite pleasure to see the manly and gentlemanlike way, and at the same time the very great precision, clearness and quickness with which he gave his orders upon all occasions. One cannot indeed fail to consider him as an ornament and blessing to his country, and the very flattering way in which persons of all countries and descriptions make mention of him must be highly grateful to every Englishman. It is not yet publickly known agst what places the combined armies are next to direct their operations. Dunkirk, Maubeuge, or Quesnoy seem, however, the places most generally supposed. As for myself, I propose to direct my operations towards Switzerland tomorrow morn^g. I have staid here much longer than I intended, and am determined to lose no more of the summer in a town, particularly as Morpeth has been waiting for me some time to make what is thought in general the tour most necessary for travellers to make in Switzerland. It will be with much regret that I leave this place, where people have been so extremely kind to me, and where I have become very intimately acquainted with a few whose manners and characters pleased me most. In almost every one of my letters I have entered a good deal into what concerns me personally, but as I observe you rarely do the same, as you deal almost entirely upon general topics, as you tell me not the least how you spend your time, with whom you live, or any thing of this nature, it is quite impossible for me to do so again. I will tell you very fairly, however, that you lose nothing by it at present, as, if I was otherwise disposed, I have it not in my power to communicate any thing new or interesting to you concerning yr humble Servant. As I pass to Switzerland I propose going to see the army of Gl. Würmser and the K. of Prussia, so that it will be near 10 days before I am there; write, however, directly, and address yr. letter to me à la poste restante à Lausanne en Suisse.—Believe me yrs. aff^{te}

BORINGDON.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Plymouth Barracks.

SCARBOROUGH,

Augst ye 13th, 1793.

We have not heard from you this *great* while, and there is not a *short* Space of Time elapsed since I wrote to you; but I have hear'd some good of you lately, and my Vanity was not a little pleased, with a *Scrap* of Commendation about your Figure—that when you march at the Head of your Company, and *recollect* to

pull yourself up, that you are . . . *une Chose à voir*. So pray never forget it in future. Next Week we shall be drawing, or rather driving, nearer to you, for we are to leave this Place Tuesday, or Wednesday, to stop two Nights at Castle-Howard, and then proceed to Trentham. The Archbishop of Canterbury is here, and all the Family, except Charles. So is the Bishop of Peterborough, who has received great Benefit from this Air, and this Water. Mrs. Hincheliffe and two Daughters are with him. . . . I had a Letter Yesterday from Mrs. Howe. She brags of London being agreeable, and Parties every Night. I fancy they must consist of Widows, old Maids, and old Bachelors—Excepting the Dutchess of Gordon and the Duke of Manchester,¹ whom her Grace keeps in Leading-Strings. The last Newmarket Meeting, the Dutchess of Gordon was there, and the D. of M. then at Valeneiennes. The Night before she left Newmarket she sent to Kimbolton, to order Supper and Beds to be ready for her the next Night. There she went, and Lady Susan with her, and went all over the House and Park the next Morning. A Gentleman lately ask'd his Grace of Manchester when he was to Marry Lady Susan Gordon. He answer'd that he had not the smallest Intention of ever marrying her. "Then why are you constantly with the Dutchess of G.?" "Because I cannot help it. She will not let me rest, but comes, and sends for me constantly; but I am soon going into Scotland to the Duke of Montrose's." To which the Gentleman said: "Then she will certainly carry you to Gordon Castle, and as certainly marry you to her Daughter." Lady Sutherland tells me that she has been again ill, with a Cough and Want of breath, but she is happy to be at the End of her long Journey (at Dunrobin) with Illness and making Visits; they were above two Months on the Road. She says that the Place is in great Beauty, and the Farm in high Order, and that your Brother is delighted with it, and out all Day long. Lord Dungannon is here—that is to say, in his Lodging, for he lives entirely to himself, mixes with none of the Company, and goes no where. I have seen him once at a Distance, and he appears to be a strong, stout looking ugly Man, but they say he is ill and nervous. Mr. Somerville believes this Report to proceed from his living alone and at Home, for he thinks his Lordship has no Nerves. When have you heard from Lord Boringdon? Where is he? How is he? Where is he to pass this Winter? and when shall I hear from you? You are a teasing Sort of a Gentleman about writing. I hope when you get a Better-Half that you will be constantly together, or the

¹ William, fifth Duke of Manchester (1768-1804); married, 7th October, 1793, Lady Susan Gordon, third daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon.

poor Soul will be often disappointed with short Letters, or (if you are not over Head and Ears in Love with her) she will sometimes have the Mortification of the *hateful* Post arriving without a Letter from her dearly Beloved. Adieu. My Lord is very well. So are your Sisters, and dancing, and riding, and walking, and laughing, and eating all Day long, and I am Ever, my own beloved Granville, Your most tenderly affecte,

S. STAFFORD.

In the autumn preparations for Lord Granville's proposed visit to Italy were made. After much discussion it was decided that, owing to the many difficulties there would be in travelling by land, he should go by sea. He was given a passage in the frigate *Dido* (Captain Sir Charles Hamilton), one of a small squadron of five ships ordered with a convoy of transports for Toulon, under the command of Captain Montgomery, of the *Inconstant*.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PORTSMOUTH,

October 31st, 1793.

I arrived here, my Dear Mother, late last night, or, more properly speaking, early this morning, and find that I am come in perfect good time. Sir Ch. Hamilton has not yet received his sailing orders. Garlies introduced me to him this morning; he seems remarkably civil and good natured, but a berth in his ship wd. have been rather more agreeable had he not been a man who professed to study no comforts in his ship during war. Bentinek¹ took me on board his this morning. I found his cabin as luxurious as any library, and a most excellent selection of books. Upon the whole I have, however, reason to think myself fortunate. Garlies and Bentinek both accompany Sir J. Jervis to the West Indies. Hugh Conway is also to join them. People seem to augur well of this expedition, and imagine that early in Spring we shall hear of all their West Indian islands being in our possession.

If we do not sail to morrow, I shall be inclined to visit the Chief Baron and Ly. Louisa. . . .

November 4th, 1793.

The Wind continuing still contrary. . . . I yesterday dined with Sir J. Jervis,² and as I recollect my father was somewhat

¹ William Bentinek, afterwards Vice-Admiral (1764-1813), son of John Albert J. St. Clements Bentinek, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and grandson of Hans William Bentinek, first Earl of Portland.

² Admiral Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent (1734-1833), was on the eve of starting for his expedition to the West Indies, where, in 1794, he took the Islands of Guadaloupe, Martinique, and St. Lucia.

surprised at his being employed, he will be perhaps more so when I tell you that he has been passing much of his time last summer with Ld. Lansdowne, and that when he is applied to for promotion, he answers that his own friends and Ld. Lan.'s are first to be considered. His manners, however, are pleasing, and he is particularly civil to me as being a Staffordshire neighbour. Upon better acquaintance with Sir C. Hamilton I like him; he shews me very particular civility, such as buying a cow that we may have milk, tho' it is contrary to his usual custom.

I have had much and serious conversation with Bentinck, who appears to be a man of more reflexion, more information, more sound sense, and better principles than almost any person I have had an opportunity of *knowing*. He is, however, I think, too conscientious, so much so that he regrets almost that he is Captain in the Navy, and where he is obliged to keep up a discipline that is irksome to him. His plan for some years past has been always to get up at 7 o'Clock, and to appropriate 3 or 4 hours immediately to reading. He has thus read almost every thing *good* and *bad*, and he has this morning been amusing me much with showing how Voltaire contradicts himself, and proving that Vanity was the only motive that induced him to profess Atheism.

Jack Murray¹ is this moment come in. He to be sure is a different character; he is perfectly friendly, good-natured, and *reconnoissant*, and I think by no means wanting in abilities. Adieu. . . .

November 6th, 1793.

. . . At last a fair wind has appeared, and we set sail at 6 O'Clock to morrow morning. . . . The expedition to the West Indies seems to have curious leaders—Sir J. Jervis, Sir C. Grey,² a Captain Grey,³ his son, and, of course, brother to Orator Grey,⁴ and a probability of Major Maitland being of the party. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Novr. ye 23d, 1793.

The Wind has been favourable these last two Days for my dear Granville. We have earnestly wish'd it to come to the desired Point that you may pursue your Voyage prosperously and without any more Delay, yet that Wind will remove you further from your fond Parents! . . . The Duke of Bridgewater arrived

¹ His first cousin, Hon. John Murray, third son of fourth Earl of Dunmore, afterwards Captain R.N. (1765-1805).

² Sir Charles Grey (1729-1807), created Baron Grey of Howick in 1801, and Earl Grey in 1806. Was at this time a Lieutenant-General and in command of the land forces sent with Sir John Jervis to the West Indies.

³ Captain (afterwards Sir) George Grey was his second son.

⁴ "Orator Grey," Charles, afterwards Lord Howick and second Earl Grey.

here two Days ago as great a Treat as ever, and a good Deal more indolent, for I do not believe that his Grace's Face has undergone the Operation of washing these last two Months. Lady Carlisle is with us. Next week will most likely carry us all to London. . . .

Novr. ye 26th.—Last Post brought us yours from Falmouth of ye 19th, which gave your Father and I inexpressible Pleasure. Your kind Attention in writing so frequently we feel with the greatest Tenderness. . . . We first imagined that you were stopp'd at Falmouth for Orders to join Lord Howe,¹ or for the *Dido* to go with the Transports that carry some Regiments under Lord Moira's Command to St. Maloes that were to sail Yesterday or Sunday. Our last Accts. from Lord Howe were that six French Men of War came out of Brest, and that Lord Howe had got between them and the French Coast, and that there must be an Action immediately.

Decr. ye 1st.—I saw in the News-Papers that your little Squadron sail'd from Falmouth on ye 22d. Where are you now is what occupies my Mind. I trust in God that you have not met with those French Men of War. We have not yet heard from Lord Howe. Every Soul is full of Anxiety. The Wind being East no Ship can come in. Lady Carlisle is to leave us to Morrow, and she has begg'd to have Georgiana go with her to London. We like to do every Thing that can give her Pleasure, or we should not have consented. I write all these Trifles because I believe it is pleasant to you to know every Thing about us. We were at Sandon last Saturday. The Sons are in London, so that we have not seen them since you left us. His Grace of Bridge. is with us, not *less* positive nor *less* prejudiced than usual. It is a great Disadvantage to live with our Inferiors either in Situation or Understanding. Self-Sufficiency is the natural Consequence, with many attendant Evils; but his Want of Religion makes him an Object of Pity. I do not mean that he does not believe in God, but there he is with the Gout and a Disorder in his Stomach, and Death and Immortality never occupy either his Thoughts or Words, and he Swears! . . .

Decr. ye 3d.—Last Night we had an Express from Lord Worcester to inform us that my dear Charlotte was brought to Bed of a Son. She is as well as can be expected, but the poor little Infant is come so many Weeks before the Time, that it is very small and weak. This is the third Child in 21 Months; that is too much for the strongest Constitution. . . . You will be amused when I tell you that Susan got up this Morning early enough to be at the Duke of Bridgewater's *Déjeûné* before his

¹ Richard, first Earl Howe (1725-1799), on the breaking out of the war with France in 1793, was put in command of the Channel Fleet.

Departure, and to see him safe into his Carriage at eight o'Clock. She was the only Person in the Family that pay'd him this Proof of Affection. . . .

London, December ye 23d.—We called at Blandford Park as we came to Town, and found Charlotte wonderfully recovered, and her little One improving in Strength and Size. Lord Worcester said that they wish'd you to be one of the God-Fathers, that he intended to write to you, but that as the Answer must be a great while of coming, did I think you had any Objection, to which I answer'd, "Certainly not," so you *must* appropriate £10 10sh. for that Business. We found this Town much disappointed at Lord Howe's Returning without some French Men of War in his Train, but if we can meet the Royalists on the Coast of France that will make amends. Every Day exhibits additional Cruelties. Misery seems to have taken up its abode in that wicked, distracted Land. Where are you now? how are you? and when shall I hear from you? are the Questions I continually think of.

. . . *Decr. ye 26th.*—We received the mortifying Acct. of what happen'd at Toulon¹ on ye 30 two Days ago. We are sorry, and we are anxious for the Safety of that Place, but we are most truly so about you. We hoped that if there had been no Delays, or Accident, that we might have hear'd from you before now from Cadiz. It is a *worrying* Thing to have the strongest affection for a Person who is either on the Sea, or bound to a Place in the Situation in which Toulon was by our last Accts. Lord Moira² is still at Guernsey waiting for some good News from the Royalists, for till they are in Possession of some Place on that Coast our Troops going there could not be of any Use but to have them butcher'd by the republican Army of France. There are few People in Town. I suppose it will continue empty till the Meeting of Parliament, which does not take Place till ye 21st of next Month. Lord Herbert is return'd from the Army on Acct. of his Father. An Express went to inform him that Lord Pembroke

¹ The authorities at Toulon had placed the town under the protection of the British Admiral, Lord Hood. It was found, however, not to be defensible for any length of time against the superior force of the enemy. It was therefore evacuated by Sir Sidney Smith, who set fire to the arsenals, which, together with naval stores and fifteen ships of the line, were consumed. Viscount Hood (1724-1816), entered the Navy at sixteen. He took a distinguished part at the famous defeat of De Grasse by Rodney, 12th April, 1782, and was rewarded with an Irish peerage. In 1784 he was elected Member for Westminster, Fox being the rival candidate. He took Toulon in 1793, for which he was made a Viscount and Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

² Francis Rawdon, Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings (1754-1826), had gained great distinction in America in 1781; created Lord Rawdon, 1783; formed an intimate friendship with the Prince of Wales; succeeded his father as Earl of Moira, 1793; was sent to Flanders, 1794, with 10,000 troops in order to assist the Duke of York.

had had two fits, partly apoplectic and partly Palsy, tha he was in imminent Danger. He is now out of Danger without the Use of Speech, one Side entirely dead, but his Senses not impair'd. It is to be wish'd that he may now make a good Use of that Time that remains in Repentance for the great Sins of his past Life. . . . Lord Paget has compleated his Regiment, and is to go immediately to Guernsey. The Dutchess of Gordon does not find it so easy to manage the War Office as to manage a Duke, for after fighting, abuse, Letters of Solicitation, and all Sort of Manceuvres, she is disappointed in getting a Regiment for Lord Huntley, whom she brought from the Continent by making him believe she had procured one for him. The Duke of Manchester has been more tractable, for on the 9th of Novr. she made him Husband to her Daughter Susan. She is now in London giving Dinners, Assemblies, and Suppers. Lady Louisa is with her, whom she proposes to make Dutchess of Bedford this Winter. . . . I begin to think it very imprudent to write so openly when I know not into whose hands this letter may fall, but I will enclose it to Sir Gilbert Elliot,¹ who I hope will take care that you receive it. I have scratched out the Date, and I will not put my name. I don't believe the story you heard of Miss H. going to be married true, for no other person has named it. . . . Canning is at Oxford; he has been there these three weeks. I shall like to see him often when he returns to town, not only because he is pleasant, but because he likes you. . . . Mr. Anson has declared himself to Mr. Coke of Norfolk as the Suitor for his Second Daughter,² a Girl of fourteen, whose quietness and mildness have inspired him with the Idea that she will be a *Stayer-at-Home*, not resembling the London Ladies who make Dissipation their Business. He told the Father, too, that he supposed he would not chuse his Daughter, as she is so young, to marry for a Twelvemonth, to which it was natural for a young Lady's Parent to agree. Adieu, aimez moi beaucoup, ce n'est pas possible que vous m'aimeriez comme je vous aime.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

DIDO AT SEA, LATITUDE OF

CAPE FINISTERRE, LONGITUDE 13.

Decber 1st, 1793.

. . . As the Thalia and Lizard are likely to part company with us very soon, I think it best to have a letter prepared to send to

¹ Sir Gilbert Elliot, fourth baronet (1751-1814), appointed Civil Commissioner at Toulon, September, 1793; was now at Florence arranging for the relief of refugees from Toulon; acted as Viceroys of Corsica, 1794-1797; Governor-General of India, 1807-1813; created Baron Minto 1798; raised to Earldom, 1813.

² Anne Margaret, second daughter of Thomas William Coke of Holkham (afterwards first Earl of Leicester); married, 15th September, 1794, Thomas Anson; created Viscount Anson in 1806.

England by that conveyance. Our voyage has not been very quick; we have, however, experienced very little stormy weather, and probably sh^d have been a long time ago in the Mediterranean were it not for this convoy, which sails extremely ill. Jack Murray left us two days ago, and proceeded to Bilbao. In calm Weather we dine on board each other's ships, and visit in the Bay of Biscay as you w^d in the Metropolis. We may consider ourselves as fortunate in not having met with the French Fleet, which different detachments of Ld. Howe's have informed us they chased. A Dutchman that had been taken by one of their 74's luckily fell in our way, and the Thalia retook her; she is valued at £120,000. There are 5 of the French Prisoners on board of us, one of whom was in the Carmagnol Frigate which took the Thames. He gives us a terrible account of the Numbers slain in that action, informs us that at Brest every thing is in tolerable abundance, but that when you come a little more into the interior of the Country you find it in a state of desolation. The Prisoners were all pressed men, and pretty rich in Assignats, with which species of money they seem thoroughly discontented; indeed, they are very anxious to enter as Seamen on board the Dido, but Sir Ch. thinks it will be best to take them to Toulon, where they may have an opportunity of indulging their spleen against the Democrats. We were much alarmed the other night with observing a Fleet consisting of 1 ship of the Line and three or four Frigates; they proved to be a Dutch Convoy. That is not the only time we have cleared for action when the matches have been lighted to fire off the guns at a moment's warning. . . . I must tell you that the Climate is the most delightful possible—this day is like one of our finest days in the end of August.

CADIZ, *Decebr* 19th, 1793.

It is a long time since I had the pleasure of writing to you, my Dear Mother. You have not, I flatter myself, been in any apprehensions for my safety, and I trust that you were aware that there was much probability of hearing but seldom from me till I was fairly settled in Italy. Our Weather since I last wrote has been rather windy. We experienced two or three rather violent gales of wind, which separated us from the Convoy, so that after Cruising a day or two off Cape St. Vincent, Sir C. Hamilton determined (upon not meeting with them) to put into this Harbour. I have great reason to rejoice at having so good an opportunity of seeing that part of Spain which is most curious and most worth seeing. I have already in former letters mentioned Sir Charles's kindness on board, and I must say that his attention to me in Cadiz has even exceeded it. He resided here some months

abt two years ago, and being very generally and intimately acquainted, and having gained great popularity among the natives, his introductions to different houses have caused me to find this place extremely agreeable. There is something in the Spanish People widely different from any thing I have seen in any other country, and it is wonderful how every object in the Streets, whether mule, man, woman, or horse, reminds one of the stories and pictures in Gil Blas and Don Quixote. The English are received with very great cordiality. The antipathy which subsisted against the French even at the time of the Bourbon Alliance is now heightened to such a pitch by the irreligion, &c., of the republicans that it is with difficulty they can restrain the common people from Poignarding the Prisoners. We have just received the bad news from Toulon. How very much it is to be regretted that the English were not contented with gaining the battery they were sent out against. O'Hara¹ is to be considered as a very essential loss, and the many brave men who accompanied him are also to be much pitied.

The Situation of this town is delightful. It is situated upon a peninsula, or, more properly speaking, an island, for it is joined to the main Land only by a bridge. The town itself is very clean, the inhabitants sociable, the women very pretty, and the climate the most delightful in the world. I have not been near a fire this fortnight, and I dress with the windows wide open. Lady Dunmore I find was here for 8 days. I was surprised to hear that the P. of Wales had better grounds for his questions to you abt Ly Augusta than you imagined. We set off to morrow for Gibraltar, and expect our voyage will not be more than 8 or 10 hours. There, I understand, Holland is fixed. Garlies also, we hear, is arrived there, so we shall have a pleasant meeting. It is not probable it will be of a duration of more than 2 days, as I have not the intention of remaining longer at Toulon than just to see the place and the *style* of thing. I hope in abt 3 weeks to join Boringdon and Morpeth. It is now very late, and I have walked all day. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL, Janry. ye 22d, 1794.

Where this Letter will find you I do not know, but yet I write You are continually in my Thoughts, and for some Time they have been much disturb'd. You sail'd ye 22d of Novr. from Falmouth, and we have not hear'd from you since. This has caused me great Uneasiness. Your Father flatters himself that you are safe and well; I hope so too, but I am full of Anxiety and

¹ Charles O'Hara (1740 ?-1802), Lieutenant-General; wounded and taken prisoner at Toulon. An intimate friend of Sir H. S. Conway, and was engaged for some time to Miss Mary Berry

Apprehension. The Evacuation of Toulon I trust you hear'd of, either at Cadiz or Gibraltar. Sir Sydney Smith¹ (who has done such essential Service to this Country, and gain'd himself so much Honor at Toulon) says you were not there, so all the Letters that I have sent to you to that Place must be lost. We came to Town the Beginning of last Month. It has been empty and dull, but the Meeting of Parliament has brought many People to London. Your dear Father is very well. The Worcesters are come, and Cha. looks pretty well. I told you in my former Letters that she had been brought to Bed before her Time. The Child died about six Weeks after it was born. Canning dined with us last Sunday; his Regard for you and the Way he talks of you makes him dear to me. . . . Mr. Sheridan is quite outrageous that Mr. Canning has *dared* to think for himself. In the News-Papers two Days ago he put in a most illiberal Paragraph, *sur ce Sujet là*. I hope Canning will not see it, for I think it will vex him. The Duke of Portland had a Meeting at his House to declare his Sentiments, and his full Determination to support the Measures of Government, and his Wish that all his Friends should do the same. Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, with Lords Lansdowne, Lauderdale, and Stanhope, and a few more, have quarrel'd with his Grace, and made violent Speeches in the two Houses yesterday. Lord Spencer, who is an honest and an honourable Man, made a very sensible Speech, with a great Deal of Feeling, and full of good Sense and strong Argument. Lord Mornington, in the House of Commons, did himself great Credit. They sat till five o'Clock in the Morning. The House of Lords was up about 12 at Midnight. I will leave Politicks now to tell you that the Argylls are come to Town, and Lady Charlotte more beautiful than ever. She is really quite charming, and I do think her Mind and Heart are truly good. Lady Louisa Gordon is wonderfully improved. She is *very, very* handsome, and her chère Mère is determined to make her Dutchess of Bedford. Her Success with the Duke of Manchester is very encouraging *to so enterprising a Genius*. His Grace of M. before Marriage disliked hunting; his *fair* Partner now makes him skip over Hedges and Ditches, and rules him, they say, as her Mother has done her Father. Lady C. Villiers is in great Beauty, so is Lady C. Legge. . . .

Janry. ye 28th.—I have been for some days in great Distress about Lady Dunmore. There have been various Reports about

¹ Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith (1764-1840) had served under Lord Rodney; at the end of the American War entered the service of the King of Sweden until peace was signed between Sweden and Russia. Hearing that Lord Hood was in possession of Toulon, he had gone there to offer his services, but the evacuation was decided on shortly after his arrival. He was appointed in command of the *Diamond* frigate.

Lady Augusta last Year and this, all which I believed without Foundation till very lately, when it has come out that she was privately married at Rome to the Prince Augustus,¹ and was foolish enough to be married over again since her Return, which Lord Radnor found out by the Register of St. George's Church, and in short there is now an Examination going forward of all concern'd in this Affair. I am very sorry for the King—it must be a mortifying Distress to him; and as for Lady Dunmore, I hear, for I have not seen her since the Story was discover'd, that she has a Variety of Distress. I am told, for I do not hear it from her, that the Marriage was without her Knowledge; she has the Blame of all the World. Lady Augusta is dangerously ill. I do not know when she was brought to Bed, but she is lying-in, and the Agitation of the whole Affair coming out has, I suppose, brought on this Illness in that weak State, when there should be nothing to disturb. We have just had the happiness of yours of the 1st of Decr., off Cape Finisterre. I thank God that you were then safe and well. I hope you are both now, and that we shall soon hear from you again. Did I tell you in any of the former Letters that Mr. Fox and the Duke of Portland have entirely quarrell'd. I do believe the former and Mr. Sheridan are leagued with the Jacobins, but I cannot go on with any Subject; my Mind is so work'd about this Marriage. I cannot bear that one of my Family should cause the King so much Uneasiness, and the Bustle and Talk about it, and the Disadvantage to and Distress of Lady D.² and her whole Family quite depresses my Mind. I will write next Post, and direct it à la Poste restante à Rome. Adieu, my dearest dear Leveson; I pray the Almighty to bless and direct you, and to keep you from Sin and Vice. . . . Lady Augusta is better.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

Janry. ye 29th, 1794.

I have this Minute had the Happiness of knowing that Lord H. Conway³ is just arrived from Gibraltar, and that he left you per-

¹ Prince Augustus Frederick, afterwards Duke of Sussex (1773-1843), sixth son of George III.; married Lady Augusta Murray privately at Rome on the 4th April, 1793, and, secondly, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on 5th December of the same year. The marriage was declared null and void the following August, 1794. They had two children, Augustus Frederick, born 13th January, 1794, and Ellen Augusta, born 11th August, 1801, who took the surname of d'Este. Lady Augusta assumed the name of d'Ameland by royal licence in 1806.

² Lady Dunmore was Lady Stafford's sister.

³ Field-Marshal Lord Henry Seymour Conway (1719-1795), a nephew of Sir Robert Walpole; had served in Flanders; was present at the Battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden; served under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick; opposed the continuance of the American War; was Governor of Jersey from

fectly well and in good Spirits at that Place. I am very thankful; to have so satisfactory an Acct. of my beloved Granville is more Pleasure to your fond Parents than I can express. We flatter ourselves that there may be a Letter from you, tho' it has not yet arrived at Whitehall. I cannot tell you much of the gay World. Upon the whole London is very dull, and I am so out of Spirits about this Distress in Lady Dunmore's Family that I see few People. Since writing the foregoing Mr. Legge has been here to tell me that Miss Fox has had a Letter from Lord Holland from Gibraltar, of the 16th, who expected you there the next Day. He and Canning are to dine with us next Saturday. . . .

Saturday ye 1st of February.—There was a long Debate in the House of Commons Yesterday, in which Canning distinguished himself very much. Every Body commends his Speech, and talks of it with high encomiums. . . .

Monday ye 3d of February.—There is not yet any Letter come from you. We think that you have written by some Vessel that has fallen into the Hands of the French. How sad the Lot of that or those Persons who are in their Power! Mr. Canning, in his Speech last Friday, represented them in their true Colours. His Language was good, his Images fine, and his Reasoning sound and nervous. He has gain'd himself great Credit. When I hear his Praises I feel as if they were making *me* a Compliment, for I feel so connected in his Interest from the Friendship that subsists between you. He pleases me much by the Description he gives of your Head and Heart, of your Candour and innate Goodness. How greedily do I swallow all he says of you; and he assured me that there is not one among his young Men Friends for whom he has a greater Affection than he has for you. . . . I cannot give you much Information on the sad Subject that is in every Body's Mouth—I mean Lady A. M. being married to the P. A.—for the Cabinet Council that has been examining and probing the whole Story keep all that passes there secret; but I suppose there will be Something soon done to annul the Marriage. I am *very, very* sorry for the King, and truly hurt that so near a Relation should cause him so much Uneasiness, and I am grieved for poor Lady Dunmore. As for Lady Augusta, she is still very ill and weak, but out of Danger; and if the Prince continues to love her, she may be tolerably happy, for she will feel that in the Sight of God she is his Wife; and as I believe it was Love brought her into this miserable Affair, I suppose that will make her not see Things as they are. I have not seen her since she came to England. I mean

1772-1795. He married, in 1747, Caroline, widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury, and only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll.

when she is better to go to her. But I have been so agitated and miserable that I have not Spirits to go out; but all this is only to yourself, for the less we say upon the Subject the better. Poor Jaek Murray has great Reason to lament it, as I think it has stopp'd his Promotion. I am not surprised at it, nor can I blame it, tho' it is hard upon him, for he certainly was as ignorant of the Matter as you or I. You will be sorry to hear that my dear Lady C. Campbell is sadly abused about her Dress. I think it very bad, but her Beauty makes the Women severe; but what possesses the Men to let all their Ill nature out upon her I cannot imagine.

Wednesday ye 5th.—Yesterday we were made inexpressibly happy with receiving two Letters from you—one of ye 19th of Decr. from Cadiz, in which you give us a most satisfactory Acct. of that Town and its Inhabitants. The other is of ye 25 of Decr. from Gibraltar. Both Letters were great Consolations to your Father, but you were then going to sail for *Toulon*, which fills me with Apprehension. They tell me without Cause, yet I shall not feel at Ease till I know, that the Evacuation of *Toulon* was known at Gibraltar before you left it, and Lord H. Conway is not yet come to Town. By a Storm or a Sea Fog our Cruisers in the Mediterranean might not see the *Dido*. I dare not think of it. I pray the Almighty to bless and direct you. Lord Holland's Expressions of Contempt and Abhorrence of the present Proceedings in France are exactly what C. Fox professes in the H. of Commons, at the same Time *working* hard for them, opposing every Measure of Government, taking every Method to make the War unpopular, vindicating the Seditious in this Country, who have been punish'd, and trying to prove that their Judges have done Injustice in having condemn'd them to Transportation—in short, he seems to be leagued with the reigning Power in France, and does his utmost to bring this Country into the same miserable Situation in which France is. Sheridan, Grey, Lord Stanhope, Lauderdale, and Major Maitland, with Lord Lansdowne, are his Followers and Supporters in this *laudable* Undertaking. I will keep this Letter till Friday, that I may have one from Canning for you. All the great Whigs, middle aged and young Politicians, are all paying him Court, inviting him to Dinner, &c., &c. We may expect to see him soon very fat, if constant Dinners can have that Effect. The Duke of Bridgewater is so pleased with his Speech in the H. of C. that he came here the next Morning to talk of it, and concluded with saying: "How the Devil did Pitt get him? He is an Acquisition." Lord Cornwallis¹

¹ Charles, second Earl and first Marquis Cornwallis (1738-1805), had just returned from India after his success over Tippoo Sultan. He was despatched to the Continent to encourage the allied forces in 1794.

is just landed at Torbay. I hope if he is employ'd on the Continent that he will have the same Success and gain as much Glory as he has done in the East Indies. His Arrival is a fortunate Circumstance for Mr Hastings,¹ whose Trial goes on again in ten Days, I think. Mr. Pitt has done wonderfully well in Parliament this Session. His Speeches have *outdone* his former *out Doings*, and his having procured the Loan at 4½ pr. cent. has pleased very much; in the Time of Peace it never was lower. 11,000,000 has been voted for the Army and Navy. The Taxes are calculated to affect those who can best afford. There is a great Tax upon Attornies, which gives general Satisfaction. The Duke of York is expected from the Continent to Morrow. Whether or no he is to return to the Command in the Spring I do not know. . . . Canning's letter is not come, therefore this must go without the entertainment that I hoped would have accompanied it. . . .

Frederick Saxe (G. L. G.'s Servant) to Lady Stafford.

ON BOARD THE ST. GEORGE,
Jan. 20th, '94.

MY LADY,—. . . In my Last letter to Your Ladyship, dated Gibraltar, Dec^{br} 27th '93, I had the honour of informing You that we were in expectation of Sailing the 28th Dec., which, however, we did only on the 29th with a fair Wind, which lasted till Jan. 2^d, when it became so foul as to Oblige Sir Charles Hamilton to put in at Majorca, which we did on the 8th at about four in the Afternoon. A Spanish Boat, with Some Officers on board, came Soon after we were at Anchor, and brought us the News of Toulon being evacuated and burnt by the English. Sr Charles and My Lord *in his Uniform* went the next Day on Shore, but not being able to learn any thing of Ld. Hood's Fleet, and having Seen the Town and din'd, they return'd again on board in the Eveng, when we got immediately under weigh to Sail for Pt. Mahon in the Isle of Minorca (leaving the Convoy, consisting of 9 Sail of Transports), which, on account of the contrary Winds, we did not reach till Jan. 11th at 10 in the Morn^g. We did, however, not come to an Anchor. Sr Charles went in a Boat up the harbour, while the Dido remain'd at Sea waiting for Sr Ch.'s return, which was at four in the afternoon, but without any News of the English fleet. He then tack'd about for Majorca again, and on the 12th (we) were in Sight of Majorca and also a Fleet of 13 Sail, which came up to us at Dusk. It was the St George of

¹ Warren Hastings (1732-1818), Governor-General of India, 1773; left India, 1785. His impeachment on grounds of corruption and cruelty, begun in 1788, ended by his acquittal in 1795.

98 Guns—Adml Gell and Capt. Townley—with 12 Transports, who had troops on board, both Horse and Infantry, whose destination was also for Toulon, and had left Gibraltar only a Day after The Dido. But they fortunately fell in with Some Ships taken at Toulon, on their Passage to Gibraltar, with a number of the pityable Inhabitants of Toulon, who informed the St. George that Ld Hood's *General Rendez vous* was at Leghorn. My Lord had the great Satisfaction of receiving Lord Holland's compliments, who was on board the St George. Sr Charles and My Lord then went on board of her, and soon after his Lordship sent me the following Note:

“I am going in the St. George to Leghorn. You must therefore come on board with all my things immediately.”

The Joy I felt at this moment of being releas'd from the uncomfortable Situation in which I had during ten Weeks Suffer'd almost beyond bearing made me work with Such Speed that in less than half an hour everything was on board the St. George. Jan. 13th we had beautiful weather and quite a calm. A number of prodigious large Fish made their appearance upon the Sea, at which the Gentlemen had the diversion of Shooting. They also appear'd on the 14th, when I heard the men Say that they were a Sure Sign of Stormy weather, which we experienc'd the two days and Night following in a most dreadful manner. On the 17th the Wind and weather became very favourable, and Such it continues. It being 4 in the afternoon and not above 5 heures Sail from Leghorn, but it being too Late to go into harbour with the Convoy, we are laying to till day.

Off Leghorn, on board the St. George, Jan. 22d, '94.—We came to an Anchor Yesterday, But find that we must remain on board till Friday, as, according to the custom here, Ships coming from Gibraltar must lay three days before they can obtain Pratick, for fear of the Plague being amongst the crew. Ld. Granville and Ld. Holland are greatly disappointed at this unexpected reception, particularly as my Lord has wore his last clean linnen already four days. Want of Linnen has during the whole passage been one of the greatest inconveniences.

Leghorn, Jan. 23rd, '94.—We obtain'd pratick to Day. Lord Holland and Lord Granville Lodge at one Inn, and as soon as they can get proper Carriages to travel in this Country mean to set off for Naples.—I am, My Lady, Your Ladyship's most humble and most Ob^t Servant,

FR. SAXE.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

February ye 11th, 1794.

I have this Morning written you a very long Letter. I began with expressing the Happiness your Father and I felt upon receiving a Letter from you to inform us of your being in safety at Leghorn, mais, par Malheur, when I was proceeding to seal it. My Lord ask'd me if I had said any Thing of Politicks (of which it was full), and he begg'd of me not to send it, and only to tell you that the Opposition are active, but few in Number, so my detail'd Acet. of them must go into the Fire. . . .

Your Father bids me tell you, with his kindest love and Blessing, that as we are threaten'd with an invasion from the French, that you must take care to be home in time to defend your Country. Is it true that Lord Boringdon is to come Home soon to join the Devonshire Militia? I did not know that he belonged to it. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

February ye 16th, 1794.

We flatter ourselves that the next Mail will bring us a Letter from you. As you had not concluded your last after you arrived at Leghorn, I think you would write again before you left that Place. You know not the Pleasure your Letters afford me. I read them over with the Fondness of a Mother and Affection of a Friend. I swallow the Praises and Commendation with which your Friends delight me when they talk of you. . . . Lord H. Conway talks of you with great approbation and Regard. You are generally well liked and beloved by those who know you. This should not create Vanity. You have naturally a pleasing Manner, well looking, and a good Understanding; these are good Introductions to those who see you, but these are Blessings (not your own Merit), and very great Blessings, when not wrongly applied. But remember, my dear Granville, there are Passions which must be restrain'd by Reason and Religion. An artful Woman may draw the best disposed into horrible Scrapes, and may outwit a better understanding than her own. Professions of Attachment, interest in your Happiness, Sincerity of Affection, and a thousand plausible, ensnaring ways which that Sort of Woman possesses are not easily withstood. When she once gets Possession of a young Man's Mind, he thinks that she feels and is what she wishes him to believe her to be. All the Flattery that she administers with Art appears to him her genuine, undisguised Thoughts, and the Censures which she bestows on others, and the Satire whetted with a *very little* Wit, operate so forcibly on the Person on whom she

fixes her Claws, that he sets her down in his Mind as the most perfect of Beings, *comme le chef d'œuvre de la Nature*, and Time and Observation will find it difficult to remove the Film. I did not think of this long *Tirade* when I began this Letter, but a Lady came into my Head and produced the foregoing. You will receive this by a Man that has raised some Curiosity in our Minds. We none of us, not even Canning, can guess why he is sent. We only know that Lord Carlisle has hired a Courier to go to Lord Morpeth, and that Lord Morpeth is to come Home in May, but nothing further; and this same Messenger surely does not go to desire him to return, for the Post could carry that Message. But be the Cause what it may, I am obliged to him, as it gives me an Opportunity of conversing with you. . . . Mr. Canning dined with us Yesterday; he made some *lame* Excuses for not having sent a Letter for me to enclose when I wrote last. I believe he has not much Time for writing. Law, the House of Commons, Dinners with Politicians, and Suppers with the Ladies, *the fine Ladies*, such as the Dutchess of Devon., Lady Jersey, &c., &c., leave few Minutes unemployed. Don't imagine by this that the Dutchess of Devon. is supposed to have changed her Ideas; they still appear to remain *Grey*. The Gazette told us last Night that Lord Boringdon is Major of the Devonshire Militia. Mr. Canning ask'd Lord Worcester if that was not to say that he was to *prance* about upon a long-tail'd black Horse, and you know Lord Worcester is Major of the Brecknock Militia. . . . Lady Caroline Campbell has just been here. She is wonderfully handsome this Year.

Thursday ye 20th.—I find Lord Carlisle's Courier is to set out to Morrow Morning. I have been puzzling my Brain to think of a Present for you, but there is not any Thing new in the fine Men's Dress. It is the same as last Year, except a particular kind of Buckle, which they wear over or without Shoe-Strings; they are thought neat and pretty. I think them shabby to go so far, but I will send one Pair for you, and another for Lord Boringdon. I believe Lady Carlisle sends a Pair for Lord Morpeth, or I should. I suppose you will find a good Acct. in Canning's Letter of Politics and Politicians, and I imagine that Lord Morpeth will have a Minute History of these Matters from Grosvenor Place. I therefore think it unnecessary for me to write on that Subject. You will be happy to hear that your Father is very well. He desires me, with his kindest Love, to tell you that there is an Order for *all* Militia Officers to join their Regiments. He therefore hopes that you have made good Use of your Time during your short Stay in Italy, as it is necessary for you to be so soon in this Country. Your Sisters said they would write; I leave the News of the Town to them. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

FLORENCE,

January 30th, 1794.

. . . Holland and myself arrived here yesterday evening from Pisa. I will, however, begin my letter with an account of my occupations since I last wrote. We obtained *Pratique* or allowance to come on shore, after two days lying in Port. We took up our residence at a very tolerable inn at Leghorn, where we stayed a time sufficient to have our things washed, to buy carriages, and to make what other preparations might be necessary for our journey. As Pisa was only 14 miles distant, we rode over there and saw every thing curious that was to be seen, except my cousin Hamilton. I did not hear of him till just as we were setting off back again. It was late when we left Leghorn the Day before yesterday. We slept at Pisa, and I then saw Hamilton, looking very thin, and possessing the same powers of contortion as formerly. I had often heard of the beauties of Italy and the fineness of the climate, but our journey yesterday gave me a much higher idea of both than can be conceived by one who has never travelled so much to the South. We have employed part of this morning in seeing the Gallery of Pictures and statues, but intend to give them another survey before we leave this place. Tuesday we have fixed for our departure, and as we would not wish to lose any of the country by travelling in the night, we reckon that we shall not reach Naples till the Sunday following. There I do sincerely hope that my expectations of finding a letter from you are justly grounded; it is very unpleasant to have been so extremely long without hearing from you. I must attribute it to this unfortunate business of Toulon. Altho' for an absence of near 4 months you have received but few letters from me, yet Believe me I think I have made use of every opportunity that has presented itself. Ld. Uxbridge is a man you can keep in good order, when you undertake the business; I hope he does not begin to think of my returning. If any such wishes sh^d be expressed by him, pray quiet him, and persuade him of the reasonableness of my absence; talk pathetically of the hardships I have undergone at sea, and of the cruelty there w^d be in calling me home at the moment when I had arrived at the sweets and pleasures, &c., which were in great measure the cause of my asking his permission to quit England.

I saw a great deal of Mr. Drake at Leghorn, thro' whose hands passes all the communication between Ld. Hood and government; I like him much, and have a very good opinion of his abilities. He shewed me his papers respecting Genoa, which justify completely a conduct that at first sight appears precipi-

tate, and talked very sensibly as to the necessity of preventing any little neutral power from rendering useless the endeavours of the combined forces to starve France, which really promises to be the only means by which you can reduce that country to subjection.

Holland desires me to remember him to you and my father. He is really a very good and pleasant fellow—perfectly good natured and exceedingly friendly. He speaks Spanish very well, and has translated a Spanish Poem into very pretty English Verse; and has shewn me two or three other Verse compositions which are much above the common rate. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

February ye 22d, 1794.

Yesterday, my dear Granville, we had the Happiness of knowing by yours of ye 30th of last Month, from Florence, that you were then perfectly well, and thoroughly pleased with what you had seen at Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence, and that the Climate exceeded your Expectations. But alas! I fear that your Stay abroad must be short. Independent of Lord Uxbridge's natural Caprice, I believe he is obliged to require your Speedy Return to join your Regiment. Thursday Evening he told me to write to inform you that it is really necessary, and then he gave me a long Detail of the Inconveniences to other Captains, who from the Number of Prisoners were constantly upon Duty, and could not have Leave of Absence during the whole of the Winter. I *coax'd* and flatter'd as well as I could, adding that I was sure you would set out as soon as you knew he desired it, but that he must remember *not* to impute to delay what is unavoidable; for that Letters were so long of reaching Naples, and the Distance so great, that a great Part of April must be elapsed before you could obey his Summons, but I was sure you would lose no Time. He made no answer to this, but express'd to my Lord the necessity of your being sent for. . . .

Tuesday ye 25th.— . . . Lord Cornwallis met with an Accident in his Passage Home, which has confined him to his House ever since his Arrival. Poor Mr. Hastings suffers from it, for his Lordship was to have appear'd as Evidence for him. The Duke of Newcastle's Death gives Mr. Pitt an Opportunity of obliging a Friend, with a good Place, tho' much reduced by Burke's Bill. . . . I have a Letter from abroad which says, "I believe Lord Holland is a veritable *Sans Culotte*." The Margravine of Anspach¹ gave

¹ Elizabeth Margravine of Anspach (1750-1828), youngest daughter of fourth Earl of Berkeley; married, first, William, afterwards sixth Earl of Craven,

a Masquerade last Night at her Villa; many Men went there, but the Distance and Rain prevented many Men from having any Inclination to mix in that motley Crowd. Lord Paget remains at Guernsey with his Regiment, and is much commended as an Officer, having made it one of the finest Regiments in the Service. Mr. St. Leger is order'd to join the Staffordshire Militia the first Week in March. . . . I have not seen Ly. Char. Campbell lately. Lady Caroline Campbell is to give a Ball. The Dutchesse of Gordon gives one to Morrow, for the Duke and Dss. of Manchester; one of your sisters is invited. They are both well, and love you dearly, but not more than Charlotte does. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

NAPLES,

February 22d, 1794.

. . . I believe that in my last letter I promised to send you a full account of our proceedings at this place. I will begin by telling you how I pass my time, and then mention the persons with whom I chiefly live. Every other day is generally occupied in seeing the different curiosities in and abt Naples. The intermediate days I generally rise between 9 and 10, sit at home till 2, an hour and a half of which time is occupied by an Italian Master, who is a clever man, and who accompanied Boringdon and Morpeth from Rome. Then I walk or ride, dine at 5, go to the Spectacle, and then play a rubber at whist, and sup at Ld. Bessborough's,¹ or Ld. Grandison's, or Ld. Palmerston's.² There is an Irish Family here also—Mr. Monek, his wife, Ly. Elisabeth, who is very pretty and pleasant, is at home almost every Evening. I pass my time thus very agreeably, and tho' perhaps in other places more time might be bestowed upon reading, yet the society of Morpeth and Boringdon I consider as so pleasant, and the living together is such an additional cement to our friendship and intimacy, that I conceive I shall not regret at any future period the time I have spent in this place.

Nothing gives me more satisfaction than the praises which

in 1767; separated from him in 1780; subsequently she lived with the Margrave of Anspach, whom she married on the death of her husband, in 1791. He sold his principality to the King of Prussia, and they settled in England. The Margrave died 1806. She wrote many plays and her own memoirs. A very lovely woman. Horace Walpole said of her: "And never has been an enemy but to herself."

¹ Frederick Viscount Duncannon succeeded his father as third Earl of Bessborough 11th March, 1793; married, 29th November, 1780, Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer, second daughter of the first Earl Spencer. She was born 16th June, 1761.

² Henry Temple, second Viscount Palmerston (1739-1802), father of the well-known statesman; was fond of travel and social life.

have been bestowed upon Canning's Speech, and tho' Mr. Grey and Mr. Sheridan may imagine that they can crush him by abusing liberally his first essay in Parliament, I make no doubt he will be considered as a very important and useful man in England, even tho' Jenkinson, I understand, withholds from him that commendation which is allowed him by the world in general.

I wrote to Susan by the last post desiring her to inform you and my father of our intentions respecting my return to England. Let me have your answer directed chez Mr. Jenkins at Rome, tho' if you imagine it cannot arrive before the 6th of April you had better let it meet me at Venice. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

You are a sad Villain, my dear Granville. This is the first of April, and no Letter have we had from your Honor since one dated from Naples ye 20th of Febry. If your Father could be in a Rage with you, he really would, for every Mail he has long'd for, and every Mail has brought him Disappointment; and, to add to our Mortification, all the People we see hear regularly from their Neapolitan Friends. Mrs. Howe knows every Week the whole Proceedings at Naples, and yet you keep us upon the *Tenter Hooks of Expectation*, when you are sure that a Letter from Lady Spencer cannot give Half the Satisfaction to a Howe that yours would to your eher Père and your scolding Mère; but I will leave off grumbling, and try to be agreeable. I should have liked to have seen the old and the young Woman at your Masquerade; the 1st when he was young was a most entertaining Mask, and I dare say Lord Holland was a very good one. I wrote to you last Week, and directed it to Bologna. To what Place this is to go I cannot tell till I hear from you. The People here have believed that the French intended to invade us directly. I believe they did, but whether the Troops were mutinous, or Want of Provisions, or from what Reason I know not, but there are Acets. that they have disembarked and are not coming now. Your Father express'd last Night to me great regret at your being absent now, when Battalions and Companies are raising in almost every County for the internal Security of these Kingdoms, and when he should have enabled you to be of that Number. But I hope you will be in Time. He expects you, with Lord Boringdon, for the Beginning of May. How happy we shall be to see you return! . . . Plays, Balls, and Assemblies flourish. The Opera is bad, but the House beautiful. Drury Lane is finish'd, and much admired. Plays are to be perform'd in it immediately; I think next Saturday

they begin. Upon the D. of Newcastle's Death,¹ a Teller of the Exchequer became vacant. That is in the Minister's Gift. He therefore gave it to Lord Grenville,² by that Means had the Disposal of the Parks, which he has given to Lord Euston. How nobly Mr. Pitt behaves! He is a wonderful Creature. The D. of Newcastle disapproved of his Son's Marriage. His Will is shameful. Every Thing in his Power he has entail'd upon his Grandson, to accumulate till he is of Age—not a farthing of Jointure for the Dutchess, and this present Duke's Income so small that there is hardly enough to keep them out of Debt. Such a parent is worse than an undutiful Child.

Tuesday afternoon.—Lord Carlisle's Express is arrived, and we have the Happiness of knowing by your Letter that, except your Finger and a Head-ache, that you are well. Italy is a sad Air for the Intellects, they tell me—I mean for some young Men's Intellects. Others say that it is not the Air, but Masquerades, Balls, &c., &c., that turn them topsy turvy. I do hope you will be here by the Beginning of May at latest, or your Col. and all your Friends and Relations will be in an Uproar. There is a shocking Story of Lady Cadogan, too bad to repeat; Wickedness prevails. I wish the French may not be permitted to come here for a Seourge. We require Something to correct Enormities. The old are become worse than the young. . . .

Lady Bessborough to G. L. G., Whitehall.

ROME, May 9th.

To shew you how scrupulously conscientious I am in keeping my word, I prefer boring you with a very stupid letter to breaking the *half* promise I made you at Naples of writing. I comission'd my Mother to attack Mrs. North, which she did with great success. All is harmony at present, and as I hear they are returning to England, I hope they will part before a fresh breaking out. Absence is the only cure for quarrelling friends; I think you recommended it on all occasions as a good receipt for being *lov'd*. Our party at Rome is pretty much what you left at Naples, except Ly. E. Monek,³ who is not yet come. Ly. Webster set off for Florence yesterday, where I am sorry to tell you she means to stay a year. She looks in great beauty, and is, as she ought to be, very much admired. Ly. Anne⁴ also looks

¹ Died 22nd February, 1794.

² William Wyndham, Baron Grenville (1759-1834). The office was worth £4,000 a year.

³ Lady Elizabeth Araminta, daughter of second Earl of Arran, married Henry Monek, Esq.

⁴ Lady Anne, sister of above; married first, 1783, Henry Hatton, Esq., and, secondly, in 1800, John, first Marquis of Abercorn. Lady Bessborough was extremely kind and generous to both these sisters.



HENRIETTA FRANCES, VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON AND COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH

From the mezzotint by Grozer, after Sir Joshua Reynolds

[To face p. 88, Vol. I.]

better than I have seen her do a great while. We continue quarrelling and making it up again twenty times a day. But our party is going to be seatter'd far and wide very shortly; I go in a few days towards Venice. Ld. Holland to Florennee, Ld. Morpeth to England, Mr. Beaulere¹ to Switzerland. Now I have told you how all your friends in Italy are disposed of, I should like to know what you are doing in England. What a list of sins you will have to confess before we meet again, if you retain me for your confessor, and put yourself into the palais de la verité. Remember, if you do not, Mr. Kitner *will trace* them without fail, and you will not even have the merit of sincerity and *confiance*. Not to lose a good habit, I am *advising* here à tort et à travers, every thing that comes near me except the one who wants it most—myself—mais tôt ou tard il faudra bien en venir eependant. Like many others, I occupy myself very much with other people's business that I may not have leisure to think of my own, but in spite of blinding myself and putting off, the time will come, and draws very near, when this terrible reform—so long threaten'd, so often evaded—must take place. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

WHITEHALL, *May ye 14th, 1794.*

. . . We had Yesterday very strong Reports of a complete Victory having been gain'd by the allied Armies, but the Truth (which is this Day arrived) is not equal to the supposed Victory of Yesterday, for I understand that Clairfait's Army was not engaged, and that the Enemy are still in Possession of Courtrai and Menin. On the 10th—that the French, to the Amount of 30,000 Men, attack'd the Duke of York, that the Battle was sharp and lasted five Hours, that the Enemy were repulsed with great Loss. We have taken 13 Pieces of Cannon, and above 400 Prisoners. Five of our officers are wounded, none kill'd, and about 100 Soldiers kill'd and wounded. There are many private Letters, which commend his Royal Highness's Courage and Conduet to the greatest Degree, as well as the Bravery of our Troops. They suppose about 3,000 French were kill'd, but of this they cannot be certain.² Lord Stanhope's Chaplain was taken into Custody this Morning,³ and has been examined by the Privy

¹ Mr. Charles George Beaulere, born January, 1774, son of Mr. Topham and Lady Diana Beaulere.

² Probably one of the skirmishes which preceded the Battle of Toureing, where, on 18th May, the Duke was surrounded and beaten by the French under Piehegru.

³ On 12th May a message from the King announced to Parliament the existence of seditious societies in London, and that papers of certain persons belonging to these had been seized. Various people were arrested on the charge

Council. The Cause has not yet transpired, but we all know it must be on suspicion of Treason. The spouting Lecturer last Night, when he was put into the Hackney Coach to be carried to the Messenger's Home, harangued the Mob out of the Coach Window as they were driving along. Lady Sutherland rode to Town Yesterday in a hard Shower to hear News; got wet to the Skin. We were all out, so she return'd to Wimbledon without hearing or seeing any Body. They come this day to stay. The Dss. of Devon. is gone to the Trial¹ to hear Mr. Sheridan. I am so sorry that Lord Boringdon (with his right Head) does not see Hastings (as I think) justly. Lord Worcester left Town early this Morning. What a Creature you are! I am told that you made Lord Boringdon wait till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. *Entre nous*, you are not *framed* for a poor Man's Son, nor for any Man's second Son. That Day you left Town in a large Company (I was not present) a Person said: "I am glad Lord Boringdon is not so fine as Lord Granville Leveson, for he can bear the Climate, the Customs, and the Amusements of London." You do not know how this Idea of you works me. You yourself would condemn any Body that assumed so foolish a Style, and why will you, *from Whim*, give People Reason to believe you an affected Character, and of consequence not to think of you as you deserve. I intend to tell every Body that you left your Heart in Italy; therefore every other Place must appear insipid and tiresome till the Delirium is over. I know your *Forts* and your *Faiblesse*, but as you preach against long Letters, I will neither please your Vanity by expressing the Number of the first that I see in you, nor tire your Patience by *expounding* the last. Your cher Père is very well; he has been employ'd every Morning (and the whole Morning) at the Council office for some Days. Adieu. Believe me no Italian, nor no other woman, loves you with more Affection than I do.

P.S.—There came a Message of Invitation Yesterday for you for a Ball to the Queen's House for next Monday.

General Harcourt has gain'd himself great Honor, so have all our Cavalry; they fought like Lions. The Duke of York's Aide de Camp Clinton is wounded, but not dangerously.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL, *May ye 21st*, 1794.

I was very happy to receive a Letter from you Yesterday; nine Days had elapsed without our knowing any Thing of you. Lord Boringdon told me this Morning that he saw you well last Sunday

of high treason and committed to the Tower—John Horne Tooke, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyec, private secretary to Lord Stanhope, etc. They were all brought to trial the following October and acquitted.

¹ Of Warren Hastings.

on Guard. . . . There came Dispatches last Night from Sir John Jervis, to say that we are now in Possession of all the Island of Guadaloupe,¹ that Lord Garlies is very well; his Wound, which was in his Face, is recovering fast, and it has not prevented his distinguishing himself again, very much to his Honor. T'other Night, when Somebody said that Lord Garlies must be greatly disfigured, for they had heard that of his Nose and upper Lip Part had been taken away, Mr. Pitt said: "One would almost lose a Nose to have gained such Honor as Lord Garlies has acquired." I mention'd you to him. I told him that you, when you were in Town, wish'd your Father to have ask'd him to think of putting you in a Line of Business; that you would be of Age next Octr., when you hoped to come into Parliament, and that you would not like to be an idle Man. Here Mr. P. interrupted me with saying that he thought so laudable an Inclination does you great Credit. I then told him my Lord's only Objection, which you had combatted, and that we had join'd in saying that we thought it was rather a Compliment, as it proved the high Opinion you have of Mr. P., and your Desire of being attach'd to him, for it was not Emolument that you ask'd for, nor an idle Situation. He said he thoroughly agree'd with you, and that he took it in that Light, and was much obliged, that he could not now think of any particular Situation that would answer the End proposed, but that he would turn it in his Mind, and he hoped by the Autumn to think of Something that would suit. I told him that I had only anticipated of what my Lord intended to converse with him. He seem'd much pleased with your Proposal, and express'd it. All this, and more than I can be at the Trouble to write, I repeated to my Lord, and he approved of what I had said, as I hope you will. . . .

Lady Bessborough to G. L. G.

VENICE, June 1st, 1794.

I thank you for remembering my commission so well. I suppose the things have been mislay'd at D. House, which prevented my sister getting them. . . . If I guess right as to the persons you allude to in your letter, I think them very amiable, like their society very much, but they certainly never did, and never will, *engross my attention* more than a pleasant acquaintance generally does. I trust and hope I am grown old and wise enough to be certain of never again involving myself in the misery of feeling more than the common Interest of friendship for any one—*je n'ai plus de prétensions, je ne dois plus avoir de préférences*. At

¹ The whole of the West Indies Islands, except part of Guadaloupe, surrendered to the troops under the command of Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis.

present at least I know I am in no danger. At the same time I must repeat, que mon cousin me plaît tant, that I scarcely know which I like best—him, his friend Ld. Holland, or your relation Ld. Morpeth—and you know how often I have told you of my partiality for them. C'est assez parler de soi ce me semble, surtout quand on n'est plus, ni très jeune ni très jolie, et qu'on écrit à un jeune homme entouré de tous ce que la beauté et la Mode, ont de plus aimable; le rôle de Gouvernante me sied encore assez bien, mais tout autre seroit un ridicule.

I am the only one of our party, I believe, that like Venice, but the Gondolas are such a cosey conveyance that they suit my laziness perfectly. The hours here are worse than in England. The opera does not begin till eleven; it ends at three, and then the fashionable thing is to walk in the place St. Marc, or repair to a Casino per trovar il Giorno, but this we have none of us accomplish'd yet. I cannot tell you how sorry I am at Ld. M.'s going, but I hope to be in England before very long. Prepare a good account of yourself. Addio.

H. F. B.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

WHITEHALL, July ye 18th, 1794.

I have not *De quoi* to make an agreeable Letter, but I write to *extract* one from you. We want to know how you go on, if you have fix'd some Hours every Day for reading, or if you pass your Time as I heard of a young Officer. He is not ill looking, tolerably sensible, intolerably indolent, not given to *sudden* Commendation, good temper'd, idle, and not apt to be dissatisfied with himself, rather *exigeant*, and easily caught by the Artificies of Flattery. Well, this same young Man is liked in his Regiment, does his Duty as an Officer with great Exactness and Alacrity, but (*par Malheur*) a Lady,¹ not a very young One, has got Possession of his Mind, some think of his Heart. Others believe that by Flattery, Professions of Friendship, and how much she is interested about him and all his Family, &c., &c., that he looks upon her as his *best Friend*, the *Depôt* of all his Thoughts, and a sure and certain Guide for all his Actions; so this shackled young Man loiters away all his Mornings (except when he is upon Duty) with this fair One, swallowing all her Praises of his Perfections, and sucking in all the Satire that her inventive Genius disgorges. This is great Fun to some of his Brother Officers, who acknowledge her clever, but do not see her in the Light with which she is listen'd to by the Youngster. I won't tell you his Name; you are not much acquainted with him, and therefore you cannot strive to disentangle him, so let me proceed to inquiries about yourself.

¹ Mrs. S.

Your cher Père says that he thought we might have heard from you, and that you had better accustom yourself to making writing easy to you, for a Man of Business must have a great Deal of that Occupation. I have had much Conversation about you, but till Something is settled I will not relate. Lord Boringdon came to Town last Night about regimental Business; he is to dine with us this Day, and I believe returns to Morrow. He looks very well, and inquired after you. Morpeth is gone into Yorkshire. I understand that the Misunderstanding between the P. and Mrs. F.¹ is made up. The story is too long to write, but after he had been persuaded by a certain Lady² to give her up, and to write according to that Idea to Mrs. F., he found he could not live without her, and sent Messengers of Peace in Numbers. But Mrs. F. was for some Days *sturdy*; she could not believe that he could continue to love her, when for Months he had given his Time to another, and had behav'd to her with the greatest Cruelty. But they are Friends now, and the mischief-maker is left to find out another, or to go on with you know who. All about Mrs. F. you can know more certainly from Jack Payne or Ld. H. Seymour. The News-Papers tell you of all the new Ministry; I will therefore leave them there, and inform you that I believe we shall go into Staffordshire next Week.³ Here we are in an Oven, and the Oven grows daily hotter. I wish I could be entertaining, for I wish you to like my Letters, but Fun left me long ago, and the little Sense I possess'd is lost in Relaxation. Adieu; write to me soon. Tell me if you see as much of Mrs. S.⁴ as you did last Year. If she appears as sensible, clever, entertaining, and *sincere* as she did then, tell me, too, if you like Blackstone's Commentaries, if you study them, and if you love your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL,

July ye 22d, 1794.

. . . This morning I had the pleasure of a letter from you. I think the having that pleasure so soon was owing to the story

¹ Maria Anne Fitzherbert (1756-1837), daughter of Walter Smythe; married, first, Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in 1775; and, secondly, Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swynnerton, in 1778; lived at Richmond after the death of her second husband; married the Prince of Wales at her house in December, 1785, and lived with him until 1803.

² Frances Twysden, Countess of Jersey, daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe; she died in 1821.

³ In July Lord Stafford resigned the Privy Seal, which he had held since November, 1784, and did not again hold office. At this time the Duke of Portland, Lords Spencer and Fitzwilliam and Mr. Windham, the leading Whigs in favour of the continuance of the war, joined Mr. Pitt's Government.

⁴ Mrs. St. John.

of the Officer, which you have examined with great minuteness. I love and honor you for the goodnatured construction you put on his conduct. That turn of mind which inclines to see the actions of others in a good light is always amiable, and gives one reason to believe the Possessor of it has many attendant good qualities. I know you have many, and no one sees them with more Heartfelt Satisfaction than I do. As for the Story, I agree with you that it may have been misrepresented to me, for the Person is, I suppose, much interested in the Officer, and where Fears and circumstances unite to strengthen Ideas, the State of the case is seldom fairly stated in the Mind and of Consequence in the relation of it. Lady Carlisle set out this Day for Castle Howard. She told me last Night that by a Letter from Lord Morpeth, his Business goes on well. She could not promise to come to Trentham in Oct., for they expect much Company that Month, to hunt with the new Hounds. Lady Sutherland talks of going there from Lichfield Races, *without* your Brother. Lady Carlisle has ask'd Georgiana and my Leave for her to go with Lady Sutherland, or you, to Castle Howard after the Lichfield Races, to be at the Fête on Lord Morpeth's coming of Age—to which I have consented. I had rather have her go with you, but this is *entre nous*, and it is probable that the Countess may change her Mind, and not go there, for as you are all to come from Castle Howard to Trentham, I think she is not decided, tho' she says she is. I would have written to you what pass'd on your Subject, but my Lord desired me not, till he had had a Conversation with Mr. Pitt, which I suppose will take Place to Morrow or Thursday. You will then hear from me again. Your Acct. of my dearest Charlotte's Looks gives me great Pleasure. She is—" 'Twould take a Year to tell you what she is"—I can justly apply to her. So you like Mrs. S. nearly as well as you did last Year! Well, I love you for telling me your Thoughts. I wish for no greater Happiness than a thorough Confidence to subsist between us. I am more interested in your Welfare and Happiness than Words can express. I covet your Affection, and that strongest of all Proofs of Affection and good Opinion—your Confidence. No Parent can love a Son more dearly than I do you, and (if I know myself) *I think* I could not abuse any Confidence that might be placed in me.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Sunday night.

We arrived here this Evening, and altho' I am far from well, yet I do not like to delay writing to you, as you must be impatient

to be inform'd of what pass'd between your Father and Mr. Pitt. My Lord told him that your Inclinations and his quite coincide, that you do not at present wish for Emolument, but to be so situated as to make you a Man of Business. Mr. Pitt said every thing flattering upon your Subject, and added that I had mention'd this Matter to him, that he had not yet been able to find out any Thing proper, but that it would make him very happy if any Thing of the Sort you desire should be thought of by the End of the Summer. In short, my Lord was pleased with what he said, and his apparent Desire to gratify your Wish. . . . It is generally said that Women are more impatient about any Business in which they are interested than Men are, therefore you will not be surprised when I say that till some specified Situation is fix'd upon, I shall not think your Scheme advanced. I will now tell you, *in short*, a Conversation that I had with a particular Friend of Mr. Pitt's, in consequence of a foolish Report which he had heard, *that my Lord had ask'd for a Peerage for you*. He knew the Absurdity of People believing this Nonsense, and ask'd me if you did not wish to be in the foreign Line. I told him no, and then told him what your Inclination is. After Apologies, Humming, stopping, beginning to speak, and much Hesitation, He mentioned your being Mr. Pitt's private Secretary. *I thought this quite the thing*, but after repeating it to your Father (to whom he desired me to mention it, for he said he was sure Mr. Pitt would like it), I was convinced that it would not be a proper Situation for you, for many Reasons; but your Father said, for you to be allow'd to travailler in Mr. Pitt's Bureau as a Supernumerary he should think a most desirable Situation for you; this I intended to take the first Opportunity of saying to Mr. Pitt's Friend; but his being out of Town, I had it not in my Power to mention it. I wish'd your Father to have said it to Mr. Pitt, but you know my Lord's natural Shyness and Aversion to *ask*; he therefore did *not* name that, nor any particular Situation. Will you tell me your Opinion, and perhaps, if you wish it, I may have an Opportunity of communicating it by a Letter—I mean if your Father will give me Leave, and I think he cannot object to it. But as there is not any particular Hurry, you can take Time to write fully what you think and wish.—Believe me always, sick or well, Your ever affte.

S. STAFFORD.

They have begun to prepare for the iron Bridge, which causes a good deal of litter.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

MILL PRISON GUARD,
Aug^t 1st, 1794.

... At the same time that I am sorry that you sh^d put yourself to the trouble and inconvenience of writing when you were tired and unwell, I cannot but be extremely obliged to you for the full manner in which you have explained my father's conversation with Mr. Pitt, and the ideas of his *particular friend* with respect to myself. I feel unwilling to object to any particular plan which may meet the approbation of you and my father; the starting any objections makes it appear that tho' I am forward in expressing my wishes to do something, yet that I endeavour to put it off and find excuses when any specific thing is proposed to be applied for. I flatter myself, however, you will not attribute to that cause my observing that the merely being in Mr. Pitt's Bureau as a supernumerary, the living in the society of the clerks of the Office, and having no particular business to which I shall be obliged to turn my attention, is not so desirable a situation as where one has a certain defined employment. My ideas, however, are very probably wrong, and if my father is of a different opinion, I hope what I have said will not prevent you from endeavouring to obtain for me what he thinks most advantageous. . . . I shall be too happy in accompanying Georgiana to Castle Howard. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Augst. ye 5th, 1794.

Last Night, my dear Granville, I had the long wish'd for Pleasure of hearing from you. I am glad you had so many Letters to write, altho' it perhaps caused you to shorten that you wrote to me; yet it is by Praetice that writing becomes easy, and every Man of Business must have a great Deal of that Occupation. I have not had an Opportunity of conversing with my Lord on the Subject of your Letter since its Arrival. He has frequently said that he was totally at a Loss, even in his own Mind, what would be most proper and advantageous for you. I have always said that if there is not some particular Situation specified, that nothing will be done. It is really difficult for Mr. Pitt to find out the Thing you would like, and your Father would like for you; besides, situations may arise in his Mind that he may be fearful might be thought not equal to your Rank in Life, without Something was named to him. I am now writing my own thoughts, for my Lord is busy with Somebody about County Business. I will therefore proceed with my Ideas—remember *not* Advice—but for you to make what use of them

you please. By your Letter I think you are of Opinion that being a Supernumerary in the Office would be attended with Disadvantages, without much Improvement. You do not give your Opinion of being private Secretary; I therefore think that you are inclined to that. That is certainly the Road to getting on, both as to Improvement and Emolument—I mean Emolument in future—for *in* that Situation—the Income, I believe, is not above £100 pr. An.—Your Father's Objections were that he fear'd your not acquitting yourself well in the Business of that Situation, that it had been always occupied by People of inferior Rank, and that the World would say ill natured Things about your being in it from interested Motives. *The Friend* in our Conversation told me that perhaps Lord Stafford would not approve, that he might think it not a great enough Situation for his Son, that it is generally occupied by those who are of inferior Rank, but that Harry Legge had been private Secretary to (I forget which Chancellor of the Exchequer he named), and was afterwards in the highest Offices. He said that the Requisites for his private Secretary are Secrecy, attention to answering the Letters civilly to those who desire to wait upon him, to be exact in recollecting the Hours and Days that different People are appointed to come; that Mr. Pitt is the best temper'd Man in the World, and the most pleasant to *work* with, for he is clear and patient, and likes to make those happy with whom he has to transact Business; and he added, "If Lord Stafford, Lord Granville, and you approve of it, I think Mr. Pitt will like it." I was delighted with the Proposal, and assured him that I could answer for your Secrecy, that from your tender Infancy I could have trusted you with any Thing, and that I was certain you never had repeated any Thing that had been told you in Confidence. I have told you your Father's Objections, but I do not know that your inclining to it might not make him see it in a different Light. Now I will tell you that you must not suppose that you have received this Letter. My Impatience to have this Affair *en Train* is the Cause of my writing without your Father's Directions, with whom I cannot have an Opportunity of conversing this Day (being publick Day), for he is engaged the whole of the Morning. I wish'd to say that perhaps you may think it advisable to consult Lord Boringdon's Opinion of this Matter. He is very sensible and thoroughly interested in your Welfare, and when you have got his Ideas upon the Subject, to consult your own Judgment, and then to write exactly what you think and feel about it, submitting it all to your Father's better Judgment, in whose Kindness and Experience you will always place the most implicit Faith, whom

you wish to advise and direct you in every essential Affair. If you disapprove of being private Secretary, which *the Friend* told me is not at all a difficult business (for there is one belonging to the Office who has all the Business of the Office to do), you had better try to find out what you can ask for, and name that in your Letter. This is not by Way of a Letter, only a *Theme* for you to think of. I will write to Morrow if I can, and believe me always, my beloved Granville, with the tenderest Affection,
Yours most faithfully,

S. STAFFORD.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PLYM. DOCK, Aug. 25th, 1794.

. . . I will begin my letter with a request, and one which I earnestly wish you to comply with—it is, that you will allow no extraordinary and unnatural ideas to enter into your imagination respecting the agreeableness of your letters. Be assured that the quarter whence they come and the person by whom they are written are sufficient to render them interesting to me. At the same time I must inform you that, independent of that consideration, they are amusing. With regard to advice, I know too well the real goodness of you and my father to me ever to consider that as unpleasant.

I returned to Plymouth on Thursday last. I remained in town later than my original intention for the purpose of seeing the Bessbro.'s; I sh^d have been sorry that the difference of a day sh^d have prevented my having that pleasure. The delay gave me also the Gratification of seeing Garlies; I had $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's interesting conversation with him, in which he gave me explanations, &c., touching the West Indian Campaign.¹ Perhaps, except that and the further cementing the friendship between Morpeth and Boringdon and myself, my journey to the Metropolis was more agreeable than useful. It was the former to a great degree, for we had the pleasantest dinners and parties in the Evening that I ever saw in London. I believe you know of whom they chiefly consisted. . . .

Lady Bessborough to G. L. G.

HOLYWELL HOUSE.²

I began to think I should never hear from you again, and was determin'd *coûte que coûte* not to write till I did. I know how to pity you, especially just now, for I have been this whole day doing just the same. My Brother sent to me to beg I would come here to do civilities for him, but more to attend a morning

¹ When Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey captured Martinique, St. Lucia and Les Saintes.

² Where her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, lived.

ball and visit some freeholders' wives, whom he wanted to please. Conceive being dress'd out as fine as I could at eleven o'clock this morning, squeeze'd into a hot assembly room at the Angel Inn, cramming fifty old Aldermen and their wives with hot rolls and butter, while John and Fred danced with the Misses, playing at fourpenny Commerce and tradrille, and then visiting all about the gay town of St. Albans. Can you boast of any thing to surpass this? and, to crown all, a mad Mr. Cavendish who lives here, se fait jour parmi la foule, in the midst of the ball room, and after demanding silence, repeated, à ma tête, a long copy of verses, in which he compar'd me to Venus visiting her favourite Island, my children to Cupids, the old coach horses to doves, the tea to Nectar, and all the fat Aldermen—my votaries. This pretty, apt compliment was concluded with some lines from Gray's Ode on the progress of poetry. . . . You say I hurried you away in London; I will only observe that my Carriage came two minutes after you left the house. I do not know in what light the D. of Bedford¹ may appear to Mr. Coke or any one else. I have always found him the truest and most steady of friends, and, what is almost unheard of in *a man*, disinterestedly so. If he is formidable to me, it is only from the good opinion I have of him, which makes me dread forfeiting his esteem or giving him pain, for next to my Brother I know no one for whom I have so much affection or deference. I will not deny that he has *lectur'd* me a good deal while we were at Woburn, but with so much kindness, so much good sense, and, I am ashamed to own it, so much truth, that I could only hide my diminish'd head and confess the justice of his assertions. It made me bear your not writing with more patience than I should otherwise have done, as I should have disliked denying the having heard from you, and should hardly have dar'd own I did. God bless you. Let me hear from you. Remember my letters depend upon yours, therefore whenever you wish me to write you will take the means of making me.

I am going to Ld. J. Townshend² for a little while, and then to Brocket.³

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PLYMOUTH DOCK,

Tuesday, 28th October, 1794.

. . . I received both your kind letters this morning, and as there will be a vacant half hour before I set off to Maristow, I

¹ Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford; born 22nd July, 1765; died, unmarried, 2nd March, 1802.

² Right Hon. Lord John Townshend, of Balls Park, Herts; married, 1787, Georgiana Anne, daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham.

³ The Melbournes.

cannot employ it better than in returning my acknowledgements to you for them. The vexation of the Uxbridge family is too melancholy a subject to write upon.¹ Mrs. Sneyd, however, had this Morning a letter from George Champagné, which gives a much more favourable account of them than one written before the arrival of Ld. Ux. Charlotte, who has been at Maristow for 2 days, will probably give you a more exact account of the grief of Fanny Heywood than is in my power. The Newspapers will of course have informed you before the receipt of my letter of our having taken a fine French Frigate. A Marine Officer whom we knew by sight was unfortunately one of the four men that were killed on board the Artois that took her. The Stocks seem to have risen in consequence of a report of peace. I wish there may be any real ground for such a supposition. *People* in general do talk with so much impatience for the termination of the war, and in the prosecution of which they appear to despair of success, that I fear murmurings will be very general when heavy taxes are imposed, which must be the consequence of continuing our present vigorous measures. *They* do not reflect on the real difficulties that occur in the bringing abt this desirable object, nor are they aware that a peace effected at this moment wd. be very uncertain in its duration; whereas one produced at some later period, and when France wd. find herself much more exhausted, is much more probable to secure to us and Europe in general more lasting tranquillity. These reasons do not, however, present themselves to *people* so strongly as the requisition for their *money*, and it is to be hoped that Ministers so esteemed as they are at present will be very careful not to render themselves unpopular. You may be certain I do not hold this language in common conversation; I felt myself inclined to scribble what may be, and very probably appear to you, very nonsensical. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Novr. ye 1st, 1794.

I had a very pleasant Conversation this Morning with Mr. Canning. What made it particularly so was to hear from him that he loved and admired you (from the Beginning of your Acquaintance with him) from the Affection with which you had uniformly spoken of your Father and me. This pleased my old Heart, and his continuation of your real Character satisfied and delighted me. After I seal'd my Letter to you last Thursday, I had the Pleasure of receiving one from you, and as I thought

¹ The death of their second son, the Honble. William Paget, R.N., at Gibraltar.

you would like to know your Father's Sentiments upon the Subject of your Letter I ask'd him this Morning, when he said: "There can be but one Opinion in those who know the State of both Countries. Can any Body in this Country be more desirous for Peace than the King and his Ministers must be, if there were a possibility of bringing it about to the Advantage of the Country? Would any Body be mad enough to desire Peace without a Continuation of the Alien Bill? The Principles (if they may be call'd so) that the French profess and fight for is to overthrow all Monarchical Government. Till they are subdued, will they not persevere? In every Country into which they come, have they not disturb'd the publick Tranquillity, caused Rebellion, and destroy'd Religion?" My Lord said that he "could not comprehend any sensible thinking Man believing it possible to make Peace at present. The War has not succeeded as we had Reason to expect. We have had a Train of Misfortunes, from Treachery, from Allies not keeping their Promises about Troops, and various Causes; but these unforeseen Events are not Reasons for those who are entrusted with the Government of these Kingdoms to agitate a Peace which they believe would be to the Destruction of great Britain and her Interests." I wish I could recollect all my Lord said on the Subject. I remember the Conclusion was: "Why need you write my Sentiments? Granville has very good Sense; let him exercise his Judgment, and he will find never ending Obstacles to our proposing Peace. Without knowing the interior, an unprejudiced Mind must see it in its true Light, and of Consequence be furnish'd with Arguments to refute those who dispute it." *I think* it is like making Peace with the Devil. The more one is connected with him, the more the poor Wretch must suffer. So with the French—they have been afflicting Enemies, but as Friends they would *play the Devil* with us. If I have an Opportunity of whispering with Mr. Canning, I will desire him to write to you on the Subject of Politicks, but I cannot often say a Word to him—he is so constantly with Lord Gower or Lady Suth. He had a Letter Yesterday from Morpeth, of which (in our Conversation this Morn, when the Earl and Countess were gone to the Yeomanry) he shew'd me a Part, on the Subject of Peace, with which Mr. Canning was pleased, as it was less strong on that Side than his Conversation was when you were all at Castle Howard. He is going to Town to meet his Father about Business, I believe it is call'd to suffer Fine and Recovery, which obliged them to go to some Court before the Entail can be broken. . . .

*Lady Bessborough to G. L. G. at Plymouth.*STONE HOUSE, TEIGNMOUTH,¹*Probably November.*

O most unreasonable of all unreasonables, this is my third letter, and you complain!!! I will not write again for a month—certainly not at least till I have had my *full two* after this. I have been in misery about Ld. B.'s speaking ever since he went, and it is impossible to say what a relief it is to me that it is over, and as well as I could expect. Differing from him in opinion and hating the whole thing as I do, dreading the embarrassment a person unus'd to speak must always feel—in short, a thousand things made me uneasy. I had scarcely courage to open the letter this morning. I quite agree with you in what you say concerning parties—it is the glory and safeguard of England that every one, from the highest to the lowest, has a right to give his opinion free and uncontroll'd, and the frequent discussions of political subjects among friends, who differ on those points only, seem to moderate both sides, and lessen that bitter acrimony, that prejudic'd violence, which does so much harm. But as nothing can be much more ridiculous than a female Politician, I will have done with this subject and answer your questions. The coldness of the weather does affect me sadly, and makes me suffer a great deal. The spitting of blood continues a little, mais en recompense; I am growing thinner, and I do not think my illness will be of any consequence. I have had so many stout battles with it that I think I shall struggle through now, and you know we agreed that the conviction of getting well was half the battle. Thank you for promising to keep to our agreement. I do not know indeed what could make you set a value on so foolish an object as the one you ask'd me for, but since you have, I shall think it is putting it to the best use possible if it can wean you at all from your abominable love of play. Driving a hard bargain will be meritorious here, and I will have mine fulfill'd à la lettre. I will not bate one particle when I see you in *my room in C. Square* in the spring if you can say *upon your honour* you have never *once* broke our agreement.

The meeting points the fatal hair shall sever
From off my head, for ever and for ever,

and this valuable reward shall be given you, de bon cœur. Think how lucky you are to live in such gentle times! Some hundred years back you might have been order'd to kill Giants,

¹ The Bessboroughs went to Teignmouth at the end of October for the winter. She was suffering from her chest.

overthrow Castles, or keep an uninterrupted silence for four or five years, to be permitted at the end of that time to sing a lamentable complainte under the high walls of your Ladye's Castle. "Nous n'avons plus de gentils troubadours." I shall end this eternal letter in the true troubadour style which I love so much. Dieu vous aye en sa sainte garde prie votre bonne amie, qui est, et sera, en tout bien et en tout honneur, tant que mériterez sa bienveillance par franchise, docilité, vaillance et vertueuse *amitié*. To explain all this I must tell you I have just been reading *Amadis de Gaul* and *Rose d'Amour*.

We have just seen in the news papers that *Ld. and Lady Morpeth*, *Ld. and Lady G. Leveson* and *Lady Gower* arrived at Bath a few days ago. How cruel you were to hide your wives from us! You, it seems, have two to your share.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL.

I was very sorry, My dear Mother, that I was prevented from performing my promise of writing yesterday. Had I written, my letter probably wd. have consisted of fearful anxiety which a conversation with Canning had raised in my mind. From this, however, I am luckily relieved by your letter which I received this morning, and for which I now thank you. Mr. Gilbert had been at Ashbourne,¹ and had there talked of his hopes that the recess wd. be of a certain duration sufficient to allow him to re-establish himself at Cotton; he then talked of various Turnpike Bills which he had to attend to this Session, and as Canning facetiously expresses it, wd. have appeared to an indifferent person more like a young member just *come in*, and determined to be a very active one rather than a person who was abt to accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

London begins to look tolerably full, and the urgent solicitations of both parties to members of parliament to attend will contribute much to fill it.

Lord Camden is to move the address in the Ho' of Lords, but it is not known who is to be the person in the other House, tho' Dalkeith is considered by most persons as very likely. The opposition bet that they divide 80, the war having been hitherto so unsuccessful. I think such an increase since last session is but small. I heard Sheridan say last night that one of the Jury upon Horne Tooke's trial was as determined a democrat as Tom Paine. His name is Harwood, and that being a robust man there was little probability of Tooke's being condemned. I know no news.

¹ The Rectory of Ashbourne in Derbyshire belonged to Mr. Canning's friend, Mr. Legh.

Perhaps when I return from my walk I may be enabled to write a postscript of fresh intelligence. Boringdon and Morpeth both give dinners, so that in that respect I find no deficiency. The House seems a little solitary without my father, you, and the *children*, but I hope that you will all arrive very soon after the 25th.

There are suppers frequently at Devon. House, and I must say very agreeable. They consist of abt 8 or 10 persons—Boringdon, Morpeth, your humble Sert, Mr. Graham (who was at Toulon and has raised a regt), and very often Mr. Sheridan, make up the number of men. Ly. Melbourne, Ly. Anne Hatton, &c., are the Ladies... .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Friday.

I take up my pen . . . *merely* to return answers to various questions contained in the letter which I had the pleasure of receiving from you this morning. To begin with, I do not perceive that the house smells of Paint. This, however, is no proof that it does not, for till to-day the odour from the Juniper Berries has been strong enough to overpower every other smell, and I always consider myself as a bad judge of those matters. The Entry of the Turkish Ambassador being deferred, it is unnecessary for me to speak to the House Keeper upon that subject. Besides, as I reside constantly in your dressing room, it is completely aired. I assure you I find it a very comfortable study; there are few days that I do not read or write 4 or 5 hours in it. We dine very late, so that there are two good hours for that purpose after it is dark, besides 2 hours after Breakfast.

Boringdon, Morpeth and myself have never dined separate, chiefly with the former. To-day we all meet at Ld. Grandison's. On Sunday, however, I dine at Ld. Galloway's, and on Monday at the Chief Baron's. You see that, tho' not so comfortable as if you were all here, I contrive to live tolerably well. Boringdon goes to Cartwright's in two or three days. Morpeth and I intend following him a day or two after; they then purpose going to Saltram for a week, and then making an English Naples of Teignmouth for 3 or 4 days on their way back. I, of course, have been pressed very much to be of the Party, and it is likely to be so extremely pleasant that if you and my Father do not object I certainly shall not resist their sollicitations. It is really quite terrible that Georgiana shd. be so long confined; surely so persevering a pain must proceed from the teeth. Lady Jersey having been at Bath since my arrival in town, I have not had an opportunity of knowing how powerful her influence may be at the

Houses of Carlton and Devon. They say that the Princess of Brunswick¹ cannot come till after meeting of Part. There have been bets taken of 3 to 1 that she is not married. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
November 20th, 1794. *Thursday.*

. . . I am this instant arrived from the Trial of Horne Tooke,² which the examination of the Duke of Richmond, Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, caused to be extremely entertaining. Every body seems to be of opinion that his acquittal is certain. He appears upon his trial very cool, clever, and witty, at the same time I cannot say his conduct appears in any way disrespectful to the Court. The Prorogation of Parliament has, as you may suppose, given rise to many conjectures. Mr. Jay, setting off for Paris at this moment, leads many to imagine that Ministers wait for the result of his sounding the French abt Peace. Without accounting for it, however, by the idea of Ministers being pacifically inclined, it is natural that the Meeting shd. be postponed till affairs were in somewhat a less uncertain state. Some talk of a dissolution. . . .

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G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Tuesday, November 25th, 1794.

. . . After receiving so many Compliments from you with regard to my punctuality in writing, I was particularly mortified yesterday that the earliness of the Chief Baron's dinner prevented me from continuing to deserve your approbation in that way. The Company there was very agreeable; it consisted of Lady Arden, Mr. Booth, Mr. Batt, and . . . Mr. Ryder. The Latter desired me to dine with him on Wednesday to meet Fagel, the Greffier, and I am very glad that I was disengaged. To-day I dine with the Campbells, and on Thursday we are to have a pleasant party at Wimbledon. Dundas, Canning, and Morpeth are to be there.

I consider myself as extremely fortunate in having never been at a loss for dinner. Horne Tooke's acquittal appears to have made very little sensation; it was indeed universally expected.

¹ In November, 1794, Lord Malmesbury was sent to Brunswick to demand the hand of Princess Caroline for the Prince of Wales. The marriage treaty was signed 4th December. The Princess left Brunswick with Lord Malmesbury on 29th December, but their journey through Germany and Holland was slow, and they did not reach England until 5th April, when the Princess landed at Greenwich.

² John Horne Tooke (1736-1812). The authorities, misled by a letter they had seized from one of his friends, Jeremiah Joyco, which they thought referred to a rising, arrested both Tooke and Thomas Hardy. Both were tried. Hardy was acquitted on 5th November, and Tooke on 22nd November, 1794.

I was unwilling when talking of the subject at Dinner yesterday to say before the Chief Baron that the President manifested a great partiality to the Prisoner, but people in general complain loudly of the evident wishes that he evinced of being popular with him and his democratic adherents. Had he, however, inclined to a more strict and rigorous proceeding, the event with such a jury wd. have been the same. With regard to news there appears to be a singular stagnation. I will not, however, seal my letter till my return from walking, as it is possible I may hear something in the course of the Day. . . .

Friday.—I returned from Wimbledon this morning. Our party was pleasant. Dundas was very communicative and good-humoured, tho' the incessant chattering of Charles Greville¹ prevented our having so much of the conversation of the former as might have been desirable.

Lady Bessborough to G. L. G., Whitehall.

STONE HOUSE

(probably December, 1794).

I hear you abuse my laziness, and I allow I have behaved like a brute about writing, and never thank'd you for your letter; but while you were here you might perceive it was difficult enough for me to write, and I have had a great deal of *business* on my hands lately, and, what is worse, have been very unwell again since I saw you. But the sun is return'd, and the mignonette and I have revived together. Pray do not follow my bad example in not writing, for my deserving it will not make me bear it the least more patiently. Do not be surpris'd if you meet with something very extraordinary in my letter, for Mr. Lindsay² (who has been almost *shipwrecked*, and is now here waiting for a wind to sail again) is playing at cribbage with Ld. B., and the complaints against the cards are so loud and the epithets given them so strong, que j'en suis étourdie. Ly. Anne³ arriv'd yesterday, and I need not say how happy I was to see her; but I cannot help feeling very strongly her kindness in giving up London, with all its gaieties and attractions, to shut herself up with me here without any of the reasons that I have to prefer this place to London. You were very ill natur'd to put me a scratch out that I could not read, but I shall remember it and be even with you some day or other. I hope you will make your party down here, and pray tell Ld. M. and Ld. Bor. that when there is any thing going

¹ Charles Greville (1762-1832), fifth son of Fulke Greville of Wilbury; married, 1793, Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, and was the father of the Diarist.

² William Lindsay, Esq., had been a Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. He was appointed 26th September, 1794, to be Governor of Jamaica.

³ Lady Anne Hatton.

on in London it will be very charitable in them to write it to us; the more letters the better. I always feel very grateful for them, and you know I am a great Newsmonger. I do not think we shall ever quarrel upon politicks. I assure you I am not so great a democrat as perhaps you imagine, and I *flatter myself* you are not so aristocratical as you tried to appear the day you were here. We shall never agree upon the slave trade, but as I at least am not likely to have much to do with it, and I am a great advocate for freedom of opinion on all sides, I will not *murder* you, or think very ill of either your heart or head for this difference in ours. I do not allow that you are a fair judge of London, yet you will find it has attractions, and may be *borne* even without me. This is what *will and ought* to happen, but I should be very sorry if I thought any thing of this sort was to make you forget other friends, and I hope you never will. I am afraid your praise of Teignmouth is partly owing to the short time you stayed; you would soon have found our life too monotone and regular for you. We ride and walk, have a little musick, sometimes a little *chess*, and while Ld. B. plays at cribbage, Dr. D., who is still with us, reads aloud to me, and I draw. What would you say to him, shut up in this place in the character of reader and instructor to two foolish women, both old enough to be your Mothers. How many sighs you would soon send after tennis, billiards, and whist, if there was nothing still stronger to recall you. . . .

CHAPTER IV

1795-1796

ELECTED M.P. FOR LICHFIELD—LORD MALMESBURY'S MISSION

THE increasing number of letters from Lady Bessborough show the gradual progress of her friendship with Lord Granville during the years 1795 and 1796. They contain little about the public events of these two years. There is no mention of the marriage of the Prince of Wales on 3rd April, 1795, or of the acquittal of Warren Hastings after a trial that had lasted seven years. Nor is there any allusion to the marriage of Lord Granville's sister Susan to the Honble. Dudley Ryder on 26th June, nor of the birth of Princess Charlotte on the following 7th January, 1796. Lord Granville was elected Member for Lichfield in January, 1795, and he made his entrance into diplomatic life when he was appointed to join Lord Malmesbury's Mission to Paris in October, 1796.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Whitehall.

STONE HOUSE, TEIGNMOUTH,
Jan. 15, 1795.

. . . I cannot give a very good account of my health, especially within these few days that the frost has set in again. It has brought back all my complaints, but I am a little in the state of the enchanted Moor that could neither die nor live. I do not like making more excuses for not writing sooner, least it should establish the bad custom of your expecting me to write more than my *one to two*, else one reason why I have been longer was from thinking you would scarcely have time to think of letters

“Midst the loud bumpers and huzza's
Of blest electioneering.”¹

I have no idea of your getting drunk with Electors or tottering on the shoulders of a mob to be chaired, but I wish you every possible success, tho' I know it is to enable you to vote against all my opinions. What are your colours?

¹ Lord G. L. G. was elected Member for Lichfield in January, 1795, which place he represented until 1799.

*Lady B. to G. L. G.**Undated (probably January, 1795).*

Here is a letter de pure générosité, for you have not yet even had time to answer my last. I enclose you some stieking plaister; I wish I could some lip salve. I am sure you must be in want of both after your galanterie to the Ladies of Lichfield. Really and truly did you make no choice among the 500, ugly and pretty, old and young, dirty and clean? Did they all equally share your gratitude, sans exeption? I am sorry the blot in my letter rais'd your euriosity. I could not help it, or I would not have plac'd it there, for I know nothing is more tormenting, tho' remember you once did the same by me with a Read it if you can over it. The Governor¹ is perfectly well contented where he is. Pray do not throw away your pity upon him; he does not want it yet. O, if ever I cateh you, oblig'd to do something you dislike very much, how I will retort upon you the *right line of Duty* and the pleasures of conscious rectitude, the delight of serving our king and Country, &c., &c., &c., &c., to the end of the chapter. O la belle chose que la philosophie, la résignation et qu'il est facile d'en avoir pour les chagrins des autres. The cold is dreadful. I have not been out of the house this week, and I suffer so much that I cannot as I intended write you a long letter. Addio.

*Lady B. to G. L. G.**Probably January, 1795.*

I must certainly send you a little fire engine to *put you out*, least you should be totally consumed by the dreadful conflagration you describe. Did you ever hear Mrs. Sheridan's song of

"He talked of hearts
And fiery darts
And little Cupid"

I will not quote la Rochefoucault to you, but an author full as wise and as well acquainted with the human heart who says, "Un jeune homme à vingt ans prends un caprice, une fantaisie pour une passion sublime qui doit fixer le destin de sa vie et ne finira qu'avec elle, on lui ferait affront, on le rendroit malheureux en lui prouvant qu'il n'est pas même amoureux"; and again, "A son age on ressent le besoin d'aimer, on forme dans son idée un objet charmant, on l'orne de tous les agréments, on s'y attache, et puis notre jeune homme va camper toutes ces perfections sur la première femme passable qu'il rencontre, il adore en elle l'ouvrage que son imagination a crée, qu'arrive t'il un beau jour,

¹ Mr. Lindsay, just appointed Governor of Jamaica. He died there the following spring.

il s'aperçoit que son Idol n'est qu'une femme très ordinaire, il veut en être au désespoir, mais pour comble de Malheur, il trouve que sa passion et sa maîtresse étaient également Idéal." When I once begin quoting there is no end to it, and I forget that I am taking up the time of a grave Senator whose head should be full of the good of the Nation. Indeed, I do not think my letter is couch'd in terms respectful enough for your new character, the worthy representative of the noble City of Lichfield. Do not you feel a great weight upon your shoulders since your election? As I have not seen it in the news papers, pray write me word à peu près what you said to your constituents, that I may judge whether I should have approv'd if I had been one of them, and voted for you. Pray do not quarrel with poor *amitié*; it is a very good word and a very good thing. I write it so often, because you always seem to forget it, and as it is *all* I have to offer, if you reject that you reject me de fond en comble, ayez un peu d'*amitié* pour moi de grâce. Addio. I have nothing very good to say of my health, which makes me not mention it. I am one day well, one ill, according to the heat or cold; but what a trying climate this is. The Governor is still here. Pray write again soon—two for one, you know. I shall judge by the quickness of your writing thus how soon you wish to hear from me again.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

April 17th.

It is the news of Plymouth that the Staffordshire are to have Jackets, trousers, and caps. I suppose you know this, so that I am giving you no intelligence, and you have so good an opinion of your corps, that it will be as little to say I heard them very much prais'd, for I enquir'd that I might Judge whether you boasted much or not. I saw in the papers that all officers are order'd to join their regiments immediately. Does this extend to Militia? I have got a sad cold again, and am very Sulky, notwithstanding the efforts made by our friends the Mariners to amuse us. One of them yesterday chose various topicks to suit me, enquir'd what improvements there were at Vauxhall, whether some Nobleman was not in love with the celebrated Miss Farren, wish'd to know what were the prevailing fashions in polite Circles, and on my saying I did not know, assur'd me the brilliancy of my charms wanted no art to set them off, &c., &c., &c. Are you not very much oblig'd to me, as I know I am stupid and you wish me to write. I give you other people's wit in place of mine, and besides, as a good tutor, instruct you in the art of genteel conversation, which my friend also talk'd a great deal about. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G., Whitehall.

(April, 1795.)

Ld. B. is gone up to town to be at the House Thursday. He talks of returning here, and our removal is as uncertain as ever; yet I think it probable we shall come the middle of next Month, unless he alters again, but there is no knowing. When does the Staffordshire come here? You set me quite wild for Dumouriez's life, and it is not come. Have you sent it, or has it been delay'd? I am very impatient for it, and I hear it very much prais'd. Have you read Mad. de Staël's pamphlet? Her style is affected, and she shews personal enmity to Mr. Pitt, I think (which I hear she feels from his having said something contemptuous of her *beauty* the first time he saw her); but it is certainly clever, and I like parts very much, particularly all she says on the mistakes of the allies. Pray read it. . . . I will recomend you an Italian Master very soon. If you want really a *Master*, Molini is a remarkably good one; but if you want only somebody to read with, I know another person, but I cannot recollect his name. I shall be very glad if the effect of your Levées is democratising you a little, for indeed you want it.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Whitehall.

Friday, April.

I believe it is the first time that the poor Governor ever was an object of envy, assurément cela ne lui arrive pas souvent. I have a great mind to write him word of it, as perhaps it might be a comfort to him, and novelty has always charms. But both my compassion and your envy will soon be at an end, I fancy, for if Granada is taken, Tobago will probably follow. He will return, and I shall no longer pity him, &c., &c., &c. This is a little like the story the children tell of the old woman that could not get her pig over the stile:

“ Volage adorateur de milles objets divers.”

I hope you went on with the description and applied it:

“ Jeune, charmant, trainant tout les cœurs après soi
Tel qu'on nous peint les Dicux, ou tel que je vous vois.”

It is impossible you should have read the first line without reading the rest, and then—trust to *stew'd peas* for making the application. No Man of your age can read the description of Hippolytus without wishing to be like it, and thinking that he was a little, and perhaps that is one reason why you exclaim so furiously at the notion of *flirtation*. If you really do go to no assemblies and talk to no women, but such as Ly. Melbourne, &c., does not it prove exactly what I tell you, that having pictur'd out

in your imagination something very delightful which at present you *call me*, you refuse getting acquainted with a thousand other objects twenty times more deserving your love and attention, more able to return it, more suited to you in every way to pursue a phantom of your own creation, which some day or other, when you open your eyes, and the sad reality appears stripp'd of all the bright colours your fancy has drest it in, you will dislike as much in proportion as you now fancy you like, and wonder how you could so long give way to an illusion? But meanwhile you are losing the best years of your life, and the opportunity of forming connections and attachments which may make the happiness of it. However, you are young enough, vous aurez toujours le temps du reste. I do not know what to tell you about our coming to town; our plans are more unsettled than ever. As far as I can guess, if we do not stay on here, we shall go up about the end of May, just about the time you come down, unless your Duty as a Soldier supersedes your duty as a Senator, and hurries you down here as soon as your Regiment arrives. . . .

Saturday (April 30th, 1795).

I have just receiv'd your letter, and return you a thousand thanks for Dumouriez's life and the Pamphlet, tho' the latter I cannot quite agree with. The Author has adopted the very fault he accuses Ld. F. of, "flying from facts to insinuations, from argument to personality." I believe, too, that ye statements are incorrect, and if Ireland really was in so flourishing a state of *unanimity, satisfaction, and content* under Ld. Westmorland,¹ how could Mr. Pitt be so impolitic as to remove him from a situation which he fill'd so well and lik'd so much. But I allow this is a subject on which (like the slave trade) I am perfectly prejudic'd, unreasonable, and unjust, notwithstanding which pray tell me all that is said, for I like to hear it, tho' it puts me in a rage. Did any body ever write such long letters as I do, et avec un vrai talent de femme, about nothing? They are like the long speeches in the H. of C., and answer, no doubt, as good a purpose, putting you to sleep. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

TRENTHAM,
Wednesday ye 5th.

. . . When you see my Hand upon the back of this Letter, you will be surprised at another *Bore* so very soon! But at present I write to vindicate myself, to assure you that I am not a *Chatter-Box*, which you may imagine, if Mr. Woodhouse should write to you whilst he is at Trentham. This morning he (very obnox-

¹ Lord Westmorland, tenth Earl, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1790-1795.

iously) ask'd me if you had applied a great Deal this Winter, and if you had spent it to your advantage. Your Mother was a little confounded, for Ladies, late Hours, Cards, House of Commons, sensible companions, dissipated Friends, St. James's Street, The Church, Hyde Park, good intentions, broken vows, repentance, Love, and Operas, all presented themselves (in a single medley) to my mind. I could not—no, you know I could not say that you had hurt your Health by Study or Business. I did not like to say that your Looks or your Morals were in a chaneelant Condition, nor did I like to tell him a *thumping Fib*, and make your worthy Friend believe that you were an example to all Studious young Men, and a Shame to those who are idle and dissipated. So after staring like a Conjuror, I stammered out a few words expressing that you had not lost much time in study. His answer was à l'ordinaire, that in the end he was certain that you would do everything that was right, and the fault originated in your not being fix'd in any particuilar Office of Business, where your Talents and Application could have an opportunity of being employ'd. Therefore, you see, in Mr. Woodhouse's Idea, any time you Lost last Winter is the Marquis of Stafford's and Mr. Pitt's fault.

Lady Susan Leveson Gower was married to the Hon. Dudley Ryder on 26th June, 1795.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

(Probably July, 1795).

. . . Pray write very often and tell me all you do with yourself all day long; tell me, too, if there is anything I can do for you or send you, and how you go on with Ly. St. Clair. Do not be afraid of telling me *the whole truth*. Je seroi une confidente d'une discretion à toute épreuve. . . . There is no news except threats of famine, and proecessions of women carrying a little roll in mourning. I have left off powder, and forbid pies and puddings out of patriotism. Pray tell me what you are reading principally now, and what were the parts you said you lik'd in Cowper. Addio.

Sunday.—I kept my letter open, as my Brother din'd here, in hopes of having some news to send you; but I could pick up nothing but what you have probably heard, that it is believ'd that Ld. Macartney is gone to Monsieur, and that we have taken Port Sanseulotte (now call'd Penthievre) in Quiberon Bay.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

ROEHAMPTON.

Do not regret having answer'd my question or occasioning it by what you said. I already knew of your *Lady*, and only wanted to try your sincerity and whether you would keep your promises

on that head by answering fairly, or endeavour to deceive me. I am pretty well satisfied with you (notwithstanding your *wishing to God you had never mention'd it*), and as a proof of it, believe what you tell me implicitly, tho' I had heard a different story. I will make no observations upon it, but only let me ask you why you ever make *professions of attachment that are not sincere*. If you do so in one instance, can you expect to be believ'd in any other? and do you reckon it quite fair and generous, let the person be what they will? But if I go on preaching, you will never tell me any thing else, so I had better be quiet. I alway's lik'd remarkably the little couplets from Voltaire that you quote, but they are much more applicable to me than to you. You are exactly *dans l'âge des amours*. I am long pass'd it, and thank Heaven au port; and tho' sometimes, perhaps, it is scarce possible not to be inclin'd to—pleurer

“De no pouvoir plus suivre qu'elle,”

yet be assur'd that in the end real friendship is a thousand times to be preferr'd to the thorns and briars of love. It is almost as affectionate, more equal, more lasting, and more disinterested—

“Et la tendre Amitié joint sous son doux empire
Au charme de s'aimer le droit de se le dire.”

Why is Mrs. Villiers an annoyance to you? Is she a friend of yours? Pray tell me a little what you do with yourself—how you pass your day. I like sometimes to have a guess at what the occupations of my friends are at different times, and compare them with my own. All reading, I suppose, has been thrown aside. I am leading the quietest of all lives with my children and Ly. Anne entirely at Roehampton, and, except now and then Beauclerc, see no living soul. Have you happen'd to meet with a novel and a play that are lately come out, the *Ruin on the Rock*, and *Cabal and Love*. The events in both are forc'd and unnatural, but there are many very pretty things in them, tho' too Romantick for you, I believe. There is also a *Memoir of Mad. Roland* which you should read. . . . I am going to Bognor very soon.

Let me know when your friend goes to Guernsey. I believe she will finish the campaign in Devonshire notwithstanding the reasons there are for her speedy departure.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

PETWORTH,

August 20th (1795).

We left Roehampton yesterday, and came here on our way to Bognor. Ld. Egremont has often ask'd us; we meant merely to

stay one night instead of at an Inn, but he has persuaded us to stay a few days, and ask'd some people to meet us. It is a charming place and very pleasant, and could I get over the fear I always have of him, I should like it very much. This foolish shyness towards him had nearly lead me into a disagreeable embarras yesterday, had any other person seen me but the one who did. I expected *Bess*¹ would meet me here, but finding just as I was arriving that she did not, I was taken with a violent fit of nervousness, and persuaded Ld. B., who drove me down in his Phaeton, to take the boys on, and leave me in literally a *Hedge Ale House* about four miles from the park to wait for my sister's passing, that she might chaperon me. This was *really* all my intention, nor had I the most distant thought of any one discovering me there. However, very soon afterwards who should arrive but C. Wyndham, who was coming here, and his curiosity was attracted by seeing two better dress'd women than usually belong to an Ale House. On finding them to be Sally² and me, he, of course, stopp'd. I could not get him away, and presently Mr. Grenville came by. I call'd to him, and he persuaded me to conquer fears and come on, very justly observing that other people might pass, and perhaps not have the good nature to believe that my stopping in so odd a place, sending Ld. B. on, and meeting with Mr. W., was all pure accident. See how little things are to be misrepresented in this world. The circumstances are nothing in themselves, but certainly the story might tell ill, without much altering the truth, and without a chance of explaining it. Ly. Anne³ is to meet me at Bognor next week; we shall stay there about a fortnight, and then go to Goodwood, Brocket, and Woburn. I am glad you have a pleasant society to désennuyer you. I have always heard Mrs. Villiers very much prais'd, besides the partial account the poor Governor gave of her. All the people who know her like her.

21st.—I was too late for the post, and am so again now, therefore shall only add this line to say once more that I am afraid I wrote crossly to you the other day. I cannot recollect what I said, but if I did, it certainly was not intentional. . . . I am very tired, for we have been driving and walking about all day. There is a very pretty garden full of high trees that are delightful this hot weather. This is a fine place, but the house and park Ld. E. has given to Ch. W. are quite beautiful. I never saw a prettier and more romantick situation; indeed, I had heard of it before, for when I was in Italy Ly. Webster gave me a drawing of Bichner

¹ Lady Elizabeth Foster, second daughter of Frank, fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry; married, 16th December, 1776, John Thomas Foster, M.P.

² Her maid.

³ Lady Anne Hatton.

which she had done when it belonged to her friend, Mrs. W. I must observe I have been exercising a true woman's talent, writing a very long letter about nothing at all. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

BOGNOR,
(August).

. . . I like the looks of this little place very much; it has the odd merit of being very retired, tho' swarming with people. It is impossible to explain this, but so it is. The Sheridans arrived last night. There are several other people I know, and I hear Beauclerc is coming to see his Aunt, Ly. Pembroke, who is here. Addio. I have order'd the book to be sent you as soon as Roffe can get it; he had it not when I left London. Meanwhile I have sent you Mad. Roland, which I hear every body talking of; I have not yet read it. Ly. Templeton is come to England.

I have just heard C. Wyndham is coming here. If people continue pouring in so our poor little village will overflow.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

BROCKET HALL.

I am very glad your Sister is with you. I know what a happiness it is to have any body one loves very much to talk to and sit with, and I have more dependence on her doing you good than on any thing. Far be it from me to make any joke on the lines from Eloisa; I admire the whole of that full as much as you can, tho' I do not take every thing *au tragique* as you do. It was the extreme beauty of the lines tempted me to quote them as I had just been reading them, and I only observ'd that they were not applicable to *calm Friendship*, and that therefore you had no right to complain because my letters are not in that style. I am sorry you do not like

"Et on joint sous les cheveux blancs
Au charme de S'aimer le droit de se le dire,"

for as I am hastening fast to Mad. de Mirepoix's¹ age I look forward, of course, to the few comforts that may be left or gain'd from it, and should be sorry to think that I must give up every hope of Friendship or regard the moment that time has wither'd the trifling advantage of an unwrinkled face or a rosy colour. However, I have no reason to suppose I shall be more favourably treated than many other women, and I have seen few Friendships from men strong enough to withstand this fiery trial. . . . I am living here for ever. The boys are acting plays, and like it so much

¹ In "Les Liaisons dangereuses."

I cannot get them away. Ld. B. is gone to Milton, and takes me up here Monday or Tuesday, when we go to Roehampton for the winter, I believe. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

ROEHAMPTON, NEAR RICHMOND,
SURREY,

at 7 Minutes 5 seconds after two
o'clock in the morning of Saturday,
the 26 day of September, new style,
1795.

The letter of yours I was uneasy about is arriv'd safe, but, like mine, had been travelling for its improvement; it had been to Herefordsh. and to some other place. . . . Ld. Gower and Ly. Sutherland din'd here to-day. We sung your praises, I assure you, at a great rate, but Ly. S. observ'd that were it not for your being in Parliament she should not imagine you to be *above seventeen!!* We dine there Sunday, and I am to go early to talk *Botany* with Ld. Gower. I am quite delighted to find he is a Botanist; he will be of great use to me, but not at all at talking on the subject, as I shall only expose my ignorance. Ly. S. and I agreed in the necessity (as one advances in life) of forming to oneself different pursuits that may interest and occupy the mind enough to *keep one out of mischief*, was her expression, but I am afraid we also agreed that if the *mischief* interests at all, it interests so much more than any thing else that it is in vain to seek a substitute "en songeont qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie, on s'en souvient." I hope you think me very sentimental to-night. . . . To drive it effectually away I will finish reading the Tale of a Tub, which I am in the midst of. In my next letter I will send you an essay on punctuality in answering and correctness in dating letters, giving myself as a splendid example of both. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth Dock.

C. SQUARE,
(October 6).

I should not wonder at your doubting my discretion when the only secret you ever told me I contriv'd to betray, nor will I boast of possessing much of this virtue, since I am but too apt to confide any secret that concerns myself only, and to be careless about trifles; yet I am pretty sure I never repeated any thing that was seriously entrusted to me, and I reckon it as bad a thing to do as any other sort of dishonesty. Therefore, notwithstanding the reports of the quick circulation of secrets amongst us, I assure you you may rest quite easy on that head. I believe there never existed a stricter confidence and friendship than there has for

many years between my sister, Ly. Elizabeth, and myself, but to avoid tracasseries we long ago made it a rule never to conceal any thing great or small from each other that concern'd ourselves, and never to impart any thing that concern'd any of our respective friends unless by their desire or consent. This does not hold good in all the little jokes and nonsense of society which are often call'd secrets, and from which people judge. By this long dissertation on secrecy you will perceive I have receiv'd the letter you were anxious I should get. I shall say nothing to your remarks on Ly. Sutherland, as I am not enough acquainted with her to judge what she is. She prais'd you very much, and she has always struck me as being the most enviable person I know, for with great cleverness, beauty, talents, and a thousand amiable qualities, she possesses a command over herself and a propriety of manner and conduct that make me look up to her with respect, envy, and, I own, despair, for I feel the impossibility of ever arriving at that same propriety almost as strongly as I see the necessity of it. I read the "*Liaisons dangereuses*" last summer at Stone house, and made myself ill with crying over the Presidente's fate and Valmont's cruel letter. It is impossible not to be seduc'd by the charm of the style, tho' one hates the man that could invent such horrors. I trust there never were two Characters existing as bad as the two he draws, tho' I think the Man's less unnatural than the woman. Mad. de Merteuil is so out of all nature that the improbability of it spoils the book, else her letters are wonderfully clever, and her seizing so well the weak part of Valmont's character, his vanity, and thro' that managing him so completely, notwithstanding all he knows of her. I believe we go to town for the meeting of Parliament, and flatter myself we shall not stay; but if we do. . . . I mean you should look upon me as you do on Ly. Carlisle, or any of your other Sisters that are Older than you a good deal. You cannot think what a good sister I make; only ask my Mother—tho' to be sure the character of Mother would rather suit me better towards you.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Friday, ye 18th
(probably January, 1796).

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—The little kind Note you left was a Comfort to me, but I feel *down-Hearted*, and I have been out of Humour, too, with Betty Shelton for not calling me till past seven; and had I Breakfasted with you, the Pleasure would now be past and gone! Your Nurse arrived about eight o'Clock; she had not heard of your being here till last Night, and the poor Woman was sadly disappointed not to find you. I gave her the Guinea from

you and your comfortable Character of her Son. She wish'd not only to have seen you, but to have ask'd you to *advance* her Son, and that he would make it his Business to do Credit to your Recommendation. I promised to make the Request, and if you can be of Use to him I hope you will. . . . I cannot tell you how great a Fool I am, nor can you imagine how much I feel your going; but there is another Thing that I sadly feel, that preys upon me. I once thought that you knew me to be indulgent to Faults or Failings; that altho' I use strong Expressions, and represent them in odious Lights to prevent them; yet when committed no One can make greater Allowances; and did you not know that (if in my Power), it would be a Happiness to relieve you out of Embarrassment, and that if ever it came to my Ears it would grieve my Soul to think that I had lost your Confidence, which could only be caused by Want of Opinion, for that Mother that would not see with Indulgence and relieve with Pleasure must be a Wretch. Do not answer this last Page; I sometimes hope that your not communicating and talking confidentially on this Subject to me proceeded from a Belief that I could not relieve you, and that from that Reason (tho' well meant, yet cruel to my Feelings) you were silent, and intended to spare me unavailing Concern. In short, my dear Granville, I love you with the fondest Affection; your Happiness and Welfare will make mine. Do not imagine that I know any thing of this Matter from the Bishop. I assure you not, nor do I believe he knows it. It was told to me before I came last to Trentham, nor have I mention'd it but to Charlotte in London without telling her any Particulars, only to say how unkind I thought your Silence with Regard to what concern'd you, or Words to this Effect. Adieu. We all regretted your Absence at Breakfast; even Questor seem'd sorrowful. He did not frisk and give his Paw, as he is wont to do. I fear you left Madame Roland by Mistake. Shall I divide it, and send it under Cover to you by the Post? Susan can *relier* it; at least, stitch it together again. Burn this long and tedious Letter; I wish'd to have settled some Part of its Contents, and to have made a future Compact, but my foolish Feelings would not permit me to dwell on a Subject that I thought painful to you, and at the same Time I wish'd to convince you that I am a most reasonable, partial, indulgent, and affectionate Friend, as well as a tenderly anxious Mother. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Wootton, Bedfordshire.

29th January, 1796.

If I made use of the word *world*, it was as most people generally use it, I believe, as a short way of expressing that set of people

they usually live with. My world, of course, is a very contracted one. The generality of people in London must have so entirely forgot me, and it must be so perfectly unimportant to them to know what I do, or do not do, that probably they never think about me. It is the people I live with constantly whose opinions I mind, either from fearing to give pain to those I love amongst them, or from hating the being teaz'd and plagued, which, however foolish it may seem, when it is repeated every day grows at length very unpleasant. *Propriety of conduct* never was my forte, so that if any lady chuses to make observations, they will always have enough to find fault with; but when I am quite conscious that it is only carelessness in my manner that has given rise to the observation, and that it is *wholly* unfounded, it has not the power of teasing me, and I can laugh at it without caring. Thus, when you attack me about Beauclerc, or he does about the D. of Bedford,¹ or Robinson, or Mr. Grenville, I do not mind; but when My Sister, Ly. Melbourne, or the D. of B., talks to me seriously concerning you, or any one else persiflés me on the same subject, I feel unhappy and asham'd from knowing there is more truth than I like to own in what they say; but pray do not let us spoil the few moments we do pass together in wrangles and complaints. It is one of my great objections to *your* sort of friendship, that it spoils all society and destroys all the comfort and pleasure that might be enjoy'd in the few snatches of time two people situated as we are can pass together. *Encore passe*, if it was looking forward to any change; but when it *never can* be anything but *friendship*, and *friendship only*, why refuse all the comforts of that sentiment without gaining any thing for the other? It is reversing the old devise and making bad worse, instead of point de roses sans épines, c'est prendre par choix, toutes épines sans Roses. I will not forestal misfortunes; I will believe that you are coming up very reasonable, that your absence has done you good, that you will mix in different societies, and allow yourself to judge whether there are not many people among them worthy of all your admiration and love. And tho' I will not pretend to deny that whenever you attach yourself to any one, I shall feel pain; yet for your sake, and from knowing all the good consequences that will arise from it, I shall not regret it, especially if you are (as I hope you will) yourself the first teller of it. Answering your letter has drawn me into breaking my own rule, and writing on a subject which I wish could be for ever forgot and blotted out between us; but pray do not let my example induce you to do the same thing—enough has been said already on that head. No time is fix'd for

¹ Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford; born 1765; died, unmarried, at Woburn Abbey 2nd March, 1802; a most popular member of society.

our going to town, but I will let you know as soon as I can. As to Beauclerc¹ I like him better, and mind him more than ever I did; but tho' it is possible he may have been upon the whole more hours (not *many, many*, however, if *any*) in my Company than you, yet I am certain no creature that ever saw us together could for a moment imagine he thought of me one bit more than he does—that is, as he does of Mrs. Bouverie or Ly. Melbourne, &c. I am not angry with you for preaching, but I find the warning on this head so little wanted that you must not wonder if it does not make much impression. I shall be very, very glad to see you, I must own, notwithstanding that I quarrel with you ten times a day, and with your letters still oftener. Write on here. Who have you at Wootton²—any Ladies? Any more powerful attraction than the last you saw there? that you wonder'd so had not shot you through the heart? I suppose you will tell me this is not a subject to jest upon, and that what should be grave, &c., &c. I must tell you a pretty invention of Mr. Grenville's. The other day when he came in he began scolding, *cherchant querelle à tout*, finding fault with every thing I did and said, and making me the bitterest reproaches, as if I had done something shocking by him. I tried every means to pacify him and find out what could be the matter. He would not for a long time own it, but at length said that it was only to make me look grave, because I seem'd inclin'd to laugh at every thing he said, and that he knew very well, if I did not deserve it then, that I should before the day was over, and he was resolv'd to be beforehand with the scold. I hope you admire this prevoyance; I think it would suit you. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Keel, Staffordshire.

Sunday, ye 29th (May, 1796).

I had not Time Yesterday to thank you for yours of the 26th, but I thought of you; the necessary *Employment* of Yesterday brought you frequently to my Mind. I hope you are now recover'd from the natural Consequences of being a successful Candidate. Charlotte recovers daily,³ and very happy with Lord Worcester's kind, unremitting Attention. When you marry I trust your chère Moitié will have as good a Husband. Susan is going about in good Health, but She expects to be confined soon. You will rejoice to know that your Father is very well, and the Inflammation in his Eyes gone. His Leg, *entre nous*, is not better. There was last Night the loudest and longest Applause at the Opera House when the Princess of Wales enter'd her Box.

¹ Her cousin, son of Lady Diana.

² Mr. Charles Ellis's place in Bedfordshire.

³ Lady Worcester had a son born 24th May.

She seem'd to feel it very sensibly, as she does her Distresses, tho' the last she endeavours to conceal. There are various Reports circulated, but I do not know the Truth, and they are too long and circumstantial to write. The Conclusion of the Newcastle Election gives us great Pleasure. Your being with the Candidates there last Week was a Satisfaction to my Lord, and he commended your Intention (before you knew his Wishes) of not hurrying to London for three or four Days. . . . I am sure you are sorry that Lord Charles Fitzroy has lost his Election—His Grace's Fault entirely—and the Duke of Marlborough, too, has had sad Management in his Boroughs. They did not like Lord Lavington's¹ Face and Manner at Woodstock, and would not chuse him, and William Spencer is gone to see if he may be more acceptable; but do not repeat this, for I heard it from an Embellisher. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Lichfield.

I can only write a line. . . . I go to morrow to Tunbridge, Sunday to Brighthelmstone. . . . I shall be back at Roe Thursday or Friday, I believe. . . . I am so nervous with a very horrible event that has just happen'd I can hardly move. Ld. Frederiek Townshend² has shot his Brother in coming into London, probably in a fit of frensy.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Wednesday, 29th (June, 1796).

Altho' I saw little of you when in Town, and had still less of your Conversation, yet I feel your Absence, for I cannot be so comfortable when you are at a Distance. It is a Folly, so I will proceed to *tell* you that I cannot *tell* you any thing certain about the Meeting of Parliament. I may hear at Dinner; if sooner, I will add that Information. I believe you knew that the King wrote a very kind Letter to the Princess last Friday, and desired her to write to the Prince. She wrote in consequence one of the prettiest Letters you ever saw, to which she had a most formal, cold, stupid Answer, to say that he should be at Carlton House in the Course of Monday. At what Time he arrived I know not, but at eight o'Clock he call'd for Dinner, and desired to let the Princess know. His Behaviour was like his Letter, insomuch so that had he behaved so to any other Lady the Husband must

¹ Ralph Payne (1739, *d.s.p.* 1807), created Baron Lavington 1st October, 1795; was Governor of the Leeward Islands, 1774-75 and again 1801-1807; had been elected M.P. for Woodstock in 1795. He married Frances, daughter of Baron Kolbal of the Holy Roman Empire.

² Lord Frederiek Townshend; born 30th December, 1767; in Holy Orders Lord Charles P. Townshend died 27th May, 1796, soon after being elected M.P. for Yarmouth, 1796; sons of the first Marquis of Townshend, who married Lady Elizabeth Compton, Baroness Ferrars.

have thought that he meant to let her know he never desired to see her again. As soon as Dinner was over he went to Lady Jersey. He protests he will never go to the Opera with the Princess, and is entirely directed by Lady Jersey. This is call'd a Reconciliation! How great a Curse is he to the poor King and to these Nations! Her Ladyship Yesterday *modestly* rode through the Courts of Carlton House, and out of that Gate, attended by a Servant in the Prince's Livery. Charlotte goes from us next Friday. I shall begin to hate this Part of the Year for dividing me from my Children. Susan goes on well, Eats and Sleeps heartily.¹ . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

You know by this time how unnecessary your cautions on poor Ly. Webster's² account were. I knew of her situation before her arrival in England, and when she came, must have been very selfish and ungenerous, could any motives of personal prudence have prevented my doing every thing in my power to conceal it, to soothe her and endeavour to dissuade her from the rash step she has now taken. You will hear her very much abus'd, and certainly ye weakness she has been guilty of *always* deserves it in some measure, but indeed she does not near as much as people are inclin'd to think. So far from having form'd *a plan* for what has happen'd, the day I came out of town all was fix'd for an amicable separation between her and Sr. G., and she was determin'd to conceal herself till after she was brought to bed. Some over nice scruple of G. Ellis's drove her to act as she did. She wrote me word of it the day before, and you may judge of my anxiety, still hoping to prevent it and dreading the event. If Sr. George should follow them, the letter she left for me, and which I will some day shew you, proves how falsely she is accus'd of braving the world and rejoicing in carrying her point. On the contrary, it is full of expressions that shew how strongly she feels all that is painful, and humiliating in her situation, but I will write no more about it now. It is impossible to say how nervous it has made me, for, indeed, you know not the anxiety I have suffer'd, while I had still hopes I should succeed in my persuasion, and with the dread every moment of a discovery.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

WHITEHALL, *Monday.*

This Morning, my dear Granville, I received your kind Letter. To hear from you is always a Pleasure to me and to your Father,

¹ Lady Susan Ryder's eldest child Susan (afterwards Lady Ebrington), was born 20th June, 1796.

² She was divorced by Sir George Webster, and married Henry, third Lord Holland, 9th July, 1797. He was born 21st November, 1773.

who was pleased with your not being quite so laconical as usual; he likes to know what you do (from yourself) and what you think. You will be sorry, I fancy very sorry, to hear that Lord Holland is gone off with Lady Webster. This Flight can be for no Purpose but to produce a Divorce that he may marry her, as the Prelude which they have been performing abroad might have continued in this kingdom without Molestation or Disturbance. My Lord heard this Story of Lord Holland with much Concern; it brought one he most dearly loves into his Mind. He desired me to observe *to you* the Misery, Disgrace, and Ruin that follow such Connections. He wishes you to recollect, while carrying on with Secrecy, how it absorbs the Mind, how every other Pursuit is neglected in carrying on this unjustifiable Connection. Every Thought is employ'd; the Converse of those who are not mix'd in the Affair become vapid and tiresome, Business intolerable, and all Sort of Application detestable Drudgery. These you see are worldly Mischiefs caused by this Sort of Intercourse, but when the Idea of an Almighty Father occurs, whose Laws are so grossly transgress'd, when we reflect on the attendant Wickedness of an Attachment to one whose Vows are given to another, of the necessary Train of Deceit that must be practised to deceive that other, I may truly say that I am grieved. I pray to the Almighty to root every bad Principle out of your Mind, to forgive what is past, and to give you Grace to withstand Temptation, and to do that which is right. Susan is getting quite well. . . . The Meeting of Parliament was not settled Yesterday. Friday it is to be finally arranged, and I am sorry to tell you, *not* to meet till November. Lady Gertrude Villiers¹ is on the High Road to being Marchioness of Carmarthen. I hear Lord Uxbridge will not allow Lady Uxbridge to be at her Grand-Daughter's Christ'ning if Lady Jersey comes to it. They say her Ladyship is to be at the Drawing-Room this Day. I hope the Mob will attack her. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Tuesday ye 2d of July.

This Morning, my dear Granville, we received your Letter, and your Father was much pleased with your Reflections, or rather Comment, on the melancholy Step Lord Holland has so unwisely taken; but *I say* you are a little cunning Villain. Did you not adopt your Style to the Ideas your Father would naturally have on the Subject? You *know* what is right, my beloved Granville, and you know what is wrong must lead to Unhappiness even in this World. *But* do you not act according to this Persuasion?

¹ Lady Gertrude Villiers, daughter and heiress of George Villiers, last Earl of Grandison; married, 1802, Lord Henry Stuart, fifth son of first Marquis of Bute.

Are you not drawn on and on by a Passion that absorbs all your Faculties, that employs your every Thought, and that draws you from every laudable worthy Pursuit, and weans your affections from all those who are not connected in this unfortunate Affair? And to add to the Train of Miseries attending this Sort of Attachment Your Youth is passing, as those whose Ignorance, Want of Education, or good Sense, lead into Error and Dissipation. You will repent when too late that you have so misused the various Advantages which you possess. I own that it is difficult for a young Man to break off such a Connection, and yet the Danger of a Discovery to the Lady, as well as to yourself, should be a Reason, independent of every other Consideration, to make you put an End to this affair. Sending you abroad might not be a bad Measure for this Purpose, tho' painful in the extreme to your Father; and as for your Mother——

The Dutchess of Grafton and Mrs. Pigot coming into the Room interrupted me. I will therefore tell you that the Parlt. is prorogued till August, and not expected to meet till Novr. Charlotte is gone to her Camp. These Separations from my Children grow more and more irksome to me. Susan is pretty well; not so strong as I had hoped she would have been ere now. We shall not leave this Town till after the Christ'ning of her little One. Lady Jersey has given in her Resignation; she has taken a House at Brighton for the Summer. The poor Princess has little Cause to expect Pleasure or Content during her Stay at that Place. She was to go to Windsor this Day, and to return on Monday. I wish it were to be a longer Visit, for I am sure the more she is known the more she will be loved. Mr. Pitt was very pleasant and agreeable Yesterday; the good News from the Continent had not a bad Effect upon his Spirits. His unassuming Manner is almost as winning as his superior Understanding. Canning was of the Party. Boringdon could not come; he was amusing himself at Greenwich. He meets the Grevilles and Morpeth here this Day at Dinner, as a Composer after the Frisk of Yesterday. Morpeth, too, was of that Party. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Weymouth.

ROE, *Tuesday.*

Alas! I know nothing of Derbyshire. I have no future plans. I have no thought, no hope, no wish, but seeing my Dear, Dear Sister¹ get well again, and I can know no peace or happiness till then. The anxiety of my mind has been so near distraction that you will not wonder at my not writing or my writing strangely.

¹ The Duchess of Devonshire had undergone a severe operation on one of her eyes.

I scarcely ever quit her room for a moment. While I am with her I use every effort to keep up her Spirits and mine to be of use to her, and appear calm and cheerful while my heart is breaking. My whole soul is fix'd on that one object, and when I quit her, body and mind sink at once, overcome with fatigue and anguish. After hearing what I did to night I can bear any thing. If you could but see how well she bears the greatest tortures, tho' hopeless, you would admire and love her more than ever. *Sachez moi gré de vous écrire car j'ai le cœur navré*, and I have pass'd three hours in dreadful spasms; but Laudanum has still'd them and made me feel drunk enough to write.

Wednesday.—I scarce dare trust myself to hope after the despair of last night and the endless changes, yet they tell me I may. My heart beat so this morning when the Surgeons came into my room that I was oblig'd to sit down and drink something before I heard what they had to say. They swear to me that the dreadful mischief of last night has stop'd, and that if it does not return, something like sight may be restor'd, and without much disfiguring, and that no more horrid operations will be perform'd. She, too, seems calmer and better, and the cruel disorder has done its worst, and is turn'd. You can form no Idea of how bad and how shocking it has been. God grant this amendment may continue. I am almost dead.

Wed. Night.—I could not leave her room in time for the post. My Mother is come; they are positive she is better. O, Dear *Ld. G.*, how you would have pitied her, I am sure, if you could have known half what she has suffer'd and I have felt. I believe another day's anxiety like some of those I have pass'd would destroy either body or mind. I could not bear it; but have no uneasiness for my health. Her illness has made me as strong as Hercules; I can bear any fatigue or pain without feeling it. Want of sleep, weariness, anxiety—it is all one. I scarcely find them out. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

I have just receiv'd 4 letters from you, one dated *July 3rd*. I am provok'd at their having been so long at Putney, and cannot understand it, as I sent repeatedly. I was amus'd with your being reckon'd *Democratic*. It must be red-hot, flaming Politicians that think you so; but one of your complaints is not democratical. You cannot bear *Ld. G. L. Gower* being treated exactly the same as *Capⁿ Thomson* or *Johnson*, who have only long services, and perhaps the loss of health and limbs to plead for notice. I must give you cuts, so make up your mind to it.

I am glad you did not come to Town; it would have vex'd me to know you so near and not to be able to see you, and that I am

afraid will be the case as long as I remain in town, for I never leave her room, and only go and breathe the air now and then in the garden, and as soon as she is able to leave her room she goes to Chiswick and I back to Roe. She is wonderfully better, and I think improves every day.

. . . This is a shabby letter, but Ly. George is jabbering to my Sister, and putting me in a fever by saying things to her which I see make her nervous, and by peeping under her green shade to try to see her eye, which is of all things what my Sister dreads the most. She is talking to her now of the breaking of her eye, which she has never yet been told of, and now is wondering that the other eye is not affected, and fears it will. I must stop her. . .

During the campaign of 1796 Bonaparte, who was in command of the army in the South, had been overrunning Italy; but the armies on the Rhine, under Generals Moreau and Jourdain, had been less successful against the Austrians, commanded by the Archduke Charles. The war was very unpopular in England, and Mr. Pitt thought it advisable to make an attempt to put an end to it. This led to Lord Malmesbury being sent to Paris in October with overtures for peace on the basis of mutual restitution of conquests. The belligerents were England and Austria on one side, France, Holland, and Spain on the other. The French Directory were not peaceably inclined, and the negotiations were ended by an abrupt order for Lord Malmesbury to leave Paris in forty-eight hours.

Lord Granville was appointed to join the Mission. Mr. George Ellis went as Lord Malmesbury's private and confidential friend, Mr. Ross as his private secretary. They started on 15th October.

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL, Wednesday (3rd October).

I am this moment returned from Canning's Office, where I have seen the Passport, and the letter that accompanied it, which have been sent by the French Directory. The letter is signed by de la Croix,¹ and is expressed in very respectful terms to Lord Grenville,² and seems extremely desirous that this opening for negotiation may come to a successful termination. By the same conveyance are arrived Paris Papers, from which I read some extracts; but of the intelligence contained in them the Sun is more

¹ M. Delacroix was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. According to M. Thiers: "Mauvais diplomate, trop pédant et trop rude dans ses rapports avec les ministres des Puissances."

² Lord Grenville (1759-1834) was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1791 to 1801.

likely to give you a distinct account than my memory will allow me to do. It appears, however, that the French have, after sustaining very bloody engagements, and some of them rather obstinately contested, been obliged in every quarter of Germany to continue their retreat, and to this may be attributed the great civility of de la Croix. I have also read the King's Speech, but nothing particular is contained in it. I will not therefore delay telling you of a sort of Message which Pitt sent to me through Canning. The substance of it was this, that the Place now held by Lord Macclesfield, Comptroller of the Household, was likely to become vacant, that it had been almost promised to the Duke of Beaufort for Lord Charles Somerset, but that on every account he, Pitt, wishing to show the greatest attention to the Wishes of my Father, thought it right to make me the offer of it, though at the same time my acceptance of it would greatly embarrass him, and that he thought a place of business would be more what I shd. wish, and what my Father would wish for me, than one of which the only occupation was attendance at a Drawing Room or Levée. If the Place had been offered without any expressions about wishing me not to accept it, though the Place wd. certainly have been of a nature not agreeable to me, yet the circumstance of its introducing me to the Privy Council, and consequently enabling me to be a member of the board of trade, &c. (I might perhaps also add the sordid motive of emolument), wd. have made me very unwilling to reject such an offer. My answer was to this purport: that it was not my wish to put him into any disagreeable embarrassment, and that therefore, trusting that I shd. not be forgot when any place of business became vacant, and considering that by declining in conformity to his wishes the acceptance of this court place, I acquired a still stronger claim upon him for another situation, I would cede my pretensions to Ld. Ch. Somerset. I hope this answer will meet with my Father's approbation. I shall see Canning to-morrow morning, and desire to have a decisive answer from Pitt.

Charlotte is not yet arrived, and I fear that Worcester will not have an opportunity of taking his seat before the address is moved to morrow. I took mine this morning. The D. of Bridgewater called upon me yesterday, but I was out. I was at Cleveland Court to day, and I was unfortunate in not finding him at home. He was at Ld. Bath's, who, Lady Bath informed me to-day, was rather better, but not much. You will now be pretty well tired. I have been writing very egoistically, but yours and my Father's partiality, I believe, will excuse me when I run into that fault. . . .

RÉPUBLIQUE
AU NOM



FRANÇAISE,
DE LA LOI.

DÉPARTEMENT DU PAS-DE-CALAIS.

ADMINISTRATION

} Du Canton de Calais.

MUNICIPALE

N.º 58

Laissez passer le Lord Granville Levison Gower accompagné

de Lord Malmesbury domicilié à _____ Canton de _____ Mairie

Département du _____ âgé de vingt-quatre
ans, taille de cinq - pieds six pouces, Cheveux bruns
Sourcils châtains, Yeux bleus, Nez aquilin
Bouche petite, Menton large, Front large
Visage oval allant à l'ovale

Et prêtez lui aide et assistance en cas de besoin.

Délivré en la Maison Commune le 15. Août 1850
en 5. de la République française, une et indivisible.



Granville Levison Gower

Administrateur Municipal

Mairie
Secrétaire, J. J. J.

NOTE.—The 5 ft. 6 ins. given as Lord Granville's height in this passport must be a mistake. Sarah Lady Lyttelton describes him as "very tall," and the impression left on the mind of the Honble. Mrs. Oldfield, the only surviving grandchild who ever saw him, is that of a tall man.

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL,
October 12th.

Every thing is still unsettled as to the time of my departure. I was at the Levée this Morning, where I saw Ld. Malmesbury, who promised to speak to Ld. Grenville again upon the subject, and to urge him strongly to allow me to accompany him. Pitt also promises to second the application. I have hopes, therefore, that I shall succeed, and to night I am to have a message from Pitt to inform me whether Ld. Grenville will be persuaded. Ld. M. will be ready to set off on Friday, but it is probable he may not go till Sunday. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Thursday (12th October, 1796).

I have this morning seen Ld. Grenville, and it is settled that I am to accompany Ld. Malmesbury. I cannot express my delight at having succeeded; every person seems to envy me my situation. I set off on Saturday Morning. To day I dine at Ld. Grenville's with Pitt, &c. Ld. Malmesbury has told me that he has made it a point always to be silent in private letters upon every thing relating to public affairs. You will not therefore be surprised or disappointed at my writing nothing but about my own way of spending my time, &c. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Saturday (15th October, 1796).

It is now near six o'Clock, and I am only this instant come home after a long walk with Canning discussing all the affairs of Europe. This Morning I have been almost wholly employed in reading over all the dispatches that have come from Vienna for these last two or three months. To morrow at abt 9 o'Clock G. Ellis¹ and myself set off to meet Ld Malmesbury at Dover, and very early on Monday Morning we are to sail for Calais. I have had repeated to me wishes from Pitt, that in no letters whatever I will say any thing upon Public affairs, and therefore you must not be disappointed at my Silence upon those topics. . . .

¹ Mr. George Ellis was a cousin of Charles Ellis (both intimate friends of Mr. Canning). He went in the capacity of Lord Malmesbury's private and confidential friend, and had previously been with Lord Malmesbury on similar occasions.

*G. L. G. to his Mother.*PARIS, *October 23d, Sunday.*

I wrote to you from Calais to inform you and My Father of my safe arrival at that port, and at the same time mentioned the attention and civility with which we were treated by the people there. During the whole of our journey we were every where equally well received, and although nothing very remarkable occurred, you will perhaps like to have a regular journal of our proceedings since I landed upon the French territory. On Wednesday Morning we left Calais after returning the visits of the Commandant of the town and the Commissary of the Executive power, and arrived at Boulogne about 5 o'Clock, where we found an excellent Inn kept by an English woman who had passed 18 months in the Conciergerie. The next day we got to Abbeville, where our accommodations were also very good, the 3d day to Clermont, and yesterday arrived about 3 o'Clock at Paris. The word Citoyen seemed but very little in use, and Hair Powder being very common, the *appearance* of the People was less democratic than in England. The desire of Peace seems to be universal. The Country appears in the highest state of cultivation, and the manners of the People much improved; they are much less noisy and pert than when I was last in France. I cannot express in sufficiently strong terms my satisfaction at Lord Malmesbury's manner towards me; he has put me upon the most confidential footing, has been in very good spirits, and I need not therefore add that my journey was very agreeable. I must not omit the Circumstance of having been embraced by the Poissardes; 2 posts from Paris¹ we were met by a deputation, who opened the Carriage doors, presented us with Flowers, crying, "Vive la paix mon Grand Ambassadeur!" Our apartments here at present are not very good, but we shall in a day or two change them for some which we are told are very commodious. Every thing is very dear, nearly double the Price it was formerly. Paper Money seems to be in disuse, and specie is very plentiful. I have only to add my Duty to My Father, my love to Georgiana, and that I am your most Dutiful and affectionate Son.

*Lady B. to G. L. G. at Paris.**Oct., 1796.*

Ld. Morpeth tells me it is nonsense to write, and that there is no likelihood of my letters going; but I shall risk this line. . . . I have been confin'd to my room and almost to my bed ever since I saw you last, but I am now getting better again, only very weak and grown alarmingly thinner. I am impatient to hear of and from you, as Ld. Morpeth seems to think he shall not go even if

¹ A caricature of the incident was drawn and published by Gillray on 28th October, and called "The Glorious Reception of the Ambassador of Peace."



GENEROUS RECEPTION OF THE AMBASSADOR OF PEACE, ON HIS ENTRY INTO PARIS

CARICATURE—THE AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

By James Gilray.

you stay. You must let me know if there is any other means of sending the drawing,¹ tho' I had rather by him than any body; but if you do not think you are likely to stay long, you had better put off having it till your return, and I suppose you may tell me as far as that without any Sin against Ministerial mystery or State Secrets. Burke's Pamphlet² is come out to day. I have read about half of it, and it seems to be what all his works are, a mixture of the finest Language, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," wonderful Genius, and some good sense, with a great deal of beautiful nonsense, extreme absurdity, and raving Madness. Burke's eloquence always appears to me like a torrent pouring down and carrying all before it, overwhelming friend and foe, without any one being able to guess which way it tends, or where the ravage will stop. What he seems sure of is that you will all come back republicans, which I think in the midst of his abuse is paying the highest compliment he can to the place you are gone to. . . . I think, if I do not deceive myself, my Sister's eye improves very much. Were you gone when we heard of Mr. Foster's death?³

G. L. G. to Lady B.

PARIS, *October 23d, '96. 2d Brumaire.*

Do not be angry, but I have very little to say.

Our Journey from Calais hither was in every way agreeable. We were well received at every town, both by the inhabitants and by the Commandants of the Garrison, and the Commissaries of the Executive Power. At Ecouen, a Post from St. Denis, we were met by a deputation of Poissardes, by whom I had the satisfaction of being cordially embraced. This is the only female society into which I have as yet been introduced, but having only arrived yesterday, and being as yet not settled in our apartment, I am quite ignorant how I shall pass my time. Paris looks very much as it did formerly, except from the diminution in the number of carriages, the People very civil, and the word Citoyen very nearly in disuse. Even if I had not determined, according to Lord Malmesbury's wishes, to be silent upon all public affairs, I shd. have been unwilling to have said any thing upon the subject in this letter, because I am not sure that our letters may not be inspected by persons belonging to the Directory. I wish you would give me some Commissions for you. I shall see Perregaux⁴ before the Courier sets off and enquire for your nécessaire. Pray write to me and at length. I am desirous of knowing particularly how you are, and how your Sister's Eye goes on. When

¹ Of herself, by Mrs. Mee.

² Edmund Burke (1729-1797); his "Letters on a Regicide Peace" published in October, 1796, were Burke's last work.

³ John Thomas Foster, Lady Elizabeth's husband; died 1796.

⁴ M. Perregaux was the banker in Paris.

do you settle in London? Interesting as the scene here is at present, I shd. feel little contented to remain here if I could see much of you in Town. I have just seen Perregaux, who informs me that he has in his possession a *nécessaire* belonging to the Dutchess, but denies you having any property in it. Addio.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Paris.

Friday (undated).

The Courier does not go till Monday, so I shall write on to you. I sent you the drawing and a letter last night, but in such a hurry that I am afraid one is illegible and the other will be spoilt, for I had only time to wrap it up in paper and put it into an old portefeuille, which I hope will not be examin'd. I really feel so ashamed of sending it that if I had look'd at it again I must have kept it back. However, it is gone, and I will not recall it. Keep it as the remembrance of a good friend.

Monday.—A great many thanks for the books; the first, *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, I had seen before. I have some commissions for two or three things that I should be very glad of, but I cannot tell them you till you have promis'd to *charge them* faithfully to me, therefore I must wait for your answer before I tell them you. . . . Pray tell me a great deal more of Mad. Tallien, how you like her, &c., &c., &c., &c., and of any other famous people. Is Lodoiska handsome (I believe I ask'd you before), and is the story of the *eachette* true? . . . I should be very glad, too, if you would enquire (I dare say Perregaux would know) what has become of Pss. Joseph's children, of Mad. de Fleury, Mad. de Simione, and the two Mad. Boufflers. Mrs. North is dead, and the poor Bishop almost distracted. He would not believe it, but watch'd over her for ten hours after it had happen'd. Ld. Bath¹ died yesterday Morning, and Ld. Amherst is very ill. This is a little like a bill of Mortality, but it is the only thing in shape of news I know. . . .

There is a guignon against my letter; I was too late for the courier. I have been trying to get back the drawing, but I cannot, so it must go as it is. I cannot tell you how ashamed I feel of sending it, and perhaps, too, now it is no longer, so much wish'd for; but remember, whatever *loves* you may have, I shall always claim *your friendship*, and in that light I shall be glad

“In the soft leisure of some Idle hour
If on this pictur'd form your eyes you bend,
Should it attaining Painting's happiest power
Fix the remembrance of a distant friend.”

I think I have no sort of news to tell you. I live more alone than ever. Ly. Mel. says we are grown quite stupid. . . .

¹ Lord Bath died 19th November, 1796.

*Lady B. to G. L. G. at Paris.*ROEHAMPTON (*undated*).

You ask me for a *comfortable* letter. You have no right. I am sure your letter of to day does not answer that description. How I hate any body beginning a letter with "I have nothing to say." At all times, and especially when from a distance, which makes trifles interesting among friends; and from the peculiarity of the scene which makes every thing from thence interesting, there must be so much to be said, if you were not Idle—yes, Sir, very Idle, for all you boast so much of your reading. By the by, I think the reading a bad scheme; there are few books even now that you could not get in England, and I should think on the spot, in such times, and in such a scene, you might learn much more by conversation, seeing, and your own observations. But this is merely for your own instruction I am talking, and not my amusement. As to that, cannot you spare *five minutes* in the four and twenty hours to write a few lines to me? I don't want many, but by a little every day it is wonderful how much more one knows what a person is doing. Here, par example, I who *really have nothing* to say, and whose life is as uniform and uninteresting as possible, will show you how easily it may be done.

London, Friday.—Got up late with a bad head ache, and did not go out or see any one till dinner. Read and drew. Din'd at Devonshire House; only family and Ly. Anne. In the evg Ld. and Ly. Hawksbury, Ld. Boringⁿ and Morpth. No news. Sat up late with Ly. A. My Sister better.

Saturday.—A great deal of unpleasant business. Waited late for Dr. Warren; read Mirabeau's letter to Chamfort (entertaining in parts); drove to Ly. Anne, City, and Admiralty. Din'd at D. H., Ly. A., Ld. Morp., Mr. Craufurd; evg the Grevilles, Ly. Sutherland, Mr. Beauclerc, and Mr. Smith. Ly. S. talk'd much and kindly of you. She is so kind to me that it grieves me to think it is not sincere.

Sunday.—Waited again for Dr. Warren, and finish'd Ld. Bor.'s screen en attendant. Warren came and bid me keep my room, which I obey'd by not ordering my coach round till he was gone. Mr. Beau. call'd and Ld. Morp. Grand disputes upon ye proposed tour, peace and war, Burke's pamphlet, &c., &c. Finish'd some things I was writing; play'd on the harp your Walzes among other things. Drove to Ly. Anne, then to Brompton,¹ where I din'd. Talk'd you all over. By *you* I mean Ld. Morp. and Bor., Mr. Beau, Mr. Smith, Mr. Cans and you. Read a great many manuscripts with Ld. Holland, who was more entertaining than usual, and carried on a mock debate. Ly. Webster led

¹ Where Lady Webster was living.

Ministry, he and I dear opposition. Went to D. H. in the eveg; only Ld. Morp.

Monday.—Came to D. H. to attend my Sister thro' a dreadful operation, which she bore with wonderful courage, and I with wretched cowardice; but I trust it will have very good effects. Came to Roe. with Ly. Anne to meet my Nieces and Ld. William, from whence I write this. Rather cross at being oblig'd to leave my Sister when I think she wants me.

Here is a pretty good letter you see out of mere nothing, not very amusing, not very Interesting, I grant, but yet not *uninteresting* from a person one cares sixpence for, and from whence you are interesting to the most indifferent person. But truce with scolding, I must tell you a Speech of Miss Lloyd's¹ about you. She says: "He will be quite spoilt, poor young Man! God knows what those Horrid Paris women may teach him." I could not help being amus'd with her exclamation, and ask'd her if she meant the *poissardes*; but I find other people are of her opinion. Yr. Chêf Ld. Malmesbury wrote my Brother word that the Profligacy, licentiousness, and *seductions* of Paris were such that no young man could remain there without total ruin. Beware you come under the description, and if you value my friendship, remember that I could not like a coxcomical or a profligate friend, and I should be tempted if I found much of either to withdraw myself by degrees from the society of any person who possess'd these qualities to any great degree. I have no right, but yet I will beg of you to remember the promise you once made me of *perfect sincerity* on all subjects, and also to remember if you were tempted to do any very foolish thing, that tho' I should not be angry, yet any scrape of yours would give me great pain. Do not impute what I say to a wrong motive; I am writing to you as I would do to my Son if he was in the same situation. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady B.

PARIS, *Novber 12th*, 1796.

I beg pardon most submissively for having omitted making a daily journal; forgive me, and I will behave better in future. Pray continue to write to me in the same style. A circumstance which wd. not naturally have been introduced in any other form of letter, and which perhaps is the most trivial you mention, gave me the greatest satisfaction. We still continue to live in retirement; I have made but few acquaintances. The diplomatic corps are very dull, and the natives are afraid of being suspected by the Government if they associate with us. Some, indeed, of the Ladies have not shown that reserve. There is a little woman who was

¹ Nicknamed by Horace Walpole "The Virgin"; was housekeeper at Kensington Palace.

formerly considered as Mauvaise Compagnie, and whose attachments were not sanctioned by the Rites of Marriage, but who is now become the wife of a famous actor called Talma,¹ and at her house I have met some of the members of the Council; but her friends are chiefly Jacobinical, Louvet² and Lodoiska among that number. La Citoyenne Talma is the cleverest little woman I ever saw. Her beauty, if she ever had any, is entirely gone off. She knows innumerable anecdotes, having lived very intimately with the leaders of the Gironde Party. I was amused with her account of Barrère,³ whom she mentioned as always going au secours des plus forts. I hope soon to become acquainted with Mad. Tallien.⁴ She is certainly very handsome, and has some influence in the Government in consequence of Barras⁵ being in love with her; but he is not the only favored lover. Her humanity is so general that she is now as unwilling that any man shd. pine away in an hopeless passion for her, as she was anxious to save those persons who under Robespierre's Reign were destined for the Guillotine. I was surprised to find that she has a thorough abhorrence of Tallien. Her first acquaintance with him was at Bordeaux, where, when he was sent as Proconsul by Robespierre, she interceded for some imprisoned friend. He was much struck with her manners and her Beauty, and she heroically resolved to sacrifice herself to his wishes in order to spare the blood of many who were likely to be victims of the then established tyranny, and it is said that above a thousand persons are indebted to her for the preservation of their lives. I saw her at the Opera the other night, and she was dressed very much as English Women are generally dressed, and I was told that all her Clothes came from England. The Wigs that most women wear here are very becoming. If I had not some doubts about the cleanliness of the custom, I shd. try to get them introduced in London. I sent

¹ François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), the great tragic actor; married, first, 1790, "Julie" Carreau, whom he divorced in 1801. "Julie, plus remarquable encore par le charme de son caractère et de son esprit que par celui de sa figure, tout agréable qu'elle fut, alliait à un physique presque grêle, une âme des plus énergiques. Également passionnée pour les arts, les lettres, la philosophie et la politique, elle réunissait dans son salon ce que la ville avait de plus aimable et de plus célèbre."

² Jean Baptiste Louvet de Couvray (1764-1797), author, politician; an active member of the Convention.

³ Bertrand Barrère de Vieuzac (1755-1841), a Girondin; was a member of the States-Général and of the National Convention; edited the earliest organ of the party, *Le point du Jour*.

⁴ Marie J. Thérèse Cabarrus (1773-1835), called Nôtre Dame de Thermidor; married, first, in 1788, Jean J. Devin, Marquis de Fontenay; divorced in 1793. She married Jean L. Tallien 26th December, 1794 (6 Nivoise an III.), who divorced her in 1802. At this time Barras was one of her devoted admirers.

⁵ Paul François, Count Barras (1755-1829), one of the first members of the French Directory (of Five); had taken a leading part in the fall of Robespierre (July, 1794).

Felicité her letter this morning; Perregaux is to put into my hands the nécessaire. Why are you so reserved about giving your opinion respecting the Published Memorials?¹ This novel manner of proceeding removes every opportunity I had of affecting to be very wise, and must make my former Mysterious secrecy extremely ridiculous. You, however, can not blame me. Believe me, nothing is so unpleasant to me as to be under the necessity of writing reservedly upon any subject to one with whom I have been in the habit of talking most openly and confidentially. I long, indeed, to renew those habits, for although every thing here must, of course, be peculiarly interesting, and although my attention is much occupied by my present employment, yet regrets at being absent from one whose society is most dear to me very frequently intrude. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Paris.

Undated.

The reason I press you to write a little every day to me is from knowing how hurried you must be when the Courier sets off, which, of course, makes your writing to me what I never wish it to be, an unpleasant task. However, I must say, considering you did not do so, you have been very good this time, and written me a tolerable letter, which I thank you very much for. I envy your being at Paris and the people you see. Is Lodoiska handsome, clever, and amiable, and is Louvet pleasant in society? I expect you to give me a particular account of every thing and every body you meet with. I like your description of your little friend very much, and think what she says of Barrère excellent, and applicable to many people I have known. Mad. Tallien seems an extraordinary character, but the easiness with which she grants her favours now takes off a little from the merit of the sacrifice. Apparemment cela ne lui coutait pas beaucoup. Do you mean in consequence of her beauty to declare yourself sur les rangs, and try what her humanity will do for you? Remember, I expect the truth, the *whole truth*. Pray bring me a wig (if you ever come back). I shall like to have it even if I do not wear it, and it would be remarkably convenient just now, for I have cut off all my hair. Your negotiations do not seem to advance much. How woefully disconcerted all the *old traders* must be with this new fashion of frankness after being so long accusom'd to Ministerial mystery. In fact, there is little differ-

¹ This appears to refer to "The Memorial from the English Government to the French Directory," giving their views respecting a basis for a negotiation for peace, which Lord Malmesbury conveyed to Paris. He handed it to M. Delacroix on 24th October. The French Government took the unusual step of allowing this confidential document to be published in their organ, *Le Rédacteur*.

ence, for it is only publishing at once what us'd always to be known in whispers. We go to town to morrow for a fortnight, and I have been leading such a recluse life at *Roe* that I cannot tell you a word of news of any sort or kind, I think. (Do you get the English papers at Paris? I mean without a *Courier*.) My sister's eye continues slowly mending; she is drove to town by the dry rot having broke out again at poor *Chiswick*; it is a sad pity. Anne very near kill'd herself the other day by taking some *Laudanum* by mistake; she has been very nervous ever since. *Soldini*¹ is gone to *Castle Howard*, and has another brother or sister forthcoming soon. *Ly. Sutherland* has taken so violent a fit of kindness for me that I know not what to make of her. I cannot account for it any how, but we are like the people in the "*Roman comique*," *comme si nous étions camarades depuis vingt ans*. *Ly. E. Monk* is in town in most flaming beauty, and *Ld. Boringdon*, as he always is, good nature itself. I had always a great partiality for him, but now I have to add gratitude to partiality. I cannot explain this at this distance, but I will when we meet. I have not got the book you mention, which I am impatient for. I have been reading lately some very entertaining letters of *Sr. C. H. Williams* and the old *Ld. Holland*. Don't be shock'd if you have heard of them (they are *Manuscript*); there is but a small part improper, and that is so very bad that half of it I did not understand, and the other half I skipt from disgust. . . . The entertaining parts are accounts of his negotiations and of his writings. . . . I am sure I set you a good example, and write à tort et à travers four sides full; every opportunity you make me excuses for not having had time to *think of what you sh^d say*. Who ever thinks before hand of a letter? I am sure I should not know what to say if I did. Believe me, it is better to trust to chance, and write whatever comes uppermost at the moment. If I imagined you thought much about what you write to me I should have no pleasure in it, and never believe a word you said. . . . Are your *Morals* corrupted yet? You don't take one word of notice at my sermon. Is it innocence or guilt that makes you silent?

G. L. G. to Lady B.

Monday, 28th Nov.

. . . When you have read this journal² I think you will repent of your injunctions. When you made it you did not, I suppose, expect a mere account of the hour I breakfasted and dined. I

¹ This is the first time the nickname of "*Soldini*" (little penny), which finally became "*Sol*," meaning *Lord Morpeth*, has been used in these letters.

² The first part of this journal letter, beginning 14th November, has been omitted.

have not, however, been quite so idle as I have represented myself. I have ordered a wig for you made by the most renowned perruquier in Paris, one to whom Mad. Tallien quite looks up. They begin to make so many jokes about her that she is quite to be pitied. The other day in walking upon the Boulevards it was contrived to stick upon her back the inscription of propriété nationale, and another day Republica. She has her comforts, however; her house is said to be very luxurious, furnished entirely with [illegible]. My morals are not as yet tainted, but I must confess that this is by far the most profligate place I ever set my foot in; there does not appear to be a remnant of any thing like virtue or principle. Mad. Condorcet endeavoured to convert me to atheism, but I was too well fortified with your arguments which I have heard you enforce with so much eloquence in favor of religion—indeed, I got her at last to the Confession that Jesus Christ was a très bon Enfant. I was delighted to receive the drawing. . . . If you wish me to buy you any rouge you must tell me what cost it is to be, as I am informed there is great difference both in the cost and deepness of colour.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PARIS,
Novber 28th, 1796.

The same letters that gave me the intelligence of my Father having been very unwell informed me that he was considerably better. I have therefore, I trust, every reason to believe that by this time he is nearly quite recovered. If he feels himself at all out of Spirits, and that it would be any comfort to him to have me with him, I hope he will immediately send to me to return to England; he knows me too well to make it necessary for me to say that I consider attention to him as the first Duty of my life, or to mention the heartfelt pleasure I have in fulfilling that duty.

We continue to lead a very quiet life, see very few people, and are very comfortable in each other's society. I am as much at my ease with Lord Malmesbury as I am with Canning; he talks with perfect confidence to me, and consults me upon every occasion. Our time of remaining here must, of course, be still very uncertain, but there seems little probability of an immediate Return. Do you remember my disputes with the Duke of Bridgewater at Trentham? I think I could now convert him to my opinion, though perhaps it would be a conversion as difficult as that of Burke. I have been much amused with reading his *Regicide Peace*, but still more entertained with his *bon mot*. Upon some one mentioning the slowness of our travelling to Paris, he said, people always travelled slow upon their knees.

The news from Italy is very good; the French have experienced some very serious defeats, and Mantua either is, or must very soon be, relieved. If the Austrians regain possession of all Lombardy it will be a glorious end of the Campaign, and the Steadiness and Perseverance of the Emperor, and the active courage of the Archduke,¹ will have met with that complete Success which they so truly deserve. Since writing the above I have seen an account of a Complete victory obtained over the Austrians; it comes, however, under rather a doubtful form, and I have hopes it may not be true. I trust Morpeth will soon join us; he will be a very pleasant addition to our Society. Pray take care of your own health. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PARIS,
December 3^d, 1796. *Saturday.*

A Messenger sets off this Evening for London, and I cannot help taking this opportunity of expressing my anxiety to know respecting my Father's Health. Pray give my Duty to him, and again repeat how unhappy I should be to remain at this place if it would be any comfort or satisfaction to him to have me at Trentham at the present moment. You will have learnt probably before the receipt of this letter of the check the Austrians have received in Italy;² the Government here call it a decisive action, but the very little distance that Alvinzi has retreated, and the very great loss which the French have sustained, induce us to hope that he may again rally, and that Wurmser and his Garrison will not fall into the hands of the Republican army. Nimeguen is most vigorously bombarded by the Austrians, and though the French have lately made a successful sortie from Kehl, yet the reinforcements which the besieging army of the Austrians are daily receiving give us reason to hope that that fortress may be reduced. The Messenger who arrived last night from Vienna tells us that the Roads & all the way from Vienna to the Frontiers of France are covered with Waggons carrying fresh troops to the armies. This, I think, is the amount of all my war information. Our life continues to be perfectly retired; I do not recollect ever having passed six weeks in so completely quiet and regular a manner. I read a good deal, but chiefly the publications of the day, which are innumerable. The Newspapers occupy no small part of the day, but the long conversations I have with Ld. Malmesbury are as instructive as they are agreeable. Nothing

¹ The Archduke Charles of Austria, before whom Moreau had retreated.

² The Austrians, under General Alvinzi, were defeated by Bonaparte at the village of Arcola on 15th November, and prevented from relieving Mantua, which was still being obstinately defended by Marshal Wurmser.

can be pleasanter and kinder than his conduct to me. I never knew any man so clever who was so little prejudiced in favor of his own opinions, and who hears with so much attention those of others. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Decr. 10th.

I am impatient for my wig; Mr. Canning certainly keeps it for his own wear, for Dupuy has been come these two days. He had better not, for it won't become him, and I shall certainly *pull caps* if we meet. I wish you joy. The French have at last consented to a second negotiation, and you may have a mystery—how happy you must be. So, Sir, you are improving, I perceive, by your stay at Paris. Already you think *submission derogatory to the dignity of man*. Most mighty Lords and Sovereigns, we humbly bow before you, but carry a little of this pride to Kings and Ministers. You must prove that you are unsubdued yourselves before you attempt to subdue others. A little complaisance to a friend, however, does not deserve the name of submission, but it is decided that a cavalier manner is the only one to secure success. . . . However, as you promise to submit, I lay my commands upon you that you do continue forthwith your daily journal with all truth and exactitude for the rest of the time you remain at Paris, perhaps for the rest of your life. Who knows? . . . Pray (if that is not a mystery and included in the secret Articles of the treaty) what was the *long explanation* you found it necessary to have with Mad. Talma, and of what nature was the *perfect understanding* you came to? Was it Political, religious, moral, or Physical? Pray tell me whether the same Mad. Talma was not formerly known under the name of Julie? If she was, I have seen her. I take it as a particular compliment to me that you have chose all your female friends d'un certain âge—unless Mad. Tallien is among the number, which I am told by every one but you who never name her.

I have not a word of news to tell you except a few marriages: Tom Grosvenor with a Miss White, who is just 13, but has 100 thousand £s. My niece, Ly. C. Beauclerc, with Mr. Dundas. There are several others, but I have forgot them, and I trust you have better news correspondents than I am. Politicks are flaming this year, and we are all gone mad—men, women, and children. Party seems likely to run so high, and I am myself grown so violent, that I have been obliged to make a league with Ld. Morpeth, and swear him that let me say or do what I will, and let things be ever so bad, he will never forsake me. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PARIS,
Decer 14th, 1796.

I am quite worn out with impatience to hear from England; it is now 3 weeks since we have received a Courier, and the last 10 days we have been in hourly expectation of his arrival. I trust he will bring an account of my Father being perfectly recovered. Pray give my Duty to him. I cannot express to you how kindly and pleasantly *Ld. M.* behaves to me; he talks to me always exactly as if I were his brother, and consults me upon every occasion, and two days that I had a head-ache and a little fever he was as attentive to me as if I was his own Son. It is, indeed, very fortunate for me that we are upon that footing, for there is no society here whatever, and the novelty of the scene begins to wear off. Our public news is all very good—the Austrians seem to be recovering from the battle of *Arcola*, where they lost about 4,000 men; *Mantua*¹ is no longer blockaded; and it is said the Austrians are at *Verona*. All idea of invading England seems dropped;² the troops both at *Dunkirk* and *Brest* have been disembarked, and there is a report that the Spanish fleet which was at *Toulon* has been dispersed by a Gale of Wind in the Mediterranean. The Finances are here in a most wretched state, the Treasury empty, and there is little chance of the Government being relieved by the newly proposed paper money called *Cedules hypothécaires*. The Money'd Persons all agree that Peace is necessary to save the Country from total Ruin. I shd like to talk to the D. of *Bridgewater* and my Father about Peace. I am convinced that there can be no danger now to England in opening the Communication between the two Countries. . . .

The news from Italy is good; *Mantua*, we understand, is no longer blockaded. The head quarters of *Buonaparte* are at *Cremona*. *Mad. Buonaparte*, who is almost as much talked of as her husband (and of whom, perhaps, you may have heard under her former husband's name *Beauharnais*), has retired to *Genoa*. She and *Mad. Tallien* are the only women much admired at Paris.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

I wished very much to write to you to day, but I have been so much agitated and so anxious ever since the Morning that it

¹ *Mantua* surrendered to the French on the 2nd February, 1797.

² While the negotiations were going on in Paris the French had prepared an armament at *Brest* for the invasion of Ireland. The fleet consisted of twenty-five ships of the line and fifteen frigates, under Admiral *Bouvet*. The land forces—25,000 men—were under General *Hoehe*. They set sail on the 21st December, but a violent gale separated the fleet, which returned to harbour.

was not in my power. My Sister continues mending, but it was thought necessary to perform a most painful operation upon her, applying Causticks behind her ears and a blister to the back of her neck for four hours. I never saw anything like the agony she suffer'd, and the exertions I made to hold and soothe her brought my old complaint of spasms with great violence. I am perfectly easy now, and she seems charmingly well again, but it was shocking to see; only her fortitude and patience really made it something wonderful.

You say you are not democratic enough to *rejoice* in an invasion.¹ I wonder who is? I am sure I do not know any one. I have no doubt if the French come of their being repell'd, but if they make good anything like a landing the confusion and the bloodshed must be dreadful.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

PARIS,
December, 1796.

. . . I cannot hope to render a letter entertaining by giving you a history of the Spectacles of the best actors and Dancers, or by telling you that Mr. Swinburne² dined with us one day, Mr. Perregaux another, and Mr. Watt Smith a third. You will not read with much more patience a dissertation on the profligacy of this City, on the total want of every idea of principle which is done away under the name of prejudice. I believe I shall return to England more moral and pious than I left it; the effect of Paris has been such as the Spartans intended to produce with regard to their Children when they made their slaves drunk. The excess of vice makes it appear disgusting.

I have not yet made acquaintance with Mad. Tallien. If I went to the Public balls it would be a very easy matter, but in our present peculiar situation we judge it more prudent not to form a very extensive acquaintance, and besides, as at these balls the fine Ladies and Gentlemen amuse themselves in dancing ballets, and make it the business of their life to dance them well, I could not promise myself much satisfaction from Mixing in such society. I believe I before mentioned to you that we had seen a great deal of Mad. Montrond;³ she is returned to the Country, where she employs herself in hunting all day, and, as she says, runs great risk of being devoured by the Wolves, and can never

¹ In December, 1796, a French armament sailed for Bantry Bay.

² Mr. Swinburne was employed by the English Government as agent for the exchange of prisoners.

³ Ci-devant Duchesse de Fleury married to M. Montrond. Of varied and unscrupulous talents, he was courted and feared in society for his wit. Employed by Talleyrand, he was placed about Lord Malmesbury, as he himself said, "pour lui tirer les vers du nez." He died 1843.

venture to stir a yard from the House door without carrying bells for the purpose of frightening them. She seems attached to her husband, but I suspect Montrond to be an infidèle; he has been frequently at Paris, having told her that he was going to his Estate in Franche Comté. I hear that Politicks in England are running very high. What in the world can you find out against Ministers. You opposition people are truly ingenious in finding out matter about which Government are to be abused; in their choice of negotiators you cannot question their discernment. . . . I have not time to add any more than that I am yours,—Most sincerely,

G. L. G.

P.S.—This courier will bring you an account of the failure of our mission. We are not to blame.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PARIS
(*Decber 20th*), 1790. *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am indeed very sorry at the failure of our negotiation, but my regrets are dissipated by the prospect of soon seeing you and my Father. We shall be in Town in about a week.¹ . . .

¹ They left next day, 21st December, and arrived in London on the 29th. The death of the Empress Catherine II. (17th November, from apoplexy) Lord Malmesbury believed influenced the French Government in breaking off the negotiation, as her successor Paul was at this time in their interest.

CHAPTER V

1797

MUTINIES IN THE FLEET—LILLE

BONAPARTE, who in 1796 had been made Commander-in-Chief of the hitherto unsuccessful French Army in Italy, in one year completely defeated all opposed to him, and forced the King of Sardinia and the Pope to submit to his terms. He then turned northwards, defeated the Austrians under the Grand Duke Charles, followed them as far as Leoben on the way to Vienna, and compelled the Emperor to demand an armistice. In April a preliminary treaty was agreed to, and was formally ratified at Campo Formio in October, leaving England the only Power at war with France.

Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent in January, and Admiral Duncan off Camperdown in October, continued British success by sea. Some trouble and alarm had been caused at home by the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in the spring and early summer.

In June Mr. Pitt made another attempt towards peace, and Lord Malmesbury was sent in July for the second time to France. Lord Granville was again a member of the Mission, but it proved as abortive as the first, and came to an abrupt conclusion in September.

At the end of the year Lord Granville was appointed, at the early age of twenty-four, Special Ambassador to Berlin to congratulate the new King Frederick William III. on his accession.

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL,
Monday, 13th March, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You need be under no apprehension of Boringdon's joining the Phalanx of opposition; every body agrees that the opinion which guided his vote the day he was in the Minority was a right opinion, though most think he wd. have

acted more wisely in not giving the opportunity of his name being put down on an opposition list. He approves strongly of the measures of administration, and though he laments that our situation is not at present very flourishing, is perfectly convinced that our misfortunes do not arise from the misconduct of the Ministry, and thinks that desertion of them at this moment wd. be unpardonable. Morpeth is very shy abt talking upon the subject at all, more so than Ld. Carlisle, whom I heard Mrs. Villiers attack with great spirit and cleverness.

There is no particular news from the Continent; you will see by the Papers that the Pope has made peace with the French. Many of the Paris Papers are accusing Buonaparte of endeavouring to make himself protector of an independent federative republic, to consist of Romagna, Bologna, Corsica, Modena, Reggio, &c., &c. I hope the accusation is not unfounded; a dissension between him and the Executive Directory seems our best chance of recovering Italy. The Archduke¹ is returned from Vienna to take upon him the Command of the Austrian Army on the Frontiers of Italy; he is immediately to recommence offensive operations, but not upon an extensive scale. Mack² is to be employed upon the Rhine. This arrangement must, however, I shd. imagine, depend upon the supplies we are able to give to his Imperial Majesty. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Tuesday.

. . . We saw a Letter this Morning from Cambridge, another Proof of the unwearied Pains the Opposition make Use of to undermine Mr. Pitt's Popularity. They had a Hand Bill circulated there, to desire the People not to be deceived by Sir John Jervis's³ Victory. In the first Place, he was the Aversion of Ministry. They call'd him a Jacobin, and kept him out at Yarmouth from being Member for that Town. Ministers had no Merit in the Victory, and if that Victory prolong'd the War, it was a Misfortune to the Kingdom, and so on, much in the same Style and great Abuse of Mr. Pitt. The Letter said, "You see even here Mr. Pitt has inveterate Enemies," but the Opposition are now desperate; they try all Methods to seduce the publick Mind. Mr. Fox has not done himself Service by his Speech last

¹ After the fall of Mantua on 2nd February, and the complete defeat of the Austrian army under General Alvizi, the Court of Vienna raised a fresh army, the command of which was given to the Archduke Charles.

² Charles Mack, Austrian General (1752-1828).

³ Sir John Jervis (1784-1823). This was the battle of Cape St. Vincent, when he defeated the Spaniards on 14th February, and for which he was created Earl St. Vincent.

Week in the H. of Commons on the Subject of Ireland. Every Body that we have heard speak of it say that it could not be interpreted in any Way but Wicked and Mischievous. . . .

Tuesday Evening.—We are very happy with the News from Trinidad,¹ and *we* (my Lord and I) beg that you will give our kind Complts. with our best Thanks to Mr. Canning for thinking of giving us Satisfaction in the Hurry of Business in which he is engaged. This good News has come very opportunely; we most *ardently* wish that Nelson may meet and capture the Spanish Flotilla. *Many, many* Thanks, my dearest Leveson, for your Letter; we hope whatever Negotiation takes Place that you will be of it; but I shall die, I do believe literally give up the Ghost, if Mr. Pitt cannot procure a Loan for the Emperor. His Steady, faithful Conduct to us merits it, independent of its being our Interest so to do. . . . I hope Mr. Pitt's Spirits are not lower'd by the Wayward Conduct of some and the worryings of Opposition, and *you* keep up Mr. Canning's. The King did well in not receiving the Common Hall Address; it was by giving Way that the King of France was undone. Had Charles the 1st not given up Lord Strafford, he would not have been brought to his melancholy Ending. Firmness and Spirit will get the better of Faction. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROEHAMPTON.

. . . I am amazingly uneasy about my Brother.² The last news from Portsmouth and by this morning was every thing remaining the same. The Sailors were to deliberate to-day at twelve.³

Thank you for your note; it was a great comfort in the midst of my anxiety. Sheridan very good-naturedly wrote twice also. My Sister staid till two in hopes of some of you coming. When she went, Ly. Anne, Ly. John, Mrs. Sheridan, and I sat round the fire telling stories and endeavouring by various means to pass the time, as Mr. Sheridan and Ld. John were to come for them; but soon after three Ld. B. return'd not in very good humour, and sent them away and me to bed. Pray write me a line if you are awake early enough to do so by half after eleven or twelve, to

¹ Trinidad was captured by a force under General Sir Ralph Abercromby and Rear-Admiral Henry Harvey in February.

² George John, second Earl Spencer (1758-1834), though belonging to the Whig party, joined Mr. Pitt's Government after the execution of Louis XVI. He was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty 17th December, 1794, which office he held for upwards of six years.

³ This alludes to the mutiny at Spithead on 16th April. The sailors' demands for an increase of pay, etc., not having been conceded, they mutinied and declined to go to sea. Lord Spencer had at once gone down to make inquiries on the spot. Ten days later, Commissioners having been sent down, who expressed the opinion that there were grievances, an undertaking was given that these should be removed, and that until this was done the fleet should not be sent to sea.

tell me whether there was any thing in Mr. Fox's or Mr. Grey's Speeches that I should have dislik'd much, and whether on the whole it seem'd to go well for my Brother. Tell me the exact truth, and not as an administration person, but fairly and impartially. One of my additional uneasinesses to night was finding from Anne that she had done every thing in her power to persuade Ld. Morpeth to vote in opposition to night, and that she rather thought he would. My Sister and I have certainly neither the wish nor, had we the wish, the *power* of swaying any of our friends' voices, but I own I should feel mortified if the *first* opposition vote of a person who lives so much with us should be against my Brother, knowing as he must do all we feel on the subject. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

COMMITTEE ROOM,
May 2d, 1797.

I was confined to the Ho. of Commons yesterday from 10 O'Clock in the Morning till 8 O'Clock at night, and had not the opportunity of even writing a letter. How long our Committee may last seems to be as yet extremely doubtful; it may be over in 3 days, or we may not get through it till next Xmas. I have just heard that French Papers are arrived which state that Peace has been concluded between the Emperor and France, and even that the articles of the Peace are therein inserted. They are said to be very advantageous for France. I shd. have hoped that the critical situation of Buonaparte would have enabled the Court of Austria to have negotiated upon more even terms, but my ideas of Politics are all absorbed in the question now before me. Sir W. Geary and Mr. Honeywood are now in my mind the great contending heroes. How do you think Boringdon looks? Was he in good spirits at Trentham? The state of Ireland is such that I do not quite feel easy at his visiting it, and particularly travelling thro' the north at this moment. . . . I must now attend to the summing up of one of the Charges against Sir W. Geary. . . .

May 5th.—There is a Messenger arrived from Vienna with an account of the Preliminaries being signed, and there is a report that there is to be a congress at Berne.¹

Our Committee is at an end; the further prosecution was dropped by the Petitioners.

¹ Bonaparte having defeated the Austrians under the Archduke Charles in almost every engagement, and having made 20,000 prisoners, forced a passage across the Alps and drove the Emperor of Austria to sue for an armistice. In April a preliminary treaty was entered into, by which it was stipulated that France should retain the Austrian Netherlands, and that the States of Milan, Mantua, Modena, Ferrara, and Bologna should be formed into a new republic, and called the Cisalpine Republic. This treaty was concluded the following October at Campo Formio.

Lady B. to Lady Stafford.

May 5th, 1797.

You will think, my Dear Madam, that I am a very empty Newspaper, for since the time I undertook to send your Ladyship News there has been no one event of any sort or kind, but reports of the arrival of Messengers with Peace or War contradicted as fast as they were made. To-day, however, the Lord Mayor receiv'd a letter from Lord Hawkesbury announcing Peace, which he made known every where. The stocks in consequence rose to 70, when upon investigation, though seal'd with Ld. H.'s seal, the letter prov'd a forgery, written merely for the purpose of stockjobbing. It has made such a piece of work in London that I could not resist writing your Ladyship word of it, tho' not much worth it. Mr. Canning made an excellent Speech yesterday in Answer to Mr. Addington, full of wit and producing a great effect in the House. I am dying with impatience for Ld. G. to speak. I know he would acquit himself well, and am quite angry that too much diffidence prevents his attempting it. Ly. Worcester was at Devonshire House the night before last looking in great beauty, though I doubt not you have numbers of correspondents who write all that is worth hearing, yet as you can have none who would be happier to contribute in any way to your Ladyship or Ld. Stafford's amusement, the moment I hear any thing decisive about this terrible war I will take the Liberty of sending my *Gazette*.—Believe me, with great respect, Most sincerely Yrs.,

H. F. BESSEBOROUGH.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HOLYWELL.

. . . It has just struck eleven, and the whole house, excepting Sally and me, have been in bed near an hour, and we have set at the open window listening to the Nightingales and watching for the post man with the most eager impatience. I do not know what Sally expected; whatever it was she has got it, for she has two letters (I thought myself sure one was for me), and she is in as good a humour as I am bad. We had first to bribe the postman to open his bag (for naturally they do not give them till morning), then to tie the letters to a string and draw them in at the window. All this was for you, Sir, and then not a line. I had four other foolish letters I might just as well have receiv'd tomorrow without any fuss at all. Nothing can be a greater contrast than my life here and that I usually lead. As the clock strikes eight I am down at Prayers, then breakfast, then I give Caroline her lessons as usual, read or write for a little while till my Mother sends for me to help her in teaching her School Girls. I acquit myself

tant bien que mal, and often wonder what you, and still more *Sol*, would say to see me stuck up in the midst of an old ruin'd Abbey teaching some little beggar Girls to spell and sing. We dine at three, are out all evening after tea, return generally to have some music, in which the Chaplain's wife principally shines. She has a very fine voice d'un très gros Volume; it makes the house echo again, and tho' I din the right note in her ears as loud as I can, she disdains such narrow limits, and with laudable perseverance keeps constantly a half note too high or too low the whole way thro'. At nine ye bell rings for Prayers, then supper, and at ten not a mouse is stirring in the whole House. I hope you are edified with the length of my letter and the importance of its contents.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,

May 31st. Wednesday.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The News from Sheerness is very bad indeed.¹ Two frigates, the *St. Fiorenzo* and *Clyde*, have escaped and put out to sea with their proper colours, but they have been replaced by three ships of the line from *Ad. Duncan's* fleet, who have joined with the red flag flying. I understand that *Sir Ch. Grey* has the best opinion of the steadiness of the troops under his Command, and it is expected that the Forts will fire upon the ships to-night.—Yrs. and my Father's ever Dutiful and affectionate Son,

G. L. G.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

DOWNING STREET,

June 1st, 1797.

A Message this day is to be brought to Parliament communicating the continuation of the Mutiny at Sheerness; it is, I understand, worse than ever. All the Ships of *Duncan's* Fleet, with the exception of his own and that of *Ad. Onslow*, have joined the Mutineers, and this at the moment that it is confidently said the Dutch Fleet are at Sea. We hear also that the French fleet have left Brest. This I think good news; I hope they will not escape *Ld. Bridport*. A letter is to be forwarded this Evening to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris respecting Peace, but *Canning* has not told me the exact contents of that letter.

¹ On May 8th *Mr. Pitt* in the House of Commons proposed an increase of pay for the sailors, and *Lord Howe* went to Spithead two days later to announce this to the men, and also that the King had granted a general pardon; but a fresh mutiny had broken out at the Nore, the mutineers being headed by a man called *Richard Parker*.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

DOWNING STREET,
June, Sunday, $\frac{1}{4}$ p^t 1.

I do not believe it to be true, from any accounts that I have been able to collect, that the Red Flag is again hoisted in any ships where it had been taken down. But I believe at the same time that the taking-down of it was by no means so general as was reported yesterday. There is no very distinct relation to be had of any thing that has happened at Sheerness since the good news of the Ships that left the Mutineers yesterday. Capt. Knight brought nothing but offers of accommodation, which I think are not likely to be accepted. But all must do well in the end, now that it is once clear that there are divisions among them.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Monday, 6 o'Clock.

I am this instant only returned from the Drawing Room, and have only time to tell you that there is no news. A woman came from one of the Mutinous ships yesterday, and reports that they have executed two officers. A bill passed the Ho. of Commons this Morning making it felony without benefit of Clergy to have any communication with them.

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

ALBEMARLE STREET,
June ye 8th.

I feel much obliged to you, My dear Ly. Stafford, for your last kind Letter, and particularly for what you say concerning myself. I hope we shall all soon be able to come to Trentham, though we cannot yet settle the time, as Ld. Gower seems to be uncertain if he shall be able to get away very soon. He is this Evening going down with Mr. Huskisson to Sheerness to see what is to be seen in those environs. There is some great event expected on one side or the other tomorrow, as they declared their intention in a very impertinent Letter to the King (which began "Health and fraternity"), and desired him to change his ministers and send them an answer in the space of 24 hours, otherwise they would wait no longer, but do something to astonish the world; and it is supposed about tomorrow something will be done, either by them or by government, as they have been suffered to go on quite long enough. They propose, having seen Sheerness, etc., to return to Town on Saturday. There is now a great talk of peace, and impatience for the return of the Messenger which was sent to Paris last Week. Ld. Gower desires me to mention to Ld.

Stafford for his own information, as he thought it right he shd. know it, that he believes himself to have had some hand in this message being sent, being clearly of opinion that peace is the only remedy for all our evils, and that in this moment the French government is likely to be very favorable to a negotiation. He thinks it a very necessary step, and is extremely glad it has been done. He has had several conversations with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas about it, and thinks what he said had some weight with them, so it is to be hoped their secret advisers will not be be-headed. He begs you will not say anything of all this. Ld. Gower is just come in. A favorable answer arrived this M^g from the Directory, so somebody will go immediately, but it is not said who. Probably Ld. Malmesbury, if he is well enough.

There has been a little engagement at Sheerness, the particulars of which you will see in the Papers. I shall wait till Mr. Huskisson¹ comes, in case there shd. be anything more.

We are all very sorry for Ly. Worcester's little boy; he is rather better this M^g, but it is not likely he can recover if they are right about the complaint. Ld. G. was much pleased with the good report of the Yeomanry; he had a very long account of it from Major Eliot, who has great reason to be satisfied with his success.

The *Lancaster* has come in on unconditional submission. The East York fired 40 rounds upon the Sailors who landed to pillage. The East York was only a Serjeant's guard commanded by a man of the name of *Sutherland*, who Sir Ch. Grey immediately recommended for promotion. They are going to set off at 6 O'Clock. Adieu.—Ever yours,

S.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,

Friday, June 9th, 1797.

I wrote a line to you yesterday to communicate to you and my Father the answer that had arrived from the Directory respecting Peace.² I am inclined to think that by their way of expressing themselves they are sincere in their wishes to terminate the war, and perhaps the more desirous to close with us as quickly as possible in order that the Emperor may be more completely at their mercy before they sign the definitive treaty with him. Ld. Malmesbury has not yet either refused or accepted the mission. I have hopes that he will accept; though if his health is not much improved since he left Town, I doubt whether it

¹ Wm. Huskisson (1770-1830) had been private secretary to Lord Gower when Ambassador at Paris. Was appointed Under-Secretary at War, 1795. He was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, 1830.

² On the 1st of June Mr. Pitt, still anxious for peace, had renewed his overtures to the Directory through M. Delaeroix.

wd. be prudent. I purpose going to Park Place¹ on Sunday next.

There is a St. James's Street Report that the French fleet are at Sea and Ld. Bridport in pursuit of them, but I imagine there is no foundation for such a Report. Upon similar authority I heard that the Nassau, a 64, had left the Mutineers at the Nore. My Brother went to Sheerness yesterday with Huskisson. I shd. have liked the expedition. I proposed to Morpeth to do the same thing, but he maintained that having no business there it was an idle curiosity, and we ought not to go. . . .

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

LONDON,

Saturday, 5 o'Clock, June 10th, 1797.

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—Lord Gower is this moment arrived from Sheerness, having made the most successful expedition possible. Yesterday M^g he saw Sheerness in a state of siege, every moment in expectation of being attacked. While they were at Dinner they were told that the Fleet were firing upon two Ships, the Repulse and the Leopard; they saw everything perfectly, and went on board the Repulse, which is a good deal damaged. A Lieut. had his Leg shot off. The Director and the Monmouth fired at her. He left Rochester this M^g at 9 O'Clock, and is just come, thinking himself very fortunate in having seen all this as well as if he had been on board during an Engagement. This Morning an Account is come that the whole Fleet have struck the red flag and come in with unconditional submission, which is the best news we could possibly have.

We have not heard what is become of Parker,² &c. A good many different People have been taken up for distributing seditious Papers.

I must send my Letter, for here is the Bellman. Adieu, My dear Ly. S.—Ever affec'yly yours,

S.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Sunday, ye 11th (June).

Yesterday, my dearest Leveson, we received yours of the 9th. We wish earnestly to know that Lord Malmesbury is recovered sufficiently to undertake the Mission, for I fear, without he goes, you will not be of it, and, indeed, I fancy he is as able a Negotiator as can be fix'd upon. We have not heard any thing since I wrote of the Meeting of the County, which had been proposed by Enemies to Government. I understand it originated in London,

¹ Lord Malmesbury's.

² Richard Parker, who had put himself at the head of the mutineers, was hanged at the yard-arm on 30th June.

Mr. Crewe, one of the Chief Promoters, and brought into the Country by Wedgewood. The People I mention'd in my last Letter are the *Underlings* to carry it about, to get Signatures. As it has not been talk'd of for some Days, it is thought that they despair of Success; in that Case our Party should be silent on the Subject. We anxiously wait the Arrival of the Post, as we expect to hear Something decisive has happen'd at the Nore. I wish you had gone to Sheerness with Lord Gower. Had Lord Boringdon been in London, he would not have objected to an Expedition there. Perhaps as Lord Carlisle had meddled about the Admiralty Business, that Lord Morpeth on that Acct. did not wish to see, or to talk, but from Report.

Sunday Evening.—The Post has brought us the glad Tidings of the whole Fleet of the Nore having struck the red Flag, and with unconditional Submission. What is become of Parker, the Chief of the Mutincers? This is the best News we have had of a great while; I hope the Tide is turning, and that the Almighty will bless and protect us. . . . Adieu, my Dear. We hope to hear from you soon, and that Lord Malmesbury is recover'd and able to set out. I think the News of this Day will do your Father good. . . .

Lady Sutherland to Lady Stafford.

WIMBLEDON,

Monday, ye 12th (June).

MY DEAR LY. STAFFORD,—I was not correct in my information with regard to the Fleet submitting—that was the report at Miss Lloyd's breakfast, and Ly. Spencer was receiving the congratulations of people upon it. But the conditions they required were inadmissible, and some of them still hold out; the particulars of all this you will see in the papers. I told you that Ld. Gower arrived at Sheerness at the moment they were ordered to prepare for the attack which was expected from the Ships having made the signal, and that instead of that they had the satisfaction of seeing two Ships come in after a great deal of firing. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas dined here yesterday upon the best haunch of venison ever was, which you were so good as to send us from Trentham. Mr. Canning told us this M^g that a very favourable Letter is come from Barthélémy¹ in answer to one Ld. Grenville had written to him; in short, there are great hopes of peace being concluded with more ease than it was supposed at first.

Ld. Gower is very glad Ld. S. approves of what he communicated to him with regard to all these subjects. . . .

¹ Marquis François Barthélémy (1750-1830). His reputation for moderation had led to his appointment as one of the Directorate in place of Le Tourneur, 20th May, 1797.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

There has been a Mutiny on board the Pompey, or rather a proceeding to bring the fleet into a state of Mutiny, which, having been fortunately discovered, the Mutineers have been put in Irons and brought into Port, and orders will be given to-morrow for trying them by a Court Martial at Portsmouth. Lord Bridport's¹ fleet is in good condition.

The business at the Nore is finished, excepting the Hanging Business, which will shortly take place.²

This is an account Canning has just received from Nepean. A messenger returns to Paris to-morrow.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, *Wednesday,*
LONDON, *June 14th, 1797.*

An answer is this morning arrived from the Directory, who have mentioned Lisle as the Place where they desire the definitive may be negotiated. I own I regret much that it is not Paris; there will be less, however, to divert our attention than if we were settled in that interesting Metropolis. Ld. Malmesbury will, I believe, certainly go, and I think there is as little doubt about my accompanying him, perhaps also Morpeth. I am now at White's, where there is so much conversation, and so many questions asked me that I know not what I write. It is not yet mentioned that Lisle is the place intended, so do not talk of it. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
June 15th, 1797.

The Cabinet have been sitting all Morning upon the answer which is to be sent to the Directory. It is determined that before a negotiator is actually sent, it must be previously arranged that Portugal shall not be entirely omitted, and left to the mercy of the united force of France and Spain; this appears to be the object of the French Government, for even in the passport they have sent over they expressly state it is for a person to negotiate, conclude and sign a separate peace between the two countries. If this difficulty is surmounted, we shall immediately repair to Lisle. I hope Morpeth will accompany us. Pitt is desirous he should, but whether Ld. Grenville will be favourable is doubtful. The termination of the Mutiny, and the manner

¹ Admiral Alexander Hood, Lord Bridport (1727-1814).

² Dissensions among the mutineers led to their submission. They gave up Richard Parker and his fellow-delegates, some of whom, with their leader, were hanged, while some just concessions were made to the scamen's claims.

in which it has been terminated, will enable us to negotiate somewhat less degradingly than we otherwise shd. All that I have been writing, and which I have written so fast that perhaps it is scarcely intelligible, you will of course see is of a very secret nature. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,

June 17th, 1797.

I have not seen Canning or any other person to day from whom I cd. learn any news, but I conclude the message to the Directory went off this Morning. Our fate, whether we shall go to France or not, we shall now hear in the course of a week. Ld. Grenville has written to Ld. Carlisle to inform him of his Compliance with respect to Morpeth accompanying us. Our Party will consist of Ld. M., Ld. Pembroke,¹ Mor., and myself. The set is so good that we may make ourselves quite independent of the Lisle society. It appears very strange that the last message of the Directory shd. have been conveyed in more insolent terms than the preceding one. We had flattered ourselves that the Election of Barthélémy wd. have forwarded every thing of moderation and conciliation. It is, however, possible that upon his first introduction he wd. take no part, or at least before he felt the ground under him shd. not venture upon what did not savour of republican rudeness. I am impatient to know who will be the negotiator Ld. Malmesbury will have to contend with. I think it by no means improbable that the Évêque D'Autun² will be appointed, or there is a clever man of the name of Bourgoing,³ who is not an unlikely person. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

June ye 19th, 1797.

Last Night, my dear Granville, we received yours of the 17th. My Lord is not surprised that the last Answer from Paris was less amicable than the first, as the Mutiny on Board our Ships gave them Reason to believe us in a perilous Situation; but now

¹ George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke (1759-1827); married, first, in 1787, Elizabeth, second daughter of Topham and Lady Diana Beaulere; and second, in 1808, Catherine, only daughter of Simon Count Woronzoh.

² Charles Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince de Benevento (1754-1838) had been Bishop of Autun since the age of twenty-five. He adopted the principles of the Revolution. He had celebrated Mass on the Champ de Mars, the Feast of the Federation, 14th July, 1790. After various experiences in England and America, on his return to France in 1796 he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

³ Jean François Baron de Bourgoing (1748-1811), soldier, diplomatist, and writer, War Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid in 1791 until 1795, when he retired to his home at Nevers until after the 18th Brumaire.

that it is quell'd, and the Bank Business in a more prosperous Way, he thinks that if they ever wish'd for Peace with us, their next Answer will be less haughty, and that Barthélémy will pride himself in being look'd up to as the great Pacificator. If, on the other Side, they are afraid of bringing their Armies Home, it is impossible to say what Demands they may make, or what Obstacles and Delays a *French* Government may not devise to break off any Treaty. Should the Évêque d'Autun be the Person employ'd by the French to negotiate, Your Father says that Lord Malmesbury will have to deal with a sad rascal. But is it not strange that the Preliminaries sign'd by the Austrians and French should be kept so profound a Secret, and is there not Reason to believe that the Emperor is of Opinion that he cannot trust the French, by the Levies of Men going on with the same Diligence as before these Preliminaries were sign'd? Besides, there are Suspicions in Germany that the Emperor and the Directory do not exactly mean the same by the Integral of the Empire. We are impatient to hear from you, whether or no you are to be Secretary to the Embassy. Lord Pembroke has been intimate with Lord Malmesbury from his Infancy, and is, I believe, a worthy, good Man, and a good Officer; but the World have not thought him particularly sensible or clever. I hope and trust that the Friendship Lord Malmesbury has shewn to you will continue, and that this Mission will strengthen the good Opinion he has form'd of you. My dearest Leveson, you know not the anxious Affection we feel for you. The Desire of our Hearts is, that in every Situation you may prove yourself the *honest upright* Man, with a great Mind, and Principles that will procure Happiness both here, and *hereafter*. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
June 24th, 1797.

An answer from the Directory arrived yesterday afternoon, less insolent and more satisfactory than the last. They are willing that Portugal should be included in the treaty, and are ready to receive Ld. Malmesbury as the Negotiator, though at the same time they add (and a pretty insolent addition it is) that any other nomination wd. have been a plus heureux augure pour la Paix. The instructions will probably not be made out till towards Tuesday, and we shall not set off, I suppose, till Wednesday. This sort of explanation of their expression of separate peace looks as if the French government had really pacific intentions. The City seem to be of that opinion, for Stocks rose to 54½ this Morning. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Monday, ye 26th.

MY DEAREST LEVESON,—Last Night I sent you a Hodge-Podge Sort of a Letter,¹ containing Advice, kind Anxiety, and parental Affection, but so confused and so ill composed that when I awaked this Morning I wish'd for it again in my Possession to have revised and corrected. As that cannot be, I must beg of you to burn it, but to remember it contain'd opinions of those whom you must know see you with the most partial Dispositions; therefore, if you are not aware that Resolutions, without Rules to support them, are ineffectual, look around, and you will be persuaded that there is not any Thing we estimate so fallacious as the Strength of our own Resolutions, nor any Fallacy that we so unwillingly detect; we resolve, and resolve, and as often desert our Purpose, and without any Abatement to self Confidence. That this should prevail for a Time is natural; but when Conviction takes Place, and we become sensible of the little Dependance we can place in our Resolutions, the Method to be adopted is plain and certain: that of laying down Rules, and adhering to them, to combat and overcome any bad Habit that we could wish to get the better of. As I think it unlikely you may ever have so advantageous an Opportunity again, I am more ardently anxious that you should make the best Use of this. I know you have Capabilities, Understanding, &c., but that will not satisfy me. I shall not think you have Merit unless you have distinguish'd Merit. You are now exposed to the Notice of these Kingdoms, and you may cause the Occurrence of so extraordinary an Advantage to bring you into publick Life. Pray consult Lord Malmesbury; be advised by him. Lord Morpeth has much scientific and political Instruction from his Father. Yours is more capable of giving the best, but the short Times you see him, and various Circumstances have prevented the Advantage you might have reap'd from his Information. I hope you will endeavour to be first. I should be sorry that you envied Lord Morpeth's Merits, but I hope you will improve your own Talents. A proper Emulation exalteth the Mind, and it is this which I wish you to feel. You must not hate me for persecuting you on this Subject; now is the Time to call forth all your Energy, to be what your Father so ardently wishes, and what it is in your Power to be. Adieu. I will not at present say more, tho' it employs the whole of my Thoughts.—Ever, my much loved Granville, Your most affte.,

S. STAFFORD.

¹ This letter has been omitted.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
June 30th, 1797.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I thank you very much for your two very kind letters. You cannot, I am persuaded, really think that I can consider as disagreeable any advice or recommendation from you and my Father. Every mention of my Father's wishes must stimulate me to act according to them, and I trust my exertions to receive the continuance of Lord Malmesbury's good opinion will shew that the exhortations in your letters were not thrown away.

Ld. Malmesbury is upon the point of leaving London for Cobham; George Ellis accompanies him. Morpeth, Wesley,¹ and myself set off early to morrow Morning. I am, I confess, very sanguine abt. the success of the mission. An opinion has been so unequivocally declared by the council of 500 in favor of Peace that I cannot conceive the Directory insisting upon terms too dishonourable for us to accept. There is, however, some probability of a convulsion and a trial of strength between the Directory and legislative assembly either before our arrival or during our stay. If the former prevail, they will prehaps be more insolent than ever.

Lord Malmesbury to Lady Stafford.

SPRING GARDENS,
Wednesday, June 28th, 1797.

DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—You and Lord Stafford greatly overrate any little attentions it may have been in my power to shew Lord Granville. The merit of an action is much diminish'd when it is done in consequence of following the strong bent of Inclination, and this principle applies most perfectly to every part of my conduct towards him. It is, indeed, impossible to have lived as much and as pleasantly as I have done with him and not be actuated by this Feeling. I think I understand exactly what your Ladyship means by a disinclination of persevering in active business and of his not employing, willingly and always, all the Energy his mind possesses. I can, however, assure you that this never was the case at any one period of our last mission, and that Lord Granville applied most assiduously not only to the business more immediately connected with it, but also to every thing which arose out of it. He is too diffident of his own abilities. This may make him the more willingly consent to be inactive, and the amiable Idleness of London

¹ Secretary of Legation in the Mission.

perhaps also may tell for something. I will use my utmost endeavours to do what you so naturally desire—which I so very much wish. He not only shall have as large a share of employment as I can give him, but I will also by conversation and by pointing out to him pursuits worthy his attention, try to lead his mind to habits of business and application. It is not probable that the mission we are now going on will last long. When it is ended, I will, with yrs. and Lord Stafford's permission, pay my respects to you at Trentham, and if you think me at all likely to be any use, we will make the subject of this letter one of conversation.

We are to sleep at Dover on Saturday. Our stay at Calais will be regulated by the arrival of the French plenipotentiaries at Lisle. The State of France is at this moment apparently in our Favour, but I dare not be sanguine myself, much less encourage any one else to be so.

I have this day received a letter from the Dutchess of Brunswick dated the 19th June. H.R.H. writes in good Spirits.—I have the Honour to be, Dear Lady Stafford, Most truly and respectfully yrs.,

MALMESBURY.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

CALAIS, July 3d, 1797.

We arrived abt. 5 O'Clock after a four hours' passage from Dover, and were received with, if possible, more civility even than last time. From the attentions, however, of individuals we can augur nothing with respect to the success of our object. The Manners of Letourneur,¹ Pleville² and Maret³ may give us some insight into the real dispositions of the Directory. The last note which arrived outdid infinitely all the others in its conciliatory terms. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LISLE,

July 6th, 1797. Thursday Evening.

In the few lines I wrote to you from Calais I informed you of our safe arrival in France. On Tuesday we performed our journey in the space of abt. 11 hours, and found that the French Plenipotentiaries were all arrived. Our visit of ceremony on both sides took place yesterday, and there was a perfect reciprocity of civility and attentions. Ld. Malmesbury exchanged full powers this morning, but we have not yet had the opportunity

¹ Letourneur had just vacated his seat at the Directory, and been replaced by Barthélémy.

² Admiral Pleville le Pelée, appointed Minister of Marine.

³ Hugues Maret was later created Duc de Bassano by Napoleon, and Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1811. He died 1839, aged seventy-six.

of knowing who will be the efficient Man in the Republican Legation. The respect with which we have been treated, and the sensation we have made in passing thro' the Country, much exceeds what we experienced upon our last mission; but as I have been employed all morning in writing a dispatch upon that subject, I am tired almost of detailing the particular circumstances of honours which have been paid to us. At St. Omer, however, it was so very particular that I am unwilling entirely to pass it over. We were met abt. $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from the town by an officer and 8 Hussars, by whom we were escorted into the Town. Some Cannon were fired from the Ramparts upon our entering the Gates, and we were again escorted by the same detachment to the distance of abt. two miles. Ld. Malmesbury's kindness to me continues as strongly as ever; I accompanied him and G. Ellis in the Coach upon the journey, and Wesley went with Morpeth in his Chaise. I consider also as a mark of very good-natured attention his having employed me (there being only two dispatches to send, one of which he writes himself) to compose the other. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Lille.

ROE. (July.)

At last a letter, and I humbly beg pardon for doubting that there was one. . . . It was so very long in coming I quite gave it up. . . . It was, however, most welcome. Il y auroit bien quelque petite chose à y redire cependant. "I have troubled you with this long note," &c.—troubled! What a phrase from you to me! Ld. Malmesbury's atmosphere certainly inspires form. It was so before when you went, and now again, toutes vos lettres sentent la diplomatie. Pray only think upon paper. If you *make* a letter to me and talk of *troubling*, how can you bear all my griffonage about nothing? . . . I left Roehampton this morning, after grieving over the rain and my Hay, taking leave of my boys, and talking over some trying business with old Townshend. I stayed at H.H., and found them in great spirits preparing for their marriage, which takes place the day after tomorrow. Mr. Hamilton was there. I saw my Sis. and Ly. Anne, and met with Sheridan at my own door, who would come in to see, he said, the Majesty of grief. He assured me you would be back in less than ten days, that all the farmers in England meant to send a petition, for there was no hope of any harvest now those bright beams that us'd to warm and vivify our Atmosphere were withdrawn. I din'd at home alone; took Anne to D. H. in the Evng, where we found Miss Lloyd and Ly. Melbourne, and afterwards Sheridan. He was very entertaining and pleasanter than in the morning, for he was gentle and amus'd without endeavouring to put me into spirits which I was not inclin'd to. See what an

example I set you. Pray write a few lines every night. I do not expect you to send me such bavardages as I send you, but let me have a little—just what you do, how you do, and to bid me good-night once—twice—a hundred times if you please. . . . Be very particular in mentioning *all* your acquaintances. A shocking thing happen'd this morning to my Brother which made him quite ill. A Captⁿ Easton came to speak to him, but while my Brother was coming out to him (to tell him, too, that he had just given him a ship) the poor man stabb'd himself and died. They imagine there was some disturbance on board his ship in which he was implicated. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LISLE, *July 11th, 1797.*

Morpeth, G. Ellis, Wesley and myself are all sitting round a table complaining of the impossibility of writing a private letter. Our life is really here so very uniform, one day exactly telleth another. We are employed in consultations abt. the negotiation, in writing dispatches and copying notes, and we amuse ourselves with a walk upon the ramparts, and with the Spectacle in the Evening. Nothing but the business itself being so interesting, and the society of the persons who compose the mission being in itself so agreeable, could make a Residence in this town tolerable. Ld. Malinesbury continues in very good health, and all who have accompanied him are as pleased with him as he is contented with them. I feel, however, the evident distinction that he makes between those who were his companions on his former mission and those who have been added upon the present occasion. There is no appearance of republicanism either in the dress or manners of the people of this Town. The lower orders are very respectful, and even sometimes the soldiers whom we may meet upon the Ramparts take off their hats—it is on this account I think that good rather than danger must arise from the revival of the intercourse between the two nations. Whether our endeavours to bring this about will be attended with success, I cannot yet venture to foretell, and I have made a sort of promise to write nothing abt. public business in a private letter. We are very impatient to hear from England; no Messenger has come since our arrival. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Lille.

Wednesday.—Sol¹ is a better correspondent than you. He wrote very goodly from Calais. We are all in raptures here

¹ Lord Morpeth.

with Mrs. Parker. She seems the most delightful creature that ever liv'd. I wish I knew her. This horrid weather makes me feel quite ill. I was sulking all morning. Would not let any body in, but shut myself up in my room and read *Paradise Lost* and drew all morning. I din'd and staid the eve at D. H. We had Callonne,¹ Mr. Smith, Mr. Beauclerc, Gen^l Walpole, and Ld. and Ly. Melbourne. Calonne was very entertaining on many subjects, and set us mad with a delightful description of a room of Sr. Charles Whitworth's at Petersburg.² Whilst you are negotiating peace your friends here are differently employ'd. Your Dear Mr. Windham is living with M. de St. Croix, following his directions, believing in his Visions, and preparing a second Edition of the Vendée. Does Ly. C. Greville write to you? She said something that made me imagine she did, son mari est par trop indiscret, il en conte à qui veut l'entendre. If my Sister or I were half such gossips as he is, we might make some pretty tracasseries for him and some others of your friends. Are you not bored with all my babil? I shall soon know and write accordingly. I have a sure rule to go by. Addio. I wish you were here again.

Thursday, July 9th.—I have been supping with *Lady Holland*.³ They were married at eight this morning, and I never saw creatures so happy. He flew down to meet me, *kiss'd* me several times, ne vous déplaie, and can do nothing but repeat her name. Such perfect happiness as theirs scarcely ever was instanc'd before

“Un tel hymen c'est le Ciel sur la terre.”

This morning I got up very late with a bad head ache, determin'd not to go out or see any body; but just as I was settled to draw, in came Sheridan, Dieu sait comment, as I had order'd every one to be denied. I was vex'd, and receiv'd him crossly, but, Demon like, he was so abominably entertaining that I ended by being glad he came, and letting him stay till almost dinner time. I went to the play with Wm. Birmingham, &c., and Ly. Anne, Ld. George Cavendish, C. Wyndham,⁴ Pen, and *Sr. Godfrey*, and from thence, as you were not there to hinder me,

¹ Charles Alexandre de Calonne (1734-1802) had succeeded Necker as Comptroller-General of the Finances in 1783. Having failed in his efforts at financial reform, he was dismissed in 1787, and retired to England.

² Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

³ Lord and Lady Holland were married at Rickmansworth Church on 9th July, 1797. He was twenty-three, and she was twenty-six years old. Her marriage with Sir Godfrey Webster had been annulled by Parliament on the 4th July.

⁴ Honourable Charles William Wyndham (1760-1828), third son of second Earl of Egremont.

to Holland House. C. Ellis was opposite, but would take no notice of me, and I ceas'd to try when I saw *le Gouverneur* à ses côtés. Mr. Canning is like the French—determin'd to give liberty to all mankind whether they will or no. I shall certainly draw him in the two Characters of Don Quixote and a school Master. It is my fate to hear him prais'd up to the skies wherever I go; Sheridan and Ld. Holland do nothing else. Julie's letter entertain'd me very much. . . .

Friday.—I have just got the nicest, prettiest little picture that ever was. . . .

Saturday.—I am delighted with my picture. It is excessively like, but to be sure Plimer¹ did not chuse the most *gracious* moment. It must have been drawn the night I staid too late at H. H., when neither coaxing, excuses, entreaties, or scolding *pouvoit vous desfroncer le sourcil*. I am studying Lavater.² I shall examine, when you come, whether your countenance bears any curves of inconstancy or *angles* of deceit; the last would be the worst. Addio.

Sunday.—I am rewarded for behaving so well and not scolding. I have got a letter at last. I am glad you have found out that republican hands can cultivate the Land, and that a state may flourish even without a despotic Monarchy to govern it; but Mr. W. has other fish to fry than thinking whether France starves or flourishes. He is gallanting the Queen of Portugal and comforting her poor old craz'd soul with a few thousands or so, as we are rich and prosperous. Chivalry, you see, is not over. I think there is no news whatever of any description or kind—at least that I know of. I observe your distinction (in talking of Sol) between *fidelity* and *constancy*, *je suis bien bouchée de ce côté là, je ne comprends jamais cela—cela me paroit si synonyme*. We are still at Roe. I continue to study Lavater, and examine every foolish "museau" I meet in consequence. Today was delightful. We were at Church . . . then walk'd. Ld. and Ly. Melbourne came. Old Adm. Caldwell and Sr. Gilbert Affleck³ din'd here, and Ly. Hervey and Eliza. In the eves we sat out till just now. . . .

How lucky Lord Malmesbury is to have such wise counsellors; the French have no chance. I long to hear what you think will happen. I wish I knew whether Mr. Cg⁴ reads the letters that

¹ By one of the two brothers Andrew (1763-1837) or Nathaniel (1775-1822), Plimer.

² Jean Gaspard Lavater (1741-1801), Swiss philosopher, poet, and theologian. Wrote on "*La Physiognomie, ou art de juger le caractère par les traits du Visage*."

³ Lady Holland's stepfather. He married Mrs. Vassall in 1796.

⁴ Mr. Canning was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

go to you. Do pray, Dear Sir, make me some sign to shew me if you do. I won't be angry, I assure you, only I should like to be certain that it is for Mr. C., not for you. . . . *I have a great many letters to write. I have a great deal of business to do. . . .* The Messenger is just going, and, as I always take care to begin writing only just as I know he is setting out, you cannot, of course, expect long letters from me; that would be very unreasonable indeed. There are several other pretty little excuses I might gather from your letter, but that I find I have nothing to excuse but writing too much—and you too little. I hope we shall both mend. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Lille.

Wednesday, 12th.

. . . Monday we drove to H. H., where I arriv'd very nervous with the thoughts of being introduc'd to Ly. Affleck. That ceremony was scarce over before I had to go thro' a worse, to be walk'd up the straight walk in full view of Ly. Ossory¹ and her two Daughters, to whom I was also formally introduc'd. I never saw a woman who seems so form'd for representation. Her manners are perfect, en Reine, and her conversation entertaining and often clever; but I should die of passing a day with her. She desir'd to be acquainted with me, and begg'd that I would *protect* her Daughters—there's for you—and I stammer'd the whole time, look'd like a fool, and, if I did get out three words, always found I had said tout à rebours. How I do envy that compos'd dignity of Ly. Anne's qui ne se compromet jamais, sait toujours saisir l'àpropos et a un petit mot pour tout le monde, toujours gracieuse et toujours princesse. Genl. Fitzpatrick² din'd there, and was very pleasant. Ly. Holland look'd in famous beauty, and he wild with joy the whole time. Ld. B. took me up and drove me back in the eveng thro' thunder and rain to Roe, where I arriv'd drench'd thro', and found old Mr. Smith (Mr. Sydney's Father), who being, as he says, *jealous of my soul*, took great pains to convert me and warn me of my danger. . . . Yesterday I *lay* all morning under the cedar trees reading the Beggar Girl and quarrelling with Anne, who would not let me. In the eveg we drove to Ly. Di.'s,³ who always delights me and does me good in every way. I came home in full drawing humour, and set to work with industry, while Anne read to me Petrarch's life, about which she exercises unheard of cruelty.

¹ Lord Holland's aunt.

² General Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), son of the first Lord Ossory, one of the wits of the day; a Whig and a friend of Charles Fox.

³ Lady Diana Beauclerc.

To day Ld. B. went to London on business, and I was very pleasantly surpris'd with a visit from Ld. Bor. He assures me that our letters will not be read, but that the messenger will not go for ages. I do not know what to do—whether I had better write on or not. Addio. We go to town tomorrow for two days.

London, Thursday.—Eccosi, but the courier's gone. It will be one letter less in the packet, and there is nothing very interesting, so it will do as well next time. I was worried all morning, first with business, and then with visitors, amongst whom was Mrs. Hervey, who plagued me to death about her Brother and mine. We came to town. I drove to the city *to consult a Lawyer*, dress'd to dine at Ly. Mel.'s (Anne, who is in the house with me, Pen,¹ Robinson,² Mr. Brand, and Bobus³), then went to the play with Ly. Mel. and Ly. Percival. Ld. Carlisle was there, and flirting very much. We have made two new acquaintances whom I like very much, Mr. Brand and Mr. Adair. We supp'd at Ly. Mel.—nearly the same party as at dinner—and walk'd in the park in the heavenly air. Bobus and Mr. Adair walk'd with me, but Anne separated herself from all the company, and walk'd all night tête-à-tête—guess with whom? Je vous le donne en douze—no other than *old Carlisle*, as she calls him. I assure you Sol⁴ must look about him. It would be too affronting to leave young for old, son for Father; and what would Ly. Sutherland say, and Ly. Percival, &c., &c.? for I believe he has almost as many loves as his son and you.

Roe, Friday.—I have just receiv'd your two letters, for which I was very impatient. As you say, it is too *ridiculous* to go on *writing every night* a journal of the same things. I am afraid my letters will not be very acceptable, as they contain nothing else. I envy you your bookseller and your Didots. Why did not you en preux et loyal chevalier send me Julie's letters?⁵ Pray do. I will take great care of them, and they amuse me very much. I hope, if you come, I shall not miss you. If you know it long enough before hand, write me word that I may contrive to come to town, unless you carry mystery so far that you will not even trust me with the time of your setting out. We return'd here this eveg, after dining at H. H.—Ly. Anne, Ld. B., Genl Fitzpatrick, and I. Ld. and Ly. John and William and Mrs. Spencer

¹ Hon. Peniston Lamb, Lady Melbourne's eldest son.

² Hon. Frederick Robinson, afterwards Viscount Goderich, and Prime Minister.

³ Robert Percy Smith (1770-1845), brother of Sydney Smith, and eldest son of Robert Smith and Maria Ollier; married Miss Caroline Vernon, daughter of Evelyn, Countess of Upper Ossory, and her second husband, Richard Vernon.

⁴ Lord Morpeth.

⁵ Madame Talma.

come here tomorrow for some days. Poor Burke¹ is to be buried Saturday. A motley procession will attend his funeral, consisting of all sides. A little before his Death he sent to Mr. Fox, begging him to forgive any harshness a warm temper, urg'd on by party violence, might have betray'd him into, and assuring him of his Dying esteem and affection. They had met not very long ago at Ld. Fitzwilliam's and elsewhere.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROEHAMPTON, July 19.

It is too hard to insist on my explaining all my bad jokes. I only meant by Mr. Windham's² gallantry his violence for paying the poor mad Queen of Portugal.³ I cannot explain C. Grev.'s indiscretion, only that he repeats with comments every thing that is said to him à qui veut l'entendre, and sometimes things that might do a great deal of mischief to the people who said them if they were talked of.

I think you are all very stupid not to make more acquaintances. I'll be hanged if I was sent to Lisle whether my life should be as dull and uniform as you say yours is. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

23d July.

I hope you will come on the 25th, for I have contriv'd so that I probably shall be in town on that day, and the 28th or 29th I go to Bognor. I shall be delighted to see you. . . . I have been following Mad. Roland's *prescription*, and occupying myself incessantly. "Les femmes doivent chercher à acquérir le goût du travail, contracter l'habitude de l'application, et de multiplier leurs moyens d'occupations. C'est ainsi qu'on se préserve des écueils du vice et qu'on échappe même à des séductions bien plus à craindre." I think this might be applied to men as well as women, or perhaps is prov'd true by them, for I imagine it is the variety of occupations and serious business that makes men so much less capable of a strong attachment than women, who have less to draw off their minds from what preys upon them. Nothing can be more just than Mad. de Staël's observation on that very subject, tho' affectedly express'd—"l'amour qui fait l'histoire de la vie des femmes, n'est qu'une Épisode dans celle des hommes." I don't know what lead me into all this dissertation—which ends as I began with hoping that you will come soon. . .

¹ Edmund Burke died 9th July, 1797. His views on the French Revolution occasioned the painful rupture with his old friend Fox.

² William Windham (1750-1810), of an old Norfolk family, was Secretary for War, with a seat in the Cabinet, 1794 to 1801.

³ Marie Francesca Isabella, Queen of Portugal in 1777, became mad 1791; died in Brazil 1816.

On 25th July Lord Malmesbury wrote to Lord Grenville that, as he could not in a letter enter into details without committing the names and opinions of several persons to a very dangerous extent, he would shortly send over Lord G. Leveson to explain matters.

On 6th August Lord G. L. G. left Lille for London, and arrived Tuesday, 8th August, when he went to stay with Mr. Canning in Spring Gardens. Next day they both went to Dropmore to see Lord Grenville, Pitt having come up from Holwood to dine with them the night before.

Copy of Lord Malmesbury's Private Letter to Lord Grenville.¹

LISLE,
Sunday, August 6th, 1797.

MY DEAR LORD,—Mr. Wesley² will have acquainted you with the secret channel of communication that has been opened here, and with such information as I had derived through it up to the day of his leaving Lisle. Since then still more material intelligence has come to my knowledge, and the same motive which induced me to employ Mr. Wesley determines me now to send Lord G. Leveson to England. I have no doubt you found Mr. Wesley exact and accurate; you will, I am sure, find Lord Granville equally so. And besides the advantage this mode of communication has over all others in point of secrecy and safety, you derive from it the power of question and inquiry, which for my own satisfaction and comfort is one that I am very desirous of affording you, since what is now passing *ex-officially* is so much more important than what passes *officially*, that I do not feel at all justified in acting upon it on my own judgment, and am very anxious to have it stated so correctly, and examined so carefully, that its real value may be ascertained and Lord Granville bring me back orders in consequence.

As in addition to what you will already have heard from Mr. Wesley, I can depend on the correct memory and faithful report of Lord Granville Leveson, and also on the satisfactory manner in which he will answer your questions and explain your doubts, I shall begin this letter under the impression that you are as much master of what has passed here privately and confidentially as we ourselves.

¹ From Lord Malmesbury's "Diaries and Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 450.

² Mr. Wesley, Secretary of Legation to Lord Malmesbury's Mission, was sent back to London to report to the Government, as there had been instances of the messengers being rifled.

Copy of Letter from Mr. Canning to Mr. Legh.¹

DOWNING STREET,
11th Aug., 1797.

... "Granville Leveson *did* arrive on Tuesday Morning. Pitt came to town from Holwood to dine with us at my house (where Leveson is established in W. L.'s room) and to talk over and over all that Leveson had to tell us. On Wednesday Morning we set out, Leveson and I, to Dropmore. Staid there that day and night—very busy and rather dull—and yesterday Morning we proceeded for relaxation to Park Place, where we had a delightful, idle, and pleasant day with Lady Malmesbury, Charles Ellis, Frere, the Lavingtons, etc., and from Park Place we are just returned to town. I mean to have a tête-à-tête with Leveson in Spring Gardens, for, except on our journeys, we have scarcely been alone together since his arrival. Tomorrow I have promised to carry him to Holwood, where I think we shall spend to-morrow and Sunday very comfortably."

G. L. G. to his Mother.

SPRING GARDENS,
August 12th, 1797.

I arrived from Park Place² yesterday, to which place I had gone the day before from Dropmore.³ I had there much conversation with Lord Grenville, and he desired me to return to him the middle of next week. Towards the end of it I probably shall be again setting off for Lisle. I am engaged to remain at Holwood⁴ to day and to morrow, and as I have Monday and Tuesday to myself, and as London possesses no peculiar attractions at this moment, I shall, I believe, go to Brighthelmston to see Charlotte from Mr. Pitt's on Monday Morn. You will see by the date of my letter that I write from Canning's. I established myself here upon my arrival, and it gives me much more opportunity of conversing with him, than if I only made him visits from Whitehall. My Father will have read in the Newspapers the accounts of the state of parties at Paris. It is impossible to give any decided opinion as to the event of the present struggle, every day almost the prospect changes; but it seems that the Directory and Legislative bodies have now come to a sort of a Compromise. It is by Pichegru's firmness and prudence that the Modéré party have made themselves so formidable to the Directory.

¹ From Lord Malmesbury's "Diaries and Correspondence."

² Lord Malmesbury's.

³ Lord Grenville's.

⁴ Mr. Pitt's.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

SPRING GARDENS, Aug. 18th, 1797.

I was very happy to find by your letter of the 14th that my Father and you were so well pleased with the proposed union of W. Eliot¹ and Georgiana. I trust, indeed, they have every prospect of happiness. He possesses all the qualities essential to making a good husband, and I know no one of whose respect and adoration of her Spouse I could be more confident than of my Sister. You have been so constantly used to her Society that I can easily conceive your parting from her will give you very painful regrets. These regrets will, I hope, be diminished by the attentions of all your Children, and I in particular being unoccupied by the cares and distractions of a family of my own, may have more opportunity of shewing every demonstration of the feelings which could not fail being excited by the unceasing indulgence and real kindness of both you and my Father. . . . You will have seen by the Newspapers that a Messenger arrived on Wednesday from Ld. Malmesbury. The dispatches are not such as to cause my yet returning to Lisle. We expect, however, that abt. Sunday or Monday another messenger may come, and I may be then wanted for that purpose. I am thus prevented from doing what would give me great pleasure, paying you a visit at Trentham. I believe I shall go again to Holwood to-morrow. I like being there very much. Mr. Pitt lives very comfortably, and one feels oneself perfectly at one's ease; I cannot say exactly the same of Dropmore. I yesterday dined at the Chancellor's, which dinner consisted chiefly of the Cabinet. The Chancellor made particular enquiries abt. you and My Father. I should imagine there could be no doubt that the appointment to the Deanery of Lichfield would be given to my Father. I mentioned to Canning that he had received no answer to his last letter to Mr. Pitt, and Canning said, "He is terribly idle and negligent," but that he was sure he would be very sorry to have shewn inattention to my Father's wishes. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

SPRING GARDENS, Aug. 21st, 1797.

I was made very happy by the receipt of your letter of Saturday last. I cannot express the pleasure I feel from knowing that my Father and you are satisfied with me, and I was glad to find that Georgiana's marriage seems quite settled. You tell me of a great deal that they are to do in the next 2 months,

¹ W. Eliot (1767-1845), third son of Mr. Edward Eliot, of Port Eliot; succeeded his brother as second Earl of St. Germans in 1823.

but you do not say where they go after these two months have elapsed. I am just returned from Holwood. We were a trio, and it is impossible to say how agreeable Mr. Pitt was with only Canning and myself. He talked with the most unreserved confidence upon almost every subject, argued and discussed points with us upon which he had any doubts, and made jokes with us abt. S. Legge, &c., as if he was exactly of our own age. My return to Lisle is still uncertain. We are in daily expectation of a Courier from Lord Malmesbury, and upon that will the time of my return depend. I hear no news of any sort; the last French Papers are very dull. The Directory and Councils seem to be still upon a temporizing system, but no actual compromise has, I imagine, taken place.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM, *Monday ye 28th (August).*

I am sure you will be very happy that Mr. Pitt has written my Lord a very kind Letter, to say that a Prebend at Rochester is vacant, and at his Service for Mr. Woodhouse. Mr. Pitt has not only gratified our earnest Wish of Promotion for Mr. Woodhouse, but he has pleased our Vanity by making you a very handsome Compliment in his Letter, so you see he does not do Things by Halves, nor niggardly. . . . I know not when our Marriage will take place, for the Chief Baron says that, as Mr. Eliot is in his Father's entail, the Lawyers cannot finish in less than a Month. Besides Mr. Eliot's many other Perfections, I think him very entertaining and agreeable. The Macdonalds are with us, and that Lichfield Races may not be totally neglected by this Family, my Lord proposed the young Ones to go there under my Protection, to which Lady Louisa has consented. We hear Mr. Anson has taken every Room in the George Inn for his Family, and all the Cokes of Norfolk, and elsewhere. He is indefatigable in his Attentions to that Borough, in the Hope of *doing away* the Resolution form'd there of never bringing him in again for Lichfield. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LONDON, *Septber 7th, 1797.*

Ld. Grenville sent to me yesterday to say that he shd. not be ready to dispatch me to Lisle before Friday; I shall therefore, I hope, have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Woodhouse this evening, and I think it probable that, as Ld. G. has not yet sent even the draft of the dispatches from Dropmore, that I shall not be able to get off before Saturday night. A Courier arrived this morning. It appears, by the accounts which he brings—but I do not believe

it is known, so do not mention it—that the Directory have actually begun to try their force with the Councils, and it is said that on the night of the 4th many deputies were arrested. I am afraid the army is completely with the Executive Power, and the National Guard is not in a state of organization. The only domestic news I have heard in London is that Miss Musters has run off with a Mr. Vaughan. If he is a good sort of man, she will have done well to have quitted her mother. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LONDON, *September 9th*, 1797.

We have received this morning from Dover the following account of the commotion at Paris:

“Extrait d’une lettre de Calais, 8 Sepbre:

“Le Courier est arrivé hier de Paris sans aucune dépêche, les Barrières sont fermées, personne ne peut en sortir. 64 Représentans compris les deux Directeurs Barthélémy et Carnot sont arrêtés, et leur deportation ordonnée. La Chance n’est pas heureuse pour les honnêtes Gens.”¹

I cannot but regret extremely that my stay in London should have been so long prolonged, and that I am thus at a distance from what at the present moment is so extremely interesting. I am still in hourly expectation of receiving orders from Ld. Grenville to depart, and I hope these accounts from France will not induce him to delay still longer my journey.

Mr. Woodhouse arrived yesterday morning, and I had the pleasure of taking a long walk with him. Canning invited him to dinner in Spring Gardens, where we dined alone, but he was unwilling to leave his Wife and Children, and therefore declined the Proposal. Mr. Pitt is remaining fixed at Holwood. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LONDON, *September 11th*, '97.

I have only time to tell you that having just seen Ld. Grenville, I find that I shall not leave London before Thursday at soonest. A Messenger arrived from Lisle this morning. He confirms every thing you will see in the papers of this Evening.

¹ The Royalists had made considerable gains in the Elections to the Legislature, and Carnot and Barthélémy, who favoured that party, had been elected to the Directory. Thereupon the other three members, Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillère, appealed to Bonaparte, who sent Augereau to represent him. Augereau was appointed to the chief command of Paris, and on 4th September he arrested and imprisoned fifty-three members, including Pichegru and Marbois. Carnot escaped.

The appointment of Merlin¹ and François Neufchâteau² to replace Carnot³ and Barthélémy, will perhaps not be in them, the latter having been elected, or, rather, fixed upon, by the triumvirate on Saturday, and the communication was made to Lisle by the Telegraph. Ch. Delacroix is appointed to the Lisle Negotiation in the room of Pléville, who was made Minister of Marine 5 weeks ago. . . .

G. Canning to G. L. G.

DOWNING STREET,
Monday, Sept. 11th, 1797. 30 m. p. 2 p.m.

Lord Grenville agrees to send a messenger to Lord Malmesbury to-day; but he objects to *your* going. In the present state of confusion in France he could not answer it to himself to trust you to the chances of such a journey.

I tell you this the moment that I know it, as I suppose you will like to write to Ld. Malmesbury fully by the messenger, to exculpate yourself from any share in the delay.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

LONDON,
Thursday, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 o'Clock.

The Captain of the Packet from Calais is this moment arrived here, and brings a melancholy account of the two messengers⁴ that were last sent from England having been drowned in landing from an open boat upon the French Coast. The Dispatches from Lord Malmesbury inform us that all the old French Legation are recalled, and Citoyens Treilhard and Bonnier substituted in their place—two persons of very Jacobinical character. But of this say nothing. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Sept. ye 16th.

I have to express my Lord's and my united Thanks for your kind Attention in writing so frequently to us. We lament the melancholy Fate of the two Messengers at the same Time that we feel the Merely of your not having gone in that Boat. I fear the Triumvirate is determined against making Peace with England. Should their Conduct be such as to manifest this to

¹ Ph. A. Merlin de Douay (1754-1838) had been Minister of Justice.

² François de Neufchâteau had been President of the Assemblée Legislative; was in 1797 Minister of the Interior.

³ L. N. M. Carnot (1753-1823) was President of the Directory, and was in opposition to Barras.

⁴ The two messengers Brooks and Magister.

"Lord G. L. G., in spite of his earnest request to be allowed to return to Lille, as he had promised, with these messengers, was detained by Mr. Pitt for a few days, and saved his life by this delay." (Note in Lord Malmesbury's "Diaries.")

be their Plan, it may be better, for, as their Government is so unsettled, how can any Treaty with them be secure? And would not the Alien Bill, in case of a Peace, be one which would open our Ports to all their wicked Incendiaries, and perhaps cause much Confusion in this Country? I heard at Lichfield that the Democrats are hard at Work to poison the Minds of the Miners in Cornwall, in the hope to make them rise. A propos of Lichfield, we had really a good Meeting, which I had not expected, there being so many of the Families out of the Country; they danced forty Couples. . . . Your Health was drunk at our Ordinary by the whole Company. Thursday we return'd here to Dinner, and very glad I was to find myself at Home again, and your Father in good Health, and not a little Glad to see us. The Chief Baron and Lady Louisa, &c., left us this Morning. He is really very good natured. You cannot imagine how good he has been, and how much Trouble he has taken about Georgiana's Marriage Settlement, which will not be finish'd, I think, before the Beginning of next Month. Lady Louisa¹ is a most Excellent Woman, without any Pretensions. She possesses more good Sense and more real Worth than almost any Body I know. One must live with her to find out her Merit, for her Dress and such Trifles prejudice against her. I hope you will not forget to call upon them. They both love and talk of you in the most flattering Way.

Saturday Evening.—I see in the News-Papers the sad Acct. of the two Messengers being drown'd. My beloved Granville, did not you feel grateful to the Almighty that by *seeming* Accident you were detain'd in England, when you so earnestly wish'd yourself at Lisle. The News-Paper notifies the Change in the French Negotiators. As the Évêque D'Autun is not mention'd, he remains, we suppose, which is not a Reason to think they mean Peace. . . . Adieu, my Dear. My Lord is very well. He and G. desire their kind Love. The Duke of Bridgewater and Mr. Eliot are the only Visitors we have; pray tell the Maedonalds we lament their Departure, and feel a want without them.—Ever most affectely my beloved Granville, Yours,

S. STAFFORD.

There was no further question of Lord Granville's return to Lille. Owing to the failure of the Negotiations, caused in Lord Malmesbury's opinion by the "Political Earthquake on 4th September" in Paris, Lord Malmesbury left Lille on Monday, 18th September, reaching Calais that night, and London on the 20th.

¹ Her stepdaughter, Lady Louisa Maedonald.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

SPRING GARDENS,
Sep^r 21, 1797.

I had only time on Friday last to communicate to you the fact of Ld. Malmesbury's dismissal from Lisle, and I make no doubt that you and my Father attributed it to the true cause, the victory of the Directory over the Councils and People of France. The Triumvirate consider themselves now above public opinion, or they would not have ventured to have terminated the negotiation in so abrupt and insolent a manner; they are confident of having so thoroughly crushed the whole body of the people, of having so completely established the *demie terreur*, that they fear not the publication of the Correspondence, which, if made public, must clearly convince even men prejudiced in their favour against us—men even who have been in the habit of finding excuses for their conduct—that to them alone is owing the prolongation of war. Whether or No the Cabinet shall think fit to publish it I have not yet heard. I hope not, because I am unwilling that we should do any thing to provoke their resentment, and men are always highly incensed at their own iniquities being brought to light. It is indeed a melancholy situation to be reduced so low as to think it necessary to conceal the feelings of indignation which their conduct inspires, but I believe it politic. The People would share with you such feelings but for a very little while; they would soon be as clamorous as ever for Peace, and the difficulties of obtaining it would be augmented by doing any thing to increase the hostile dispositions of the reigning Govt. of France. What a misfortune for this Country was the Revolution of the 18th of Fructidor; it is not only that it has put a stop to the negotiation going on at Lisle, but even if you were to succeed in making Peace with the existing French Govt., how different a Peace wd. it be from that which you wd. have had with the Modéré Party. I do not mean in point of time, I mean that in the first case you would only have a truce with an enemy who will be always happy to ferment a revolution in this Country, whereas in the other case you wd. be at Peace with a Govt. who is desirous of governing upon principles like our own, who are equally interested with ourselves in the suppression of Jacobinism, and who would dread any disturbance in England by which the sectaries of Jacobinism might get the better. In one respect indeed the Directory set us a good example, that of a vigorous internal Government. I do not, however, recommend our carrying it to such lengths as the deportation of all the opposition; but they cannot now quote a Republican form of Govt. as one where civil liberty is best preserved. I cannot say

how sorry I was to hear of the death of Mr. Eliot;¹ it is hard upon Mr. Pitt to have this great private calamity to oppress his spirits at a moment when the failure of the Lisle Negotiation requires all the exertion and vigour of his mind. I am afraid W. Eliot will be very much affected, and I am sure Georgiana will share with him the grief which he suffers. . . .

Lady B. at Bognor to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

I am in despair, for we are going to the I. of Wight and shall not be in town these ten days, and I shall mind worse missing you now that I have had hopes of seeing you than if I had never thought of it. Pray try to put off your going as long as you can, I mean do not purposely hurry if you can help it. Pray tell me whether the Mr. Eliot your Sister is going to marry is the man that was married to Ly. H. Pitt. I hope it is, for I have always had a prodigious fancy for him, for his grief at her death and some other things; and you know it is very proper I should approve of the match and give my full consent before it is settled. It is very hard, I always feel as if all your friends and relations belong'd to me, and they happen to be the people in the world who dislike me the most and have the worst opinion of me whenever they chance to think about me. That reminds me of the conversation I had with you at Bognor which made me very miserable in a thousand ways. All that Charles Ellis said to you pains and perplexes me; I am sure he has the sincerest regard for you, and I feel that all my affection and all I can do for you neither can or ought to make up to you for the loss of so good a friend, yet he seems to think your friendship for him and your regard for me incompatible. However (tho' I may regret it), I shall always think the better of any of your friends that try to draw you from me, holding the opinion I know they do of me.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROEHAMPTON

(Postmark, 2nd October, 1797).

. . . The Hollands are arriv'd, and I go to them tomorrow. Thursday we set out, but we shall not get to Chatsworth for some time, as we stay at Holywell and Woburn. They say Carnot is sav'd, that he escap'd by making use of Rewbels carriage upon some suspicion of their intentions; but all my News comes from Mr. Dundas, the Richmond Apothecary, and I cannot swear to it, so do not mention it on any account, least it should be a secret.

¹ Mr. Pitt's brother-in-law, Mr. Edward James Eliot (born 1758, died 20th September, 1797), was a Lord of the Treasury and City Remembrancer. He married Lady Harriet Pitt, daughter of the first Earl Chatham.

The News paper people should be caution'd to give notice when a thing is a secret or not, for heaven knows what mischief may happen by people going about talking of what they read there. Are you very angry with me? Indeed, I must have very little to say to be writing at this moment. I hope I shall hear from you tomorrow. I have been first to church, then farming, visiting, walking, reading, and drawing the greatest part of the day, and to night spent alternately Between Star gazing and playing on the harp over and over again Rousseau's Romance of

"Que le jour me dure passé loin de toi," &c., &c.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

We were to set out tomorrow, then next day, but it is now settled that we go to Woburn Saturday. Ld. B. is oblig'd to return to town on business Monday or Tuesday; he leaves me either at Woburn or Holywell, but takes me up again Wednesday, when we mean to get to Derby, where my sister talks of coming to meet us. . . . We went to Harrow this morning. John is impatient for his watch, and is living in hopes that you will *bring* it him yourself to Harrow. I told him he had no chance. You are a great favourite with all my boys. . . . We dine at H. H. tomorrow and go to the play. How did you find your Father? Does your Sister seem happy? . . .

You quite frighten me by calling your wig black. What can you mean? I hope it is the colour of your hair. Pray send me an explanation directly. I long to see the Veritable Brutus.¹ . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Thursday (October).

I shall only bid you good night and have done, for I am very tired, principally with packing. I was pleas'd to-day at hearing Ld. Holland praise your future Brother in Law very much, he also talk'd delightfully of you. . . . I wish you were in town to do a *job* for me, for notwithstanding all my pride, I am oblig'd in a most humble, *mean*, and roundabout way to send a petition to Mr. Canning. I flatter myself, however, that he will not know it is from me, and I hope, too, that if he did, that alone would not be an objection. Pray whenever you see C. Ellis again say a

¹ The name given to the close wigs which were the fashion in Paris. Lord Granville cut off his hair and took to wearing a wig while at Lille, and continued to wear one for the rest of his life. Being very fond of playing at tennis, he found powdered hair very inconvenient.

great many kind things for me to him. . . . Mad. de Coigny¹ has been here all this evening (Friday, for I began this last night). It is well I am going, for she entertain'd me so much that I am entichéed with her, and you might ten to one find her established. She told us all her frights and escapes, and was very good in her description of some of the people. She knew Mad. Condorcet very well, and Mad. Tallien, both of whom she likes; the latter she says n'a pas fait vœux de Chasteté, but is not by any means as much the reverse as is pretended. She says Paris in general is divided en petite société all of one party—either Jacobins, Modérés, Royalist, &c., but that Mad. de Staël est la Souveraine de tout cela, chacun puise chez elle, selon son goût, depuis le Téméraire jusqu'à l'ancien régime. C'est la Macedoine Révolutionnaire. We go tomorrow to Woburn. Enquire particularly if the cross posts from where you are to Baccwell come quicker than going round by London and as safe? Good night, Dear Granville. . . . I wish you were here. I forgot to beg you in my last not to wear your wig too tight, it will incline your nose to bleed. I long to see you in it. Mad. de Coigny says il n'y a de salut à Paris que pour les véritables Brutus une tête poudrée sent le Jacobin à deux lieux. You seem to think quite the reverse.

I shall be at Chatsworth Wednesday or Thursday.

Lady B. at Woburn to G. L. G., Trentham.

WOBURN (October ?).

I wish you could have heard the D. of Bedford talk of Mr. Pitt tonight. I assure you your praises of his Eloquence are cold in comparison. He told me if I could imagine the purest, most correct, forcible, and eloquent language spoke in the most harmonious voice and animated manner, seizing with incredible quickness and ingenuity all the weak parts of the opposing arguments, and putting the strongest ones of his own in the most favourable point of view, that I should then have some faint Idea of what Mr. P.'s speaking was. He said it was the most fascinating thing he ever heard. That in general he thought Mr. Pitt plain in his person, but towards the close of an interesting speech that he look'd beautiful; and that he had so little Idea of the possibility of any woman hearing or seeing him at such a time without being in love with him, that if women were

¹ Louise Marthe de Conflans (1759-1832); married, 1775, the Marquis de Coigny, the eldest son of François Franquetot Duc de Coigny. She was a clever, witty, and very handsome, an intimate friend of Lauzun Due de Biron. She was much admired and sought after in London society. Her daughter Antoinette was always called "Fanny"; married, in 1805, General Sebastiani, and died at Constantinople in 1807.

admitted to the H. of Commons, and the D. of Bedford was very much in love with any one, he would make it an absolute point with her always to go out whenever Mr. Pitt got up to speak. There's for you. When did you ever say half as much for your friend? It has made me die to hear him. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

WOBURN, *Sunday, October.*

I never saw so delightful a room as the Library here; it is very large, all the finest Editions magnificently bound. Over the book cases some very fine pictures (portraits), most of them Titians, Rembrandts, &c., three great looking glasses, all the ornaments white and golden, and the furniture blue leather. The upper part of the book cases are let into the wall, and a marble slab forms the base over the folios. You will think me gone mad with all this, but I know you like books and pretty Libraries, that is what makes me describe it so accurately. I believe Ld. B. leaves me here tête-à-tête with the Duke. . . . What are you reading? Pray tell me. . . . We shall be at Chatsworth probably Thursday, unless my Sis meets us.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,
Tuesday (probably November).

I have been riding, and hated it of all things; it reminded me with so much regret of our two rides. How different the most trifling things appear enjoy'd with those we love, or seen without them, the same objects that appear'd beautiful before, the same circumstances that afforded pleasure,

“Thy animating form withdrawn
Have lost their beauty and their power.”

I have just got your letter. How provoking it is to have lost three whole days that I might have seen you; but I must not regret it, since they are well employ'd and make you appear more attentive to your Sister and your Father and Mother. I cannot bear your reading over my letters—pretty things they are to put in order; and those foolish notes, too, I should die with shame at seeing one. Do burn them as fast as you can. You have the advantage of me, for I do not keep yours; but I know that I write such amazing nonsense to you, that it really is not fair to read it a second time. You must direct in future to Hardwick, near Mansfield. We go tomorrow to Wentworth. Pray write me word all you do all day long and every day. I will too. Cha. and C. Greville went this morning, they have both of them been very pleasant ever since they were here. She thinks she

shall get a box, and I really do not know how you can manage with us both; it will seem such an extravagance to subscribe to two—*mais nous verrons*. Snake was a little frisky with me this morning, I wanted you sadly to take care of me. . . . We rode up the Valley to the race ground and round by the old park, but I could hardly admire it. Addio.

Lady B. at Wentworth to G. L. G.

WENTWORTH, *Thursday*.

I shall write a line tho' no post goes tomorrow. Think of my misfortune, I cannot arrange so as to get one letter here; I must wait till Saturday, but then I hope to find three at least from you. I told you (did I not?) to direct to Hardwick, near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. How slow the time will pass till I see you again. Were you ever here? It is a magnificent place. The Mausoleum to *Ld. Rockingham*¹ is very handsome, the building copied from the ancient Mausoleum at St. Rémi. It is seventy feet high. The statue is by Nollekens; it stands in the middle, and is surrounded by busts of *ye Patriots* who were most intimately connected with him. Nothing can be finer than Burke's inscription on the Pedestal, only rather too long for an inscription. Do you know it? I must leave off, for the bell is ringing for prayers. I am angry with myself for it, but the Clergyman here takes off all my devotion; he looks so like the great fat Monks one sees in plays that it is quite unpleasant to look at him.

“Un chanoine vermeil, reluisant de santé
S'engraissant d'uno longuo et sainto oisiveté
La jeunosse en sa fleur brille sur son visage;
Son Menton sur son sein descend à double étage,
Et son robuste corps dans sa vaste grosseur,
Fait gémir les coussins sous sa mollo épaisseur.”

What nonsense I am writing to you. If you knew the man you would see I could not help it.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HARDWICK (*probably November*).

. . . I am sleeping in a black velvet room as large as the State rooms at Chatsworth, with the moon shining thro' the casement and making me see Ghosts and Goblins all round me. I really am half frighten'd, tho' I do not know very well at what. . . .

¹ Charles Watson Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham (1730-1782), the well-known Whig statesman and Prime Minister in 1782. He died *s.p.*, and his estates went to his nophow, William Wentworth, second Earl Fitzwilliam (1748-1833). Lord Fitzwilliam had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795 for less than three months; was recalled on account of his too openly avowed sympathy with the demand for Catholic emancipation.

Tuesday.—When my Sis goes to town see what I shall have on my hands. I who hate writing, writing almost daily to her, Bess, Anne, my Mother, and my Children. Then Lady Holland and Beau I must sometimes, my cousin and Lady Plymouth sometimes also; some chance letters and constant heaps of vexatious trying business for myself and Lord B. . . .

Will you promise me to write constantly—the truth, the *whole truth*, and nothing but the truth? Remember that every heavy post that comes in without a letter will give me a sleepless night and consign me over to Mary and all her damsels sweeping about my great room. This place is beautiful, “with its grey battlements rising over ancient woods,” as Mrs. Ratcliffe describes it, and I like it so much. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HARDWICK,

Thursday (November).

I shall not hear from you tomorrow, tho’ I shall want it sadly, for they all go and “leave the world to darkness and to me.” I have neither colours, pencils, nor paper, or I would begin a drawing for you. I wish I knew what kind of thing you would like, for I told you true at Chatsworth, I am grown so stupid and have so totally lost all invention that I must be told to do so and so, or I shall do nothing. . . .

Friday.—They are all gone, and this is a day to hang oneself. The little light there is can hardly find its way thro’ Ivy and Iron bars that close my casement, and the wind whistles dolefully thro’ the crevices and blows about the loose Arras. Nothing can be more gloomy, but yet I like it of all things. . . . As you are studying Hobbes,¹ I think it quite wrong of you not to come and visit his tomb here and see a goodish picture of him with his Leviathan in his hand. You are going to have all sorts of fine sights I see. I should have lik’d very much both to see the King go to the Nore and to St. Paul’s. . . .

Saturday.—How comes the K. to take no notice of the Peace² with the Emp^r in his Speech? Is it an event of so trifling a nature as not to be worth the mentioning?

Sunday.—It rains and blows and looks so dismal that I can hardly see to write at noon. This is very cross of it, for the park is beautiful and as green as spring. We had a great alarm of fire last night, and you never saw such a scene. The children were all crying and clinging about me, and I assure you I behav’d very well, gave very quiet proper orders, and succeeded in quiet-

¹ Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679), philosopher, author of the “Leviathan.” He spent the latter years of his life at Chatsworth, the home of his former pupil, the Earl of Devonshire.

² The Peace of Campoformio, 17th October.

ing the children, tho' I must own I was terrified (you see I do not want a trumpeter, I can sing my own praises). Every thing was soon put to rights, but the smoke and oppression while it lasted was very frightful. . . .

. . . I have got a box at the Play—the one the D. of B. us'd to have. My Sister says there is a good ballad of Lord Mornington's on Ad^l Duncan's Victory,¹ pray try to get it for me. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, *Novber 2d*, 1797.

We arrived in town about 5 o'clock on Wednesday, after a very prosperous journey, and went to the Cockpit, which was numerously attended. Of the Debate in both Houses yesterday you will read a detailed account in the Newspapers, though perhaps they will not tell you that Wm. Bryan, or, as he is nicknamed, Bruin Edwards,² informed us that "our only safety was in death." The Papers may perhaps also omit to mention that when Ld. Lansdowne spoke of the Lisle Negotiation he said, "then was sent to Lisle Ld. Malmesbury and with him other *pompous persons*." Upon the whole, people seem in tolerably good spirits, and though every one regrets that the Emperor should have concluded his separate peace, yet we are not thrown into despair. My Sisters are both looking very well, particularly Charlotte. Ly. Sutherland very big, and not in her best humour. Of news there seems to be none, nor, indeed, is there any to be expected. Ad. de Winter³ is in London, and has dined, I understand, with Ld. Spencer, and he is likely to be much fêted. De Grasse is quoted as a precedent for shewing such civility. He (that is, de Winter) says that he was the whole summer watching an opportunity to sail with transports, on board of which were 26,000 men, to the Coast of Ireland, and that his intention, if he met Ad. Duncan at Sea, was to fight him, but to make signals to the transports to proceed to their destination, and that in that case, tho' he might have been defeated, Ireland would probably have been lost to England. He was rather surprised upon being told in answer by Duncan that his orders from Government were to sink every transport before they returned a shot against the Dutch men of war, and, having effected this, to engage their fleet. The troops on board their transports became so sickly they were obliged to disembark

¹ Battle of Camperdown.

² Bryan Edwards (1743-1800), West India Merchant, elected M.P. for Grampound through the influence of the Eliots; was an anti-abolitionist.

³ Admiral Jan W. de Winter (1750-1812). The States-General made him Vice-Admiral and Commander of the naval forces at Texel, where he was completely defeated by Admiral Duncan off Camperdown, 11th October, 1797.

them, and the preparations for this expedition cost the Batavian Republic above eleven million of florins—which is, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling. . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, *Novber 9th*, 1797.

Nothing can equal the insipidity and dullness of the House of Commons in consequence of the secession of Opposition. We had, indeed, on Tuesday last a very neat and satiric speech of Pitt upon Tierney and his motion, and I hope to morrow, when the papers of the Lisle Negotiation are taken into consideration, that he will exert himself upon a subject where there is fine room for the display of his eloquence. Ld. Grenville's last night in the Ho. of Lords was good, but I question whether it may not be a little too much upon the high horse, though I think that to animate the country to a continuation of the war a spirited language must be held. The speeches of Citoyen Monge and the arrêtés of the Directory in which they profess openly their intention of revolutionizing England will have, I fancy, more effect than any thing that could be said on this side the water. If, by mentioning again de Winter's name, I was not afraid you would imagine I was abt. to repeat my former letter, I shd. tell you that he is immediately going back to Holland upon his Parole. Thus much for public news. Of private I think there is none. I dined on Tuesday at Mr. Pitt's, and a very agreeable dinner we had. Charles Ellis was there, and with his wig kept mine in countenance. He is now gone to hunt in Leicestershire. You say nothing abt. Georgiana's marriage. I suppose, however, it takes place on Monday. The last bell, John Fox tells me, is now at the admiralty, and that I must finish. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, *Novber 16th*, 1797.

The conversation of the town is chiefly conjecture whether the opposition will attend Parliament when Mr. Pitt brings forward his New budget. Sheridan has, I believe, declared his intention of coming down, and that he intends to exert his utmost with Charles Fox that he may do the same; but Holland is very positive that his endeavours will not be successful, and that Fox will not come to the Ho. of Commons till after Xmas, when he will make some motion for general reform. Grey remains in Northumberland. So much for the old opposition. The neutrality are sunk, if possible, into still greater insignificance than they were last year. Mr. Nicholl's letter in the Morning Chronicle has made them still more ridiculous, and the

epigrams and the forged letters in the True Briton are incomparably good. I suppose they are inserted also in the Sun. There is a new weekly paper coming out which I think My Father would like to take in. The Prospectus of it is very well done. Perhaps one has been sent to my Father. I am sure he would approve of its professions and its objects. The Post bell is now going by, and I must conclude. How very provoking the lawyers have been with respect to Georgiana's Marriage.¹ She will have an everlasting aversion to that description of persons. I really think that if I was in such a situation as that of having proposed, I would be married as soon as possible upon articles rather than wait the tedious time which Lawyers take up in drawing the settlements. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, Saturday, 25th Nov^{ber}, 1797.

Of the general plan of finance, of which Pitt gave us a statement yesterday Evening, you will read sufficiently in the newspapers of this morning, but they do not at all give a competent idea of the severity with which Tierney was treated in Pitt's second Speech. He outdid himself in Sarcasm and Irony. Nicholl was lashed also without much tenderness, and Dundas completed the Evening by his rebukes upon Mr. Curwen. I am not quite sure that the thus overwhelming the present insignificant champions of opposition is quite right; it looks somewhat like bullying, when they are left unprotected by the more able leaders of their party. Morpeth is gone this morning to Castle Howard. I think he ought to have staid till the debates about the taxes were ended, but he considers that his remaining in Town till yesterday was a great sacrifice. The Ellis's have shamefully deserted their duty, and are amusing themselves with the Chase in Leicestershire; but they have persuaded Pitt to excuse their absence, and they are satisfied with having his permission. I have spoken to John Fox abt. the Anti-Jacobin. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, Dec^{ber} 6th, 1797.

Debates have unexpectedly taken up the time which for the two last days I intended employing in writing to you. I am this instant come from the House of Commons where the bill for tripling the assessed taxes² has just been brought in, and which

¹ It took place in November.

² This Bill was passed the following April, 1798, under the name of the "Triplicate Assessment." It was a consolidation of various assessed taxes on the luxuries of the rich and upon property. In the December following (1798) it was repealed and a true income tax of 10 per cent. established on all incomes over £60, with abatements between £60 and £200. It was intended as a temporary war tax.

is at the present moment under discussion. As Pitt had spoken, and as no new lights were likely to be thrown upon it by the observations of Mr. Palk or Mr. Pierrepont¹ (who for the new peerage conferred upon his father six months ago has thought proper to evince his gratitude to the King by declaring "that the Royal family not being taxed was quite *shocking*"), I came away. The Newspapers give an account of the Meeting at the Whig Club, but they are all silent upon the quarrel that took place. Sheridan and Tierney were very violent. The original cause was some observation of the former upon those who still attended their Duty in the House, which Tierney resented. By the interference of Fox, however, they were persuaded to shake hands. I have had a very kind letter from Ld. Malmesbury. Some person will probably be sent to Berlin to congratulate the new king² upon his accession, and Ld. M. proposes to me to write to Pitt upon the wisdom of sending some person that may be relied upon, and will suggest me as the one most proper to be selected for that purpose. I have reflected very much upon the subject, and feel I really could not venture to undertake it, even were Pitt inclined to comply with Ld. M^s Recommendation. If it were a simple mission of congratulation, assuredly there could not be any difficulty; but when it is certain that the same person who is to perform the complimentary part will also be employed in negotiating the co-operation not only of the court of Berlin, but probably that of Petersburg; when I consider how little experience I have had in this species of negotiation; when I reflect upon the vast importance of the objects to be attained, I really feel it to be my duty to decline it, and not put myself in the way of any one of more knowledge and experience. At first sight my ambition was, I own, a little excited, but, however partially you and my Father think of me, you will, I am sure, not blame this diffidence of myself. This, of course, is all of a perfectly secret nature. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

TRENTHAM, Friday Night (9th December).

I am afraid, my dear Granville, you will receive an angry Letter from your Father, for he said, when Mr. Fenton was out of the Room, "Can you believe it possible that Granville could think of declining such an Opportunity? Without an Attachment at Home makes him unwilling to stir from London, it could

¹ A son of Charles Meadows, who assumed the name of Pierrepont on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, the last Duke of Kingston (died 1773); created a Peer, July, 1796, as Baron Pierrepont and Viscount Newark; and in 1806 Earl Manvers.

² Frederiek William III. (1770-1840).

GRANVILLE,
1st MARQUESS of STAFFORD



Granville. First Marquis of Stafford.

from the painting by George Romney.

not enter his mind. He talks of Timidity. That is all a Farce. No young Man ever had such Opportunities as he has had; he seems to me to be totally without Ambition, to have no Wish to distinguish himself. If he declines this Business, I shall not expect any thing from him in future. And is it possible that he can determine a thing of such Consequence to his future Prospects in Life without consulting me? I will write to him to Morrow." "Pray do not vex yourself, my Lord; he says only he shall be inclined to refuse should Mr. Pitt consent to Lord Malmesbury's Proposal," was all the Answer I made. Good Night. I must go to bed. Ever yours, my beloved Granville.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

December.

I know not whether I am not half sorry at your determination about Ld. Malmesbury's proposal. Your reasons for declining it, Dear Granville, are most noble, and do you the greatest honour, and make up in my *mind for half* your Idleness. But tho' every proof I see in you of a generous, disinterested mind, of diffidence of yourself, gives me the greatest pleasure, increases my admiration and, if possible, endears you to me, yet you must not be too humble. If Ld. M. (who must know you well enough to judge) did not think you capable of executing such a charge, he never would have propos'd it to you. You say it is an honourable appointment, and surely it is a laudable ambition to wish to distinguish oneself in useful and honourable employment. However, you have better advisers, thank Heaven, than I can be. For, besides perhaps not judging right, I should scarcely have courage to press you much to go . . .

Lord Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

December 9th, 1797.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—Your Diplomatick and yr. natural father perfectly agree that the present opportunity of putting yr. Self forward to obtain so honourable and in every respect so advantageous a mission as that to the Court of Berlin at this important Crisis ought not to be neglected. Away with diffidence, embrace Ambition, and be a worthy Elève of Lord Malmesbury. I am sure that Ld. Henry Spencer would have executed what I now recommend to you. It is yr. interest and not mine that I consult when I advise you to take this Step; being with great truth yr. affectionate father,

STAFFORD.

G. L. G. to his Father.

WHITEHALL, *Decber 11th*, 1797.

MY DEAR FATHER,—In consequence of your kind letter, I wrote to Lord Malmesbury, and told him that as he had expressed himself so strongly as to the propriety of my not neglecting the present opportunity of going to Berlin, and as I had received a letter from you in which you recommend to me very strongly to put away all such diffident feelings as would make me shrink from the charge of so difficult a business, I could not decline any longer profiting of his very kind offer of mentioning it to Mr. Pitt. I should be very much hurt if you could suppose that my unwillingness to accept it proceeded from any other than the real cause, an alarm at the very great importance and difficulty of the mission; one in which failure was by no means improbable; and to whatever cause the failure might be attributed, the world would fix it upon Govt. having employed a person of youth and inexperience in diplomatic affairs.

Opposition have at length decided they will attend. Fox comes down on Friday next, and the whole party are in high spirits from flattering themselves that the proposed measure¹ of triple assessment will be very unpopular. A plan of Govt. undertaking the insurance which my Mother mentions in one of her letters to me has been submitted to Mr. Pitt. I have not heard what are the objections. *Prima facie* there appear to be no other than the monopolizing a trade which has been in the hands of a great many individuals whose property is embarked upon it, and from whom without injustice you cannot take it away. Pray give my Duty to my Mother, and I am your ever Dutiful and affectionate Son,

G. L. G.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Sunday Night (13th December, 1797).

My Lord says you did right in making use of his Name, for he certainly wishes very much that you should be the Person to go to Berlin to congratulate the new King on his Accession to the Crown. He is much disturb'd that *this Bill* should cause so much Disatisfaction, but he thinks that the Bill may not yield less, when the Modifications are made out, than the higher (or, rather, richer) Classes should pay more than intended by the original Bill, by which Alteration the assess'd Taxes may yield as much as at first calculated. Your Father and *many, many* others would have Satisfaction in voluntary Payments, were it not that the well affected would pay for those who can as well afford, and whose Principles lead them to oppose Government. . . .

¹ The Assessed Tax Bill.

*Lady Stafford to G. L. G.**Thursday Night.*

My Lord is very much pleased with your Letter, and he hopes Ld. Malmesbury's Recommendation will succeed, and that every Part of the Business may prove to your Heart's Content. He is surc you will have every assistance from Ld. M., and that Mr. Canning will be most sincerely inclined to be of Service to you. Mr. Sparrow was here Yesterday. My Lord desired him to try to get a short plain Sort of Statcment of the present Bill printed to disperse in the County, to frustrate the Reports and Misrepresentations made Use of by the Opposition, and the Jacobins to create Discontent. Your Father is of Opinion that Government should have Something of this Nature sent all over this Island, and in so plain Language that common People may understand that the Poor, and the less Poor, are exempt from the asscess'd Taxes. He thinks Government should not delay this Measure, and that the Pamphlet should mention the Necessity of Money being raised, the Consideration which Mr. Pitt shews for People unable to contribute, and the Pains taken by our internal Enemies to poison the Minds of those who by acceding to this Measure would be aiding the Exertions of Government to save us from impending Ruin. I had a Letter last Light from Port Eliot. G. says they are all Kindness to her. Lady Harrowby made us a Morning Visit, which prevented my writing several Letters, and occasions my scribbling *away* now without hardly knowing that I say. Two of the Ladies Stewart are with us; I like both. They know more than most Girls, and, without being in their Manner exactly the Thing, they are most pleasing, cheerful, not a Grain of Affectation nor Deceit. My Lord seems to be partial to them. Lord and Lady Galloway are at Creswell. Mr. Inge has been here; he is quite handsome, sensible, and civil. His *Rage* for hunting is abated, and we think Lady Elizabeth¹ very fortunate, for we hear a vast Deal of Good of him. The Pigots are here. Adieu, my dearest dear Leveson. Your Father thinks with you that Government taking *the Insurance of Captures* into their Hands would not be advisable, although there are sensible plodding Heads that advise it. We saw a Letter from London, which says that the Opposition is so disunited as to make it very uncertain whether or no they will appear in their Places in the House of Commons to Morrow. Good Night. That every Good may constantly attend you is the constant Wish of your most affte

S. STAFFORD.

¹ Lady Elizabeth Stewart, fourth daughter of seventh Earl of Galloway, and a niece of Lady Stafford; married, in January, 1798, William P. Inge, Esq., of Thorpe Constantine in Staffordshire. He died 1855.

*G. L. G. to his Mother.*WHITEHALL, *Decber 15th*, 1797.

Lord Grenville yesterday, in a conversation with Canning, told him that he intended that either Morpeth, Paget, or I should be sent to congratulate the new K. of Prussia upon his accession to the throne. The idea of sending Paget was, however, given up from the recollection that he had been not long since at Berlin in the capacity of Chargé d'affaires. Between Morpeth and myself he gave no opinion, and asked Canning's advice. Canning at that time gave him no answer. He has written to Morpeth to advise him to decline it in my favour, and I make no doubt it will end in my obtaining the appointment. I have thought it right to explain to Morpeth why I could not waive my pretensions, and have urged as the strongest reason that my Father was desirous I should be employed. We had an animated debate last night. Fox was very violent, and in some parts very eloquent, but upon the immediate question before the House his arguments were few and weak. The meetings about and in London influenced some of the votes. The friends of Govt. have not exerted themselves nor attended any of these meetings; the fact is, it is not very easy or very pleasant to engage to persuade men that a measure which takes money out of their pockets is proper and necessary. The modifications of the bill will be so great that the hardships sustained will not be numerous. The extent of modification will, I fear, however, much diminish the produce of the Contribution. . . .

*G. L. G. to his Mother.*WHITEHALL, *Decber 22^d*, 1797.

Canning has told me that he had written a long letter to Trentham, stating that my appointment to Berlin was absolutely determined, and that I should set off the end of next week. I am made extremely happy by Frere¹ having offered to accompany me. There may be many circumstances arise where I might wish very much for the opinion and advice of one upon whose judgment I could place reliance, and besides it will be a great comfort to have the company of a person of cleverness and good nature upon a long, dreary journey of at least ten days. The third reading of the assessed tax bill is put off till next Monday Se'ennight, and, as upon a question of this sort every

¹ John Hookham Frere (1769-1846); in 1796 was M.P. for West Loe in Cornwall; in 1797-98 joined with Canning and others in the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*. He succeeded Canning as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in 1799, and from 1800 to 1804 was Envoy to Lisbon and Madrid. He married the Countess of Errol (Miss Elizabeth Blake) in 1806.

vote may be considered as of consequence, we shall not leave London probably till after the Bill has gone thro' the Ho. of Commons. Hammond was yesterday desired by Ld. Grenville to notify to Ld. Elgin¹ my nomination, but as I am not certain that the King is yet aware that I am to go, I have not made it public. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Saturday Morning, ye 23rd.

I have just finished a Letter to Mr. Canning, in which I wish'd to express a little how much we feel his Friendship for you. He is a sincere and zealous Friend. We *love* him for it, and we are very sensible of the kind Attention he always shews to us. But, my dear Granville, I shall be in a State of Anxiety from the Time you arrive at Berlin till your Mission is over; not that I doubt your Capability, but Ambition, Vanity, Affection, and a thousand other Sensations, will occupy my Mind till you return; and we are delighted that you go this honorable Mission. We think your Understanding good, that you are prudent and cautious, not talkative; that Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Canning will give you any Assistance in their Power. We therefore flatter ourselves that we shall have to say at the End of this Mission, "Thanks to the Gods, my Boy has done His duty." It has this Instant occur'd to me that it may be proper for you to give some Message of Thanks to Lord Grenville from your Father, and I cannot ask his Opinion, for he has been shut up all Morning in the Office with Mr. Lowndes, and I fear till after Dinner I can have no Opportunity of speaking to him; if then, I will put in a Postscript what he says. Do you know I was in a Fuss both about the King and Mr. Pitt the Thanksgiving Day, and very glad we were that all ended so well. Will it not be best to send your Groom to Rose-Castle with the Bishop's Hunter? I think you cannot make any Use of him this Spring. And some of the Gentlemen said Yesterday, "That Hunter has been a very fine Horse; he has work'd hard, and appears as if he had done a good deal of Work this Year. I do not think he will do much more." This Opinion may be fallacious, but if you cannot want him, he may as well go Home. Send me an answer to this. And should you take any Step about the Supplementary Militia before you leave England? I suppose it is not necessary to resign; if not, will it not be proper to write Something, though I know not what, to Colonel Maden before you go? Col. Sneyd was here this Morning. He and Mrs. Sneyd are to come to stay

¹ Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin (1766-1841), best known as the collector of the "Elgin Marbles," was Minister to the Court of Berlin.

with us ten Days in less than three Weeks. Lord Morpeth has really behaved handsomely on this Occasion. I quite like him for it. So liberal and friendly a Conduct must insure Esteem and Regard.

Saturday Evening.—Your Letter, which I received this Evening, is a very great Pleasure to me. I am truly happy that Mr. Frere goes with you; the Comfort on a long Journey, and in a *strange* Place, of having an agreeable sensible Companion is very great, and one, too, that you can converse with upon interesting Subjects, and of whose Judgement and Cleverness you have an Opinion, is quite a *Bonheur*. You will be glad on our account that Mr. Eliot stays till March, for I think my Lord will now go to Town this Spring, without Doubt. . . . I suppose you must go to Brunswick in your Way to Berlin; if so, I will write to the Dss. of Brunswick by you. I am sure the Duke and Dss. will both be happy to see you. You will find the Duke very sensible and well bred. Is he not very much esteem'd by this King of Prussia? But tell me, what will you do with your Wig? How will you manage your Head Dress? The Dutchess will love you for my sake first, and I think your *Outside* will not make her less inclined to think well of you. Adieu, my Dear, my beloved Granville. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
December 27th, 1797.

The day of my departure remains still undecided, and till the arrival of the Gentleman who is to bring the official information of the death of his Prussian Majesty, no time can be positively fixed. I regret this delay. Every hour may be of consequence, and though I confess I am not very sanguine in my expectations of interesting the K. of Prussia in our favour, or at least of persuading him to take an active part against France, yet the earlier we make the application, the more probability will there be of success. I cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the very handsome manner in which Morpeth gave up his pretensions. Since he has been in Town he has always appeared extremely happy at my appointment, and we have talked it over very comfortably together. He remains on here till after the third reading of the assessed tax bill, which will certainly be on Tuesday next. I fear before it is passed into a Law there will be time for many more meetings to take place upon the subject of it, and though the modifications have taken away a little from its unpopularity, yet the fewer assemblages of people are held upon an efficient tax the less clamour is likely to be raised.

On Monday an account was received of the death of Mr.

Lambton,¹ He died at Sienna. Ld. Villiers and Mr. R. Lambton are setting off for Florence to comfort Ly. Anne and take care of her home.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Thursday, ye 28th.

Yours of the 27th, my dear Granville, arrived this Evening. I am sorry that your Journey is obliged to be delay'd. The shorter Time his Prussian Majesty has to arrange Matters before you get there, the more Chance of your doing Good. So they are banishing more Editors of News-Papers in France! I am glad of it; the faster they go on, the sooner their Reign will End. Have you received a Letter from me, desiring to know your Will and Pleasure about the Bishop's Hunter? If you go through Brunswick, and some other Questions, to none of which have you made any Answer. Perhaps whilst you were writing you forgot these Interrogatories. Lord and Lady Garlies are here. He rides your beautiful black Horse every Day, and is delighted with it. Captain Paget call'd in his Way into Anglesea. We expect some of my Brother's Family to Morrow. Lady Harriet Chichester is brought to Bed, she is not very well. We shall hear again to Morrow. Lord Villiers is at Beau-Desert, and intends to set out next Week for his Sister. I am sorry for Mr. Lambton and his Wife and Family. How I do *hop* from one Subject to another! for now I am going to express my Approbation of Lord Morpeth's Conduct. His coming to attend the third Reading of the assess'd Taxes, at the Time that he so handsomely gave up the Mission to Berlin to you, is the Conduct of a liberal Mind. Does not the Address from Londonderry to Lord Camden give a pretty flat Contradiction to Lord Moira's Famous Speech? We suspect that in London there is more Stir about the assess'd Taxes than any where else, and I think there is little Doubt that in a short Time they will appear to these Kingdoms in the same Light as those Acts about Sedition, which made a Noise at first, and are now esteem'd the Saviours of this Country. The Examiner of last Monday was very good. I wish you would order one of them to be sent to Mr. Woodhouse, I mean that of last Monday; *but you will forget it*. I think if they were made known in the different Counties they would be very generally taken; People who have seen them here are much pleased with them. . . .

P.S.—How is Lord Malmesbury, and how long stays he in London? You know I am to send him one of our Fowls.

¹ William Henry Lambton of Lambton, M.P. for Durham; born 1764; married, 1791, Lady Anne Villiers, daughter of fourth Earl of Jersey; died 30th November, 1797. His son was John George, first Earl of Durham.

CHAPTER VI

1798 (AGE 24 TO 25)

SPECIAL MISSION TO BERLIN—PARLIAMENT AND MILITIA

LORD GRANVILLE started on his Mission to Berlin early in January, but owing to the King's illness his audience did not take place until March. As soon as this was over he paid a flying visit to the Duchess of Brunswick, and returned home on the 24th.

At the beginning of this year the country was roused by the announcement at the opening of Parliament of the French threat of invasion, and active steps were taken to form bodies of Yeomanry and Volunteers. In May there was a rising in Ireland, but it was repressed shortly after Lord Cornwallis's arrival in June as Lord Lieutenant. A body of about 800 French under General Humbert landed at Killala in August. Failing to find the support they had expected from the Irish, they very soon surrendered to General Lake.

General Bonaparte took possession of Malta and Alexandria in June and July, while Nelson was vainly pursuing the French Fleet in the Mediterranean. At last he found it in Aboukir Bay on August 1, and fought and won the Battle of the Nile. Definite news of his success did not reach London for nearly two months, and great anxiety had been felt about him.

In the autumn Mr. Pitt formed his second Coalition against France, and Great Britain was joined by Austria, Russia, Naples, and the Turks.

After Lord Granville's return from Berlin, he had a long time of duty at Plymouth Dock with his Militia, guarding French prisoners, and in November he made his first speech in the House of Commons, moving the Address.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, *Sunday, Jan'y 2d, 1798.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I thank you very much for your extract of the Dutchess of Brunswick's letter,¹ and I hope she may not be mistaken in any of the information she imparts; but it does not

¹ This letter is missing.

quite accord with other accounts that I have seen. By them it appears that the Hanoverians are not without apprehension of this Scheme of new organization of the Empire being realized, and it is said the D. of Brunswick is very reserved in advising the new King of Prussia, and, indeed, the dismissal of the King of France from Blankenbourg, which is situated in the Duke's dominions, does not look much like resistance to the inclinations or intentions of the French Republic. I still am ignorant of the day of my departure. I have not yet seen Ld. Grenville. The unpleasant story of Ld. Camelford's¹ Conduct in Barbadoes I believe is the cause. I have been employed for these two days in reading Ld. Malmesbury's correspondence when he was last at Berlin, both public dispatches and private letters. It is very voluminous, but it lets one into the politics of the different courts of Europe at that period, and gives much knowledge as to the different characters of the persons of high Station and in confidence in Prussia when he was employed to negotiate our treaty with the late King. Count Haugwitz² was then Minister for foreign affairs, and he is still in office and influences very much the opinions of his present Majesty. . . . I have written to the B. of Carlisle abt. his Horse.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

January 5th, 1798.

I believe it is now settled that I shall leave London on Sunday next. I am to embark at the Nore, and shall, if this wind continues, have a passage probably of less than three days, and arrive at Berlin I hope abt. Monday or Tuesday Se'en-night. I feel a sort of nervousness upon the occasion, much as if I had to make a speech in Parliament. I am not very sanguine as to any good that may be obtained from the K. of Prussia, and I fear the world may attribute a want of success to the inexperience of the person employed upon the mission. We had a very long and animated debate last night; Perceval's speech was incomparable. I never saw the opposition so stung as they appeared to be by his remarks upon their secession and upon the ambiguous words of Fox respecting a radical reform of Parliament and of the Government. This expression Fox after-

¹ Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford of Bocconoc (1775-1804; entered the Navy in 1789, and had a notorious career. While on the Leeward Island station (1797) he shot Charles Peterson, a brother officer, during a quarrel concerning seniority. Tried by court-martial at Martinique, he was acquitted on the ground that Peterson had refused to obey his orders, and was therefore a mutineer. His sister Anne had married, in 1792, William Wyndham, first Lord Grenville. For a further episode on his stormy career, see note to letter, 14th January, 1799, p. 236.

² Gratien H. K. Count Haugwitz (1758-1832) had been Minister of Foreign Affairs to Frederick William II., and retained his position under the new King, Frederick William III. The tendency of his policy was to bring France and Prussia into a closer connection. He was replaced in 1803 by Count Hardenberg when the French troops occupied Hanover after the disaster of Jena.

wards explained away, giving it the most prudent interpretation possible. I rather think Sheridan has been lecturing him upon this subject, for abt. 10 days ago I heard Sheridan lamenting in the strongest terms that Fox shd. talk such nonsense abt. reform, &c., at a moment when the unpopularity attending the imposition of heavy taxes might give him an opportunity of displacing Pitt, if it were not for the dread of those doctrines being practised which Fox has of late so openly supported. I am glad that you will soon have the pleasure of Susan's Company; she tells me that they leave London to morrow, and arrive in Staffordshire on Monday. I fear that my letters to you from Berlin must necessarily be very short, for what with public dispatches and private letters to public men, my time will be very fully employed. Will you desire my groom to take the Bishop's Horse to Sudbury? . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Tuesday (probably February).

It is sadly discouraging to write without the chance of hearing for so long. Monsr. de Luc (whom I send to look at the wind every five minutes) assures me it has been fair these four days, so I hope you are safe landed before now. Anne and I talk till we frighten one another, and I have with great difficulty prevented her writing to Mr. Can^s to enquire after you. He would have some reason to exclaim at our impatience from this second attack. Caroline has been up half the day. She will not be mark'd;¹ at least there are only two spots I have doubts of, but they would not do her much harm even if they staid. The boys and Ld. B. went to shoot at Wimbledon. I read and drew harlequin faces for the child, and talk'd a little to A. on our usual subject. . . . Lord Petersham² came, and I was oblig'd to ask him to dinner, which he accepted, and stays to sleep. Poor boy, il s'en repentira, for never was such a bore as it must be to him. You cannot think how much Lord Holland's Speech is lik'd. Pray tell me what you hear of it. . . .

Wednesday, 17th.—I wonder whether the Morning Chronicle comes to you, and whether how

"In every fair one's ear at balls and plays

The gentle Granville Leveson whispers praise," &c., &c., &c.³

¹ Recovering from the chicken-pox.

² Charles, Viscount Petersham (1780-1857); succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Harrington in 1829.

³ These lines occur in *An Epistle to the Editor of the Anti-Jacobin* which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and was quoted and replied to in No. XI. of the *Anti-Jacobin* on 23rd January, by the verses beginning—

"Bard of the borrowed lyre! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackneyed song."

will reach you. See what it is to be an Ambassador and an Anti-Jacobin.¹ Anne is getting the whole poem by heart, that she may have the pleasure of spouting it all day long to Sol and you. When shall we hear from you? My impatience and anxiety is grown past all enduring, yet I am oblig'd to console Anne. She had written to Mr. C^g to know if he had heard of you, but I would not let her send it. . . . Caroline is recovering fast, and came from her room to dine today. She said this morning, "I suppose Ld. G. L. would not deign to look at me if I am all pitted with the chickenpox." I ask'd her why she thought so. She said, "he seems too fine a gentleman to like ugly people; but I can assure him I would not give sixpence for any body who would not like me as well with a rough face as a smooth one." I don't know why Caroline supposes you are so govern'd by looks, but I think you ought to be flatter'd as you are certainly the only person she has enquir'd after. I am reading Bonnet's² 3d Vol.; it is a strange book, but certainly interesting. You are dans le pays des illuminés, and should read it there and enquire. . . .

Thursday, 18th.— . . Caroline is so much better that I left her and took a long ride today; the air was soft and fresh. . . I ended my ride with Ly. Minto, who is most amazingly civil to me, but talks me to death. . . . What are you doing, I wonder? In the newspapers today it talks of a vessel from Cuxhaven. I hope that will bring accounts of you. Does your companion continue to please you as much as he did at first? . . . I hope you have some one else who writes you news. I know none, and what adds, I believe, to my stupidity is great anxiety at this moment concerning Bess if she marries the D. of Richmond.³ (Mind, there is nothing settled.) It seems quite a separation from us all, and changing the habits of fifteen years' standing is always a serious thing, especially at our age. . . .

¹ The *Anti-Jacobin* appeared first on 20th November, 1797, and continued until July, 1798—a satirical publication directed against revolutionary principles. Mr. Canning, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. J. Hookham Frere, and Mr. George Ellis, were the originators. It was edited by William Gifford, a man with a varied career, beginning as a cobbler, and later becoming the first editor of the *Quarterly Review*. James Gillray was also a contributor. Mr. George Ellis was nearly twenty years older than the other Oxford friends. He was a friend of Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, and of Lord Malmesbury, whom he accompanied on his various diplomatic expeditions.

² Perhaps Pierre Bonnet (1638-1708), a doctor who wrote on music and dancing; he thought himself haunted by a spirit he called "Eliel," who gave him advice as to his actions and what was to happen to him.

³ Charles, third Duke of Richmond (1734; died *s.p.* 1806), married, 1757, Lady Mary, daughter and co-heir of Charles, fourth Earl of Elgin. She died 5th November, 1796.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Berlin.

Saturday, 19 (February).

How shall I ever have patience to wait! Mr. C. says, in answer to Anne, that you will be ten days at sea, and the ship may be as long returning. What, twenty whole days (almost a month) without hearing! Alas, alas, alas, how shall I bear it! And all these vile arrangements will block up the vessels, and how are you to come back? Do you care as much about it, My Dear Granville, or do the pleasures of travelling and the amusements of *the Carnival* banish all other thoughts from your mind? We are still at Roehampton, and leading much the same life—that is, reading, drawing, riding, a little musick, and a great deal of piquet, at least between Anne and Ld. B. The Pheasants, Hares, and Partridges at Wimbledon and Uplands ought to pray for your return, for since you went, *he* shoots every day and all day long, and I am in perfect Liberty. Caroline is almost well, and has been down. I expect my Cousin and Ld. J.¹ tomorrow. The latter has been very ill—seiz'd with a strange fit of—I know not what to call it. He fancied he was beset by Devils who were tormenting him. In flying from them he rush'd into a room full of waiters (at some town where he was), and, mistaking them for more Devils, begun menacing great violence towards them. When he recover'd he was so terrified of what had happen'd (recollecting the dreadful malady of his family) that he sent for Dr. Hunter; but they assur'd him and every body that it was only something like a waking nightmare, and would be follow'd by no consequence. He is perfectly well now. But I should tremble were I her. What will become of her, poor thing, if anything should happen to him!

Sunday, 21st.—Poor Willy has caught the chicken-pox. I suppose it will go thro' the family. Caro is almost well. I wonder what kind of weather you meet with on your journey. Here we have absolute summer; there was less rain and more sun, but I do not think it was warmer in Italy in Jan^v. I walk'd with the children this morn^g and botanis'd with old De Luc.² Return'd and found Ld. and Ly. John and Ld. Petersham who sleep here. Ld. John is quite well, and says his illness was gout in his head. He is more entertaining than usual, and you would approve of him, for he fights the battles of your Anti Jacobin only in some things, tho'. Poor Ld. Petersham has but a bad

¹ Lord John Townshend, second son of George, first Marquis of Townshend, born 18th April, 1757; had married, 10th April, 1787, Georgina Anne Poyntz; daughter of Mr. Poyntz of Midgham.

² Jean André de Luc (1727-1817), geologist and natural philosopher; settled in England about 1771.

time of it I wonder why he comes, for he must be bor'd to death. He seems a goodnatur'd boy, but I am sure he wears *stays* like what *Misses* us'd to wear some years ago. Anne will never resist feeling him to find out, and he bows so unmercifully à tout propos, that I (who am not us'd to such violent civility) am all astonishment. The Castle Spectre is come out, and reads better than I expected; the music is beautiful. . . . There is a report of Hamburg being stopt up and all English vessels seiz'd or sent away. How are you to return? . . .

Monday.—Lord Malmesbury was here this morning, *bénévole consolateur des délaissées*. He says he sent you the verses on the Anti Jacobin, and their answer, which I have not seen yet. There are also some goodish lines tack'd on to Sol's translation, which I kept, intending to send you, but can no where find the paper again. But he has put me in despair by talking of Hamburg being shut up and ye Elbe clos'd in with ice. What will you do, and when shall I hear? Voilà le refrain ordinaire de chaque phrase. . . .

Poor Willy is quite ill. I have had him on my lap all day, and I am very tired both in spirits and body. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Tuesday, Feby.

I have just been reading the answers to the verses in the Morning Chronicle, and I think even you must allow that what ever else we fail in, we beat you fairly in wit. In this as in most of the prose part, and in many of the Administration Speeches also, I think your friends seem to mistake invective and abuse for argument and wit. They prove nothing nor attempt it, but to make up they *assert* baldly—thro' thick and thin. I hope Mr. C^s did not write this. I am almost sure not. It is not good enough for him, and there are two or three gross mistakes he could not have made; and yet there are four good lines, too (more than the author allows his opponent), if they were but founded on fact instead of the absolute reverse. I mean the beginning of the Attack on Adair ending "wrote half a letter to demolish Burke." What convinces me they are not Mr. Canning's is he never could have made so stupid a blunder in trying to explain a blunder as this man does. The poor Anti Jacobin falls off sadly. Today's is better than usual. I think the application of the Moth (allowing for the excessive insolence and vanity that rings thro' the whole paper) rather good, and I am very much oblig'd to them for taking up poor Mr. Wilberforce's cudgels, for I think it quite shameful that merely because a man is religious and benevolent, and not ashamed of avowing

it, all sides are to join in abusing him. I do not think his being a shabby Politician at all an excuse even for opposition, and I hear people on your side say almost as much. Will you forgive this Tirade, Dear Granville? It was chiefly brought on by disputing with Anne, I believe, and I write to you just as I should speak were you by. I am glad I made your friend Ld. Malmesbury allow that the Anti verses were not half so good as the Morn^g Chronicle's, and that instead of only one good line, there was scarce one bad line in 34. Was this mere complaisance, or his real opinion? Poor Willy is rather better today, but very languid and very feverish; he is easy no where but in my lap. I never saw any thing so pretty as Caroline Nursing him. It is above three weeks since I saw you, and the whole absence was to have been but a month; yet, so far from thinking of return, I have not yet been able to hear from you even. . . . I do not know what is the matter with me, but I am very feverish and heavy. I hope I am not going to be ill, for the children cannot spare me yet. Heaven bless you. . . . Do not think from all my abuse of the Anti Jac. that I am prejudiced against Mr. C.—quite the reverse, I assure you. I know no greater proof of your power, but I really feel quite Interested about him, as I do for every thing yt belongs to you in any way, and it is that very reason that provokes me the more when I see the violence and want of judgment there is in his paper. . . .

Wednesday.—I felt very unwell when I left off writing to you last night, which encreas'd so much in the course of the day that I was oblig'd to send for the Apothecary, who bled me very plentifully, but, tho' it made me faint, it has reliev'd me wonderfully. Tonight I only feel languid and stupid. . . .

Thursday.—The illness that has threaten'd me so violently for some days past has at length declar'd itself. I was found this morning cover'd from head to foot with the chickenpox. . . . This illness is more trying than of consequence, but it is attended with a good deal of fever and oppression on the chest and head, so I will write no more. . . .

My children are getting well fast, and I dare say my illness will be very trifling. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

ON BOARD THE RANGER, NEAR CUXHAVEN,
Jan^y 18th, 1798.

I wrote to you this morning before 8 o'clock a long letter (that is to say, one of three pages), which I had flattered myself might be thrown into a packet which we saw about to meet us; it did pass very near our Ship, but unfortunately our little bundle of

letters were not tossed with sufficient adroitness, and they sunk to the bottom of the Sea. To morrow we are to land, though I will not assert it positively, notwithstanding we are distant only two miles from our port, for I have thought for the last 4 days that before night we must reach Cuxhaven. Our passage has indeed been rough and long. Every comfort which did not depend upon the smoothness of the sea or the favourableness of the winds has been afforded us by Cap. Campbell. It is impossible to say how attentive and good natured he has been to us during the whole of our voyage, and it is great satisfaction to us that he is to remain at Cuxhaven to convey us back to England. We are not, however, without apprehension that the ice which at the present moment blocks up the Elbe for a considerable distance may force him from his Station. I have relapsed from my former Dido stoutness at Sea, and have been much incommoded during my passage, but my head ache and sickness are now quite gone off, and I am well prepared for our journey to Berlin, which I suppose will be four or five days in being performed. Our stay there need not be very long (the reasons why it will be short I explained in a letter before I left London), and I hope to be again in England the middle of next month.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

BERLIN, Wednesday, 24th Jan^{ry}, 1798.

We are this moment arrived here . . . after a tedious journey of three days and three nights from Hamburg thro' the most sandy and at the same time the most stony roads upon which I ever yet travelled. We heard upon the Road that Berlin was all life and gaiety, that there were balls every night; but I am much mortified to hear that the King has been unwell, and Ld. Elgin sends me word that he does not think it probable that I shall have my audience on that account for some days. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Berlin.

Sunday, 4th.

No letter yet. How can I write in this uncertainty? I have, besides, not been well these two days—that is, only weak and Languid from the sharp discipline I have been oblig'd to go thro' to get rid of the fever that hung about me from the chicken Pox. I hope I have done with it now. If you are kept as long as your letters have been, what is to become of us? I use the plural, for I assure you Anne frets for you almost as much as I do. I have been reading a life of the late Ld. Chatham.¹ Did you ever read it? It is very interesting from containing so

¹ Anecdotes of the Life of Lord Chatham and his Parliamentary Speeches; compiled by L. Almon, 1797.

many of his Speeches, which are delightful, but I was surpriz'd to see how much more *jacobinical* his language is than any thing ever ventur'd now. I question whether some of his Speeches repeated would not bring the speaker within reach of some of his Son's new bills! I am sure that Speech of Mr. Fox's which you all cried out so at, of resistance being now merely a matter of prudence, was nothing to what Ld. Chatham says. My only comfort is that since things were so bad then and we weather'd it, perhaps we shall escape even the mischiefs brought upon us since. However, there are some subjects that even with all my admiration I cannot agree with Ld. Chatham upon. I have been reading, too, some of [illegible] Novels. Did you ever meet with them? They are in the style of Boccaccio, and like in him one finds a thousand stories. Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Measure for Measure, and Sigismunda and Guiscardo¹ all come from them—or, rather, Gabrielle di Vergi,² for it is more that story. . . .

Tuesday, 5th.—I have not written these two days, as I was told no more letters would be sent to you. How happy I was to hear it and to receive two from you; I cannot express to you the delight I felt. How I regret your last letter! Surely you were very awkward to throw it into the sea. My impatience for your return is doubled, since I know there is a chance of its being so near. Oh che piacere di rivederli. Let me know the instant you land. You put me in agony with the chance of your being ill, but everybody assures me you must soon be here. How can you doubt that it delights me to have letters from you as nearly like conversing with you as possible? The only use of writing is to keep unbroken that chain of confidence which makes one know each other's thoughts, and reunites in spite of distance. . . . I will certainly coax my Brother the first opportunity I have to make your Capt. Campbell Post. I don't know whether I shall succeed, but he has been very good and done three or four jobs of that kind for me, and perhaps he will this. I admire your ingenuity in making chess men and a chess board, and still more in your reasons for being beat by me; of course *I* had nothing to take off *my* attention. I shall have almost as great a mind to play with Mr. Frere as with Mr. Ryder, were it possible, not that I am standing up for female strength of mind; but chess is all plotting and planning, which I thought was allow'd to be a woman's fort. We came to town yesterday, but I did not tell any body I was coming. Anne din'd with us, but went home when Ld. B. went to Brookes's. I stayed alone and read and play'd. . . .

¹ Dryden's "Sigismunda and Guiscardo" came from Boccaccio.

² By Pierre L. B. de Belloy (1727-1775).

Thursday.— . . . I call'd on Mad. D'Aguesseau, who amus'd me with a great many anecdotes of the French here, and some of Sol. Came home early to prepare for the play, where I took the Children, Knave or not, and Blue Beard. The former is very bad, tho' much applauded; the epilogue rather good, I think, spoke by Mrs. Jordan, ridiculing herself in the Castle Spectre. Blue Beard is very pretty indeed, especially Miss Delany's acting when she watches for help from the tower, which made A. and me cry. I had ask'd nobody to come to us, and we went, stayed, and came away without seeing a soul. I hate seeing anybody, tout le monde me dégoût. . . . I set A. down, went to the warm Bath, came home, and read and wrote till now, when I shall say, as my little Caroline does when anything tires her, "my faculties are suspended and my blood is congeal'd." So good night. Did you ever read Marini's¹ Adonis? I have been looking at a good deal of it to-night. A great deal of it is bad taste and concetti, and a great deal not over proper; but there are beautiful things in it, and very well worth reading. . . .

Friday, 8th.—I have not written, as I have been expecting you daily, but now I begin to fear you will not come so soon, for if the gaieties do not tempt you, that stupid K. being ill will detain you. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady B.

BERLIN,
Saturday, Janry 27th, 1798.

Soon after dinner I called upon an old Lady who is nominated *rande Maîtresse*. I found the young Queen² there in an *unress*, having just left the King's Bedside, where she has almost always remained during the course of his Majesty's illness.³ She looked very beautiful, and her manners are perfectly gracious, unaffected, and modest. She is very deservedly adored by all the inhabitants of Berlin. From this old Lady's I went to a grand ball given by one of the Ministers, and was desired to dance with the Queen's Sister, Princess Louis.⁴ See what it is to have ambassadorial dignity. I, of course, could not refuse so great an honour, and, indeed, had no inclination to refuse it, though the room was hot and I was not without apprehensions of my powdered wig being deranged. I found her a very agreeable partner, and very good natured; she has a great deal of conversa-

¹ J. B. Marini (1569-1625), Italian poet.

² Louise Amelie, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz; born 1776, married to Frederick William III. in 1793. She died 1810.

³ He was laid up with an attack of measles.

⁴ Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg Strelitz (1778-1841); married three times: first to Prince Ludwig of Prussia, brother of King Frederick William III.; secondly, to Prince von Solms Braunsfels; and, thirdly, to the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover.

tion, and is perhaps not totally without coquetterie. I have now returned home very much tired, with some head-ache, and very much out of humour at the prospect before me of remaining here some time longer. How I do repent of having accepted this mission! . . .

Sunday.—My mornings are usually employed in a short walk and in sitting at Ld. Elgin's, whose House during the Evening is open to no one but a fair favourite, whom I knew at Mayence and Vienna, called Mad. Ferehenbeck. After dinner—that is, at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 5—I was presented to Prince and Princess Ferdinand.¹ Our conversation with the Princes and Princesses of this place consists in enquiries about the Dutches of York.² I always tell them that she is universally beloved in England, and they always answer, “elle le mérite bien, c'est une excellente princesse.” I afterwards went to the Russian Minister's, Count Panin, nephew to the one of whom you used to read in the *vie de Catherine II.* At his house Cléry, Valet de Chambre of Louis 16th, read us a journal of all that passed during his confinement in the Temple, and really it is a most affecting story, told with the greatest simplicity. Cléry is going to England, and I have promised to give him a letter to you and your Sister, and he is to publish at London this aforementioned journal, and pray exert your utmost efforts to get him subscribers. After our lecture we had supper, but it was dull. I had afterwards some interesting conversation with Panin, who is a very clever and agreeable man.

Monday.—Ld. Elgin, who is confined to his house, desired Cléry to repeat the lecture we had heard the preceding Evening, and it was sufficiently interesting to amuse me even upon the second hearing. We had only three Ladies present. One, of course, was Mad. F.; the other two were an old woman and her daughter, who is married to the *Ci devant* Dutch Minister. The latter I thought very pleasant, and the supper altogether was much more agreeable than that at the Russian's. But oh! I cannot tell you how I am tired of remaining here. I got your comfortable letter this morning. I needed a cordial of this sort, for upon my hearing from the Physician that the King had had a good night, and was in consequence very much better, I had flattered myself that in a very few days I should have my audience; but to my utter dismay I was told that in all prob-

¹ Prince Ferdinand of Prussia (1730-1813), youngest brother of Frederick the Great; married his niece Princess Louise, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg Schwedt and Princess Sophie of Prussia.

² Princess Frederica of Prussia (1767-1826), daughter by his first wife of Frederick William II.; married, in 1791, the Duke of York, second son of George III.

ability it could not be accorded to me under a fortnight. To use your own expression, "my impatience is grown past enduring." Even Frere, who cannot have such reasons as I have for longing to return, talks of going mad if we are to stay much longer. I did not know your little girl had been ill. I am flattered by her mention of me. I like her very much; but, indeed, every one to whom you are attached must interest me. Canning sent me the *Morning Chronicle* verses. I think they are tolerable, but not to boast of. Why did you not tell me who wrote them, or is it one of *your state secrets*? I never concealed from you the authors of any thing in the *Anti-Jacobin*. Good night.

Tuesday.—I have only time to say one line. I can learn nothing more certain about my audience, but the King still continues getting better.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

BERLIN,
Janry 30th, 1798.

The time of my departure from this place remains still uncertain. The King is recovering, but it will be some days before the Physicians will allow him to leave his bed. I do not believe he has been at any period of his illness in danger, but the Measles sometimes prove fatal to a grown-up person, and it was impossible not to feel very anxious till the disorder had passed the Crisis. There never was a Monarch who conducted himself in every respect so well as the young King, and the people of Berlin are enthusiastically attached to him. He and the Queen are living most comfortably together. I met her accidentally the other Evening, and was quite delighted with her; she is very pretty, and more graceful dignity and gentleness of manner I never beheld. She was quite in an undress such as she wears by the King's bedside, which since his illness she scarcely ever quits. Her conversation with me was very gracious.

I afterwards danced with her Sister Princess Louis at a great Ball given by Count Alvensleben;¹ she seems to possess the same sort of good nature as the Queen, and seemed more gay and lively. I shall pass by Brunswick on my return to England, which I hope will happen in less than a fortnight. By that time I flatter myself my Father will be come to London. Pray give my Duty to him. With Ld. Elgin we are perfectly well pleased. He has been very good natured and quite unreserved. I find the greatest comfort in the society of Frere, and should have really died of ennui had I not been accompanied by him. Adieu.

¹ Philip Karl Count Alvensleben (1766-1802), head of the Civil Cabinet of Frederick William III.

*Lady B. to G. L. G. at Berlin.**March 12th.*

No chance of seeing you, and not even the poor satisfaction of sending you my letter. There is no use in writing, yet I like giving an account of myself to you that you may know if you like it, all I have been doing. But you are not bound to read all my long histories when you come. Tuesday I think I wrote to you last. Wednesday I din'd at Craufurd's—a strange Party—the Hollands, Ld. Ossory, Mr. Fawkenor (whom I have not seen since the day before his duel with Ld. T.),¹ Ld. Stair, and Dutens.² He had also ask'd, to make the medley complete, Grey, Sheridan, and Canning. We went afterwards to the play. Ld. and Ly. Holland and I in a vis à vis all sick backwards. Thursday I sat with A. and Mad. D'Aguesseau all morning, went to Mrs. Spencer's Christening, and carried old Mr. Trevor to the play, where I join'd Anne and Ly. Elizabeth, and was frightened out of the little sense I have by the cry of fire—so frightened that it made me ill all next day; so I did not stir, but had the pleasure of seeing my Sis., who arrived looking very well. Saturday I drove about all morning with my Sister, and went to the Opera with Anne just to prove to myself what I knew—how very, very insipid every thing like amusement is without you. . . . I came home weary and cross, and sat up till three with A. Today (Sunday) went to church—to Ly. Mels—walk'd in the Park, contriv'd to be too late for dinner at Holland House, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Smith (the Hollands go to Bath for Ly. H.'s health on Thursday), return'd to town in a hurry to dress and be too late also for a concert at Sheridan's, from which I am just come. It was as pleasant as every thing of the sort can be to me, as I sat by Fitzpatrick and Grey, who always amuse me. Sheridan says, when he found I did not come to town, he imagin'd that you interdicted my coming till your return, and is always asking me whether what I am doing is allow'd.

Holywell, 17th.—They will not send any more letters to you, and I am giving you too much nonsense to read when you return, yet I will go on saying what I do merely to keep to the maxim of doing what I would be done by. Besides, if I write anything else, it will be regrets and complaints. Monday a posse of people came to me, and I cried my eyes out at Ld. Fitz's³ taking the

¹ Sackville Tufton, ninth Earl of Thanet, 1767-1825.

² Louis Dutens, F.R.S. (1730-1812), had been secretary and chaplain to the British Minister at Turin. Afterward given the living of Elsdon, in Northumberland. He wrote "*Recherches sur l'Origine des Découvertes attribuées aux Modernes.*"

³ William Wentworth, fourth Earl of Fitzwilliam (1748-1833); married, 1770, Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, sister-in-law to Lady B. He was originally a Whig,

Lord Lieutenancy of Yorksh., and not only disgracing himself by taking it, but excusing it by what I reckon very unconstitutional doctrine, separating the K. from his Ministers, when, in fact, the meaning of the King being able to do no wrong is that his Ministers are answerable for every thing he does, and, of course, that he can do nothing without them. I din'd at the Duke of St. Albans' with the Moncks, Gen^l Walpole, and Ld. Fitzwilliam, whom I by turns lectur'd and beat at chess. Ld. Milton¹ could not come, as his father, Ld. Dorchester, is at length dead. I stayed with A., talking of you and reading Prior till three. Tuesday help'd my Sis. to hang up the pictures at D. H., din'd at home (the Duke of York, Gen^l Fitzpatrick, Stepney, Col. Stanhope, and a few more). Went to the Opera with my Sis., when Sheridan was very amusing. He and Grey and Fitzpatrick were in the box all night. I carried every body I could meet home to sup with me. Wednesday Gen^l Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, Will^m Lamb, and Mr. Hamilton came and bother'd me all morning. At night I went to H. H., and found an assembly of women—Mrs. Smith, Miss Fox, &c. On my return home I found a summons for myself, Ld. B., and 10 servants, to appear at the Police Office for not having paid the powder tax, which Eastich had neglected to do, tho' we had given him the money. So you see one may be surcharg'd without intending to defraud. Thursday I wrote hundreds of notes, and drove all over London to try to get excus'd from appearing in person; but it would not do; they were inexorable. I din'd alone, and, as A. would not go to the play with me, I went in a *tiff* by myself. Mr. Hamilton came to keep me company, and soon after, Sheridan—very drunk—Gen^l Fitzpatrick, William Lamb, and Robinson. The latter carried me to Ly. Melbourne's to supper, and made me very angry by cutting off some of my hair as a pattern for his wig. Friday I was routed up at daybreak to go before this hard hearted Justice down in Westminster, where I was kept from twelve to three, question'd, examin'd, and frighten'd out of my wits. They were very civil to me. I escap'd and some of the servants, and as Eastich swore to having receiv'd the order and money, and its being his fault, the forfeit was reduc'd altogether from £240 to £60 only. It would have been quite discharg'd but for my doing what I think was common

but, disagreeing with Fox's views of the French Revolution, joined the Duke of Portland and Pitt. Had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for a year in 1795. In 1782 he had succeeded to the great fortune of his uncle, the Marquis of Roekingham.

¹ George Damer, Viscount Milton, succeeded his father, the first Earl of Dorchester, 12th February, 1798. He died in 1808 without issue, when the Barony of Milton and the Earldom of Dorchester became extinct.

honesty, tho' I was told it was very *squeamish*—the not letting the witness perjure himself, which he was going to do, and volunteering a confession of having worn powder at St. Paul's, which I was not accus'd of. But I own my indignation was rais'd at the account the man gave of the tricks he made use of to get into the house. . . . He chose to amuse the justice and all the people there with giving an account of every thing I had done, every body I had spoke to, and every time I had been in and out of my house since I came to town. I came home very tired, and saw Sol a minute, who was just arriv'd from C. Ellis, dress'd to dine at Dr. Wynne's, where I play'd at chess with Verdoni till eleven, and then set off for Holland House. Miss Fox, Miss Vernon, Mr. Hamilton, and Ld. Amherst were there. I stayed late, and this morning came here with Caroline and my Sister. I must tell you, by the by (as I have been hearing so much of speaking the truth and the whole truth), that I am in great request this year. I think I ought to be very vain in my old age. I have had three *violent* declarations of love—one from an old man, another from a very young one, and the third between the other two. You see, there is variety at least. Pray come back. If you stay long in Prussia, Heaven knows what may happen, for I have always heard it remark'd that old women are much more easily flattered and gain'd than young ones, and with reason; for if they don't make haste to express their gratitude they may chanee never to have another opportunity. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G., Yarmouth.

CHISWICK,
March 13.

I shall write but a line, my Dear Granville, as I have left a long journal for you in town, and this is only a flying letter to vent my complaints. If you would have given me your direction to Berlin, I would have written on constantly till now, at the risk of your losing my letters, rather than let you have the disappointment of not hearing at all. I know what that is, and I never would punish any body by inflicting it. But you know I have no means of sending to you but thro' Mr. Canning or Mr. Hammond, and they have for this last three weeks said it was useless to write. You will not return at earliest till I am gone at Easter and my poor boys at home. My Sister has had a sad operation on her eye, but it is quite well again. I return to town tomorrow. No one is here but the Spencers and an old Clergyman whom I delight in. He is rather slow in speaking, but full of knowledge of every kind, and like a walking dictionary. I made the poor old man sit up talking with me till past two.

He has a charming Library, and is to give me some scarceish books. I know no news. You read, I suppose, Fitzpatrick's Epigram on Ld. Coventry? I send it you in case you should not.

“ My Lord subscribes four thousand Pound
Produce'd from rich domains
While he for sixpence deals around
The produce of his brains.
Thus we the just proportion hit
Between his *fortune* and his *wit*.”

A sixpenny pamphlet he wrote, call'd “Unite or Fall.” I heard this but once repeated, but I believe it is right.

I hope you write to Sol now and then. He talks very kindly of you, and is anxious for your return, tho' he says it is very disinterested of him to wish it, as, while you are away, he is *coq du Village*, and, indeed, he does lord it over us pretty handsomely. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, Saturday, March ye 24th, 1798.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived in town this morning, and have been so occupied since my arrival that I have only time to inform you and my Father that we had a very good passage of 48 hours only. I send you two letters from the Dutchess of Brunswick.¹

The Duchess of Brunswick to Lady Stafford.

BRUNSVIC, March ye 16th, 1798.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Yesterday Ld. Granville came here, and this morning will leave us—that is the only fault I can find in him. The Ladies think him very handsome, the Duke and me find a great likeness to dear Ly. Stafford, and he answers to your description, which is not exaggerate. Indeed, my dear, I wish you Joye of having such a Son; he is all prudence, what you know the Duke admires in a young man. I have taken the liberty to send you my picture, that you may have an Idea of an old friend; it's a little flatter'd, but there is no harm in that. I suppose that it's Ly. Southampton that gave you your intelligence, and our friend, poor Mr. Frere, was so eclips'd that I know nothing of him. He was very attentive to all that was said. I hope that you will say to Lord Stafford how much we are pleased with his Son. I hope that Lady Georgiana will not

¹ Princess Augusta, sister of George III., married to Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick (1735-1800).

be in such a hurry, or I shall never see your children but by a Camera Obscura, which makes it Impossible to show them the attention that is due from Your most affectionate friend,

AUGUSTA.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

I am very deep in Sr. R. Walpole's life.¹ Attacking three thick quartos frighten'd me a little, but it entertains me very much. I see all times, all parties, were the same, all Ministers and all Oppositions actuated by the same little motives in half their measures, so we must not complain so bitterly of the present age. There are very few people I reckon quite sincere and well principled, but there are *some*. You will be surpris'd, perhaps, at my telling you I should class you among the number (tho' judging ill and supporting a bad cause). I think you are sincere. The D. of Bedford² is the person I should feel most sure of—all others—on that subject. I am convinced that, loving both very well, he would sacrifice his fortune and life to what he thought his duty and the real good of the country. But I don't know why I am giving you this essay on Patriotism. I always go on talking of my books, and I write to you as if you were by.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE,
Sunday.

I am not in a writing Mood some how, but as I know all men think qu'il n'y a point de salut sans obéissance, I will try to prove mine by doing as you desir'd me. I never saw so fine a day. I was up for Church, indeed, long before. . . . I walk'd home feeling that sort of melancholy which a beautiful day in Spring always inspires, I think—at least it does to me, but you are too young, too happy, I hope, and too good, to have such feels. I drove to Barnes, ferried over the Thames, and walk'd to Chiswick, where I still found the Herveys and Mr. and Mrs. St. John. I brought home the boys to dinner, and after talking and amusing them for some time, set myself to reading Sr. Robert, which I hope to finish while I am here. If it is at all a true representation, it will disgust me more than ever with courts and Ministers, Politicks and Politicians. From the latter end of Q. Anne's reign to the middle of George the 2d (which is as far as I have read), it is nothing but one continued series of intrigues, cabal, petty ambition, selfishness and party fury, but very

¹ "The Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole," by A. W. Coxe, was published in 1798.

² Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford (1765-1802); died unmarried.

curious and often very interesting. Sometimes, however, with eyes fix'd on my book, and to all appearance buried in the politics of the last century, my Ideas wander to more modern politicians (tho' not much better ones), and I fly in one moment from Hanover to Staffordshire.

Monday.—I can only add a line. I am very uncomfortable and uneasy. Poor Ld. B. has for the first time in his life a fit of the gout. I know people reckon this nothing, but I have seen such horrible sufferings from this disorder that I dread it; and, at any rate, changing perfect health for frequent illness must be bad. It is a pretty smart fit, but he bears it amazingly well—much better than I should. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Undated (? May).

Indeed I pity you for being attach'd to a being so fantastical, but if the picture you draw is like, I think it would cure me in your place. A person whose whole delight is frisking round London, visiting acquaintances and non acquaintances, and without informing you of the important event of a new visit; who takes every means to teaze and irritate you, now *sullenly* silent, now *oppressively* gay (or *full of glee*, as you call it), capriciously attentive to a game at chess (*mauvaise joueuse peut-être*) or voraciously hungry and impatient for supper; now lost in careless indifference, and now a scolding Virago whom nothing can please. Is the picture like? Am I all this? or is it not possible that a *little* ill humour like the jaundice may discolour every object it looks on? I have often found it so, I am sure. Dear Granville, what makes you judge so harshly and write so gravely to me? What are the mighty offenses I have committed? My visit this morning was certainly neither from pleasure or choice. Do you think it was a *bel regallo* for me to sit in a formal circle with an old woman I had never seen and listen to long stories from Ld. Sudley and rhodomontades from Mr. Gore? especially when I might have been with you. But could I refuse Ly. E. and Anne when they thought it might be of use? I never understood that selfish indulgence that cannot endure the slightest inconvenience to serve or please a friend; it is often more in trifles that a kindness is shown than in acts of greater effort or generosity. As to my *sullenness*, I was not aware of it. I had been ill all night and nervous all morning. Anne had added excessively to it by being very violent and saying a thousand cutting things about my sister and Bess, which I never can bear with patience. You came in in the midst, which I hoped would put a stop to the dispute, instead of which you

join'd the cry and took part against me, and then—my spirits were so overcome by you all together that I came out and cried. We were not five minutes at Ly. Holland's, and I return'd home as I told you I should, and waited for you till near five. Tonight for the first time all day I got free from pain, and when you came in—which I had almost despair'd of—I gave way to the pleasure of seeing you and the sort of spirits I always feel when I am surrounded by people I love, which was added to tonight by the sudden cessation of that teasing side ache. You soon, it is true, damp'd my good humour, but still I endeavour'd to laugh you out of your grave looks, and especially to prevent John or my sister thinking them odd—*mais en vain*. Here is a long explanation about nothing. Good night, Dear Granville, as I am very much inclin'd, in common with all my sex, to think myself in the right and you in the wrong—*faite pénitence, Monsieur*, and write me an answer *by return of post*. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Drove to H. House, where I din'd with only these two. She was to be blooded, but was hours before she could take courage. I pitied her very much, as I am myself very much afraid; but at length nothing would satisfy her but seeing somebody bled first, and after a great *gulp* down I sat and offer'd my poor arm, which was bound up and the lancet upon it, when Dear little Holly came to my rescue and insisted on its not being done. He exerted himself so à propos that he sav'd my bleeding and obtain'd hers; but I give myself some credit for offering myself as the Victim, as it is of all operations one that I particularly dislike and fear. She went to bed, and Holly was so amiable and pleasant, and begg'd so hard, that I stayed with him till twelve.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G., Plymouth.

TRENTHAM,

July ye 24th.

Last Night, my dear Granville, I had the Pleasure of a Letter from you, but I had not the same Satisfaction in reading it which your Letters are wont to impart, for I enter into the *Désagrément* of your tallest and best Men quitting the Regiment, and the various Plagues attending it. I cannot persuade your Father to say it is plaguing; he says every Thing must give way to the general Good, and that you have many Brother Officers in the same Predicament—in short, his *Lordship* talks philosophically on the Subject, and holds my Reasoning cheap. Is it not odd that he has not had any Answer to his *Letter*, nor no

Information, respecting it, from Mr. Pitt, nor Canning? I wish'd very much to have had an Opportunity, whilst I was in London, of a long Conversation with you, whereas you or I was continually in a Hurry; when I had Time you were engaged, and perhaps I was with your Father, or prevented by my Foot from going down to your Room, when you could have *given me a Hearing*, so that I left Town without saying Things, which are stupid enough on Paper, yet I wish'd to repeat to you. My Lord hinted to me that he fears you are extravagant, and not attentive to pay your Bills. To be quite free of Debt every Quarter, and to look into your own Bills, is the Method the most certain not to be cheated, nor not to spend more than your Income; and we wish you not to trust all that Business to Saxe; I do not wish to say he is dishonest, but he may be careless and extravagant, and every Man should know the State of his own Affairs—what he has to spend, and how he spends it. Till your Father adopted this Method (*even with his large Income*), he was continually distress'd for Want of Money, and now he has plenty and to spare. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Plymouth.

Postmark, 26th July, 1798. Wednesday.

“Tho’ Sheridan with treacherous art
Should strive t’ ensnare my foolish heart,
Tho’ William Lamb in prose and verse
His growing passion should rehearse,
Tho’ Rob Adair with tearful eyes
Should whisper forth his amorous sighs
And Hamilton caresses proffer
From thinking I accept his offer,
Tho’ Sol himself my faith should prove,” etc.

I have done rhyming, and indeed it is high time if I have no better rhymes to send you. I am excessively amus’d with what you sent me, and think it very good, especially the end; but pray remember that all these lovers of mine are very good for Poetick fiction but do not exist in sober prose. . . . I was so tired with all the French people yesterday that I could not write. They stayed from four till ten pour mes péchés. Mad. de Balbi and all the high Aristocrates who happen’d not to be ask’d to Chiswick or here, abuse my sister and me for giving des diners constitutionels. Pray, in the next list of lovers you write me add the Princee de Poix,¹ il y a de quoi se vanter de cette conquête

¹ Philippe Louis, Princee de Poix, eldest son of the Due de Mouchy (1752-1819), soldier; married at seventeen the daughter of the Due de Beauvau. Influenced in his views for a short time by Lafayette, in 1789 he was made Commandant of the National Guard, but soon resigned, and rallied to the King, by whose side he remained until 1792. When the King was imprisoned, he escaped to

là, his praises of me (to my face) are so extravagantly ridiculous that if they did not distress they would amuse me. But I am afraid my principal charm is his remembering me a child at Versailles and Fontainebleau. What Victory are you raving about in the Mediterranean? Capⁿ Gray brought no news of any, tho' good hopes of it. But I remember of old, when I was at Stone House, that I us'd to receive the only correct *Plymouth* news from London; for at Plymouth itself the activity of imagination and invention was so great one could trust to nothing. . . . Lord B. talks of our going to Scarborough and then to Chatsworth, but nothing is settled yet. . . .

Mr. Canning to Lady Stafford.

ASHBOURNE,
Wednesday, Aug^t 1st, 1798.

DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—On my return here yesterday I found a letter from Mr. Pitt, in which is the following Sentence upon the subject on which I talked with you and Lord Stafford.

"I am very glad that you are to visit Trentham in your way, and shall be the more so, on every account, if you can secure Ld. Granville to move our Address of Congratulation (for such I think it must be) at the beginning of the Session." The topics of "Congratulation" to which he refers will be to be drawn from Ireland (where every thing is going on better and better every day, and in a way that really seems to promise an extinction of what remains of the Rebellion¹ and of the Conspiracy that produced it—much more speedy and much more complete than could reasonably have been expected), and perhaps also from the Mediterranean, to which quarter it is impossible not to look with the most sanguine hope.

Whatever the topics may be, it will, I am sure, be Granville's own fault if he does not acquit himself *very* creditably—and there are very many points of view in which it is of high importance that he should not lose the opportunity.

You will, of course, write to him upon the subject as soon as you think proper. I shall not write till I get to Town.

I am delighted to have seen Lord Stafford so well. I need not desire you to assure him of my respect and affection, nor request you to believe me ever, dear Lady Stafford, Most sincerely yours,

GEO. CANNING.

England, where he remained until 1800, when he returned to France, and lived quietly at Mouchy until 1814, when he returned to Paris, and was promoted Lieut.-General and appointed Captain of the Guard.

¹ The Irish Rebellion of May, 1798.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Sunday (Postmark, 3rd August, 1798).

. . . You could not apply worse for advice than to me. On any occasions I am afraid I should be very incapable of giving you advice worth having, and on this, when I must get rid of so much prejudice before I can begin thinking patiently upon the subject, you will allow it is pretty difficult.¹ I am in a greater fuss than you can be about it, but I flatter myself this arises partly from my political creed—thinking the cause bad, I must, of course, think it increases the difficulty of speaking well upon it, and knowing that I must disapprove of all you say, inclines me still more to dislike your saying anything. Yet most certainly you ought in every thing within your power to do what is most pleasing to your Father, and I don't know, circumstanc'd as you are with administration, how you can well refuse such an offer. You alone can be a judge of whether you will have courage to go thro' it well. I have no doubt you will succeed perfectly unless you are confus'd from Nervousness, but a little appearance of awe is no disadvantage to a young Speaker. However, speaking in public is a talent so apart from all others—that so many very clever people have fail'd in, and seems always to me so wonderful a thing to arrive at—that I own I think it requires some consideration before it is undertaken; not that like you I should reckon failing an *eternal disgrace*, or that I have the least fear of your success except from the chance of your being overpower'd by feelings I should be very sorry to see you without. Tout ceci n'est rien dire. But had not you better—after weighing well what you wish and are able to do—write to Mr. Canning? and if you feel you can conquer your nervousness and go through it—well, do not shrink from what will please your Father so much, and is perhaps due to the people you act with, but accept the proposal. Or if you think you cannot, or that the deadness of the subject discourages you, cannot you beg the offer may not be made you, or either that another person may be ready to supply your place in case your heart fails you, or a harden'd speaker second your motion? Or perhaps the knowing you may (in case you are confus'd) say only a few words and leave the rest to your Colleague, may give you courage to go on. All this will not be necessary, my Dear G. I am foolishly nervous about you, as I am about every thing I love very much, but you will, I have no doubt, feel you can undertake it and succeed perfectly. I wish I had not such an aversion to moving addresses, and I trust I shall not be in London when it happens, for I should die of agitation. . . .

¹ As to moving the Address at the Meeting of Parliament in November.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Plymouth.

ROE,

Monday (Postmark, 7th August, 1798).

. . . I drove to Wimbledon this morning and found Lavinia¹ wonderfully gracious. You would swear I was the Dearest friend she had in the world. She kiss'd me for an hour, begg'd me to let my children come, thank'd me for some trifles I had given hers, consulted me about building a house at Wimbledon, and made me draw her a plan; invited herself to Roe, and, upon my saying something about rowing and liking the water, told me the Admiralty Barge was always at my disposal, and wonder'd why I never sent for it; insisted upon ordering it up to Putney Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, that I may go in it or not as I like any of these days. Is not all this astonishing? It happens so periodically, and without my being able to guess the cause. As we could not stay, she insisted on keeping the boys, and I had not long been at home before a note arriv'd with a hamper of seeds and flowers that I had admir'd, and a very kind note begging me to come and dine there. I did not see my Brother, but Lavinia said he should come tomorrow. Poor fellow! I had rather it should be his own will than hers; yet whenever she is as she was to day I feel quite melted towards her, and reproach myself for any complaints and abuse of her (what a rigmarole I am telling you). This eve^g I took a long walk up into the village to a little school I have there; then came home, read, and painted some prints till the boys return'd, to whom I read for an hour or two, and am now come to bed. Writing you a Journal is really too great a farce, for my life reverses the proverb *les jours se suivent et se ressemblent* instead of *ne se ressemblent pas*. . . . I have almost completed my prints for Dryden, and got a good many towards my Pope. Lorenzo di Medici goes on slower.

Tuesday.— . . I am still very busy in arranging my Pope and reading every thing that has any reference to that time, and I go on very successfully. But besides my illustrations, I have another scheme that occupies me a good deal just at present. I have always had a little school here, but one that I did not think answer'd either its purpose or the expense at which it was kept, and I am trying now to carry into execution a plan I have long had—of taking a few (I cannot afford many) of the commonest poor beggar girls who are running ragged and dirty about the

¹ Her sister-in-law, Lady Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Lucan. Very handsome and clever; a friend of Gibbon and of Nelson, whom she called "her bulldog." She married George John, second Earl Spencer, 1781.

streets, and can probably have no prospect but thieving or prostitution." By teaching them to work, and to become cooks, Housemaids, or Laundrymaids, it is giving them at least the chance of avoiding the dreadful fate so many poor, wretched creatures are driven into. I mean to employ them the first year or two in learning to work; then the elder ones shall by turns assist the Mistress in the different employments about the house, and in teaching the younger ones, till they are fitted for Service. And as I get places for the big ones I shall take in an equal number of little ones to succeed them. Are you very much bored with all this history? Or are you quizzing me for my scheme? It is your own fault, for you have often scolded me for not telling you any foolish pursuit that occupied my mind, and yet perhaps the consequence of my *obedience* will be only tiring you very much, especially if you are in a hurry—which you generally are. I am very, very tired, for I walk'd a good deal, and my head aches. I believe my complaints are only the natural consequence of age. How strange it is that I should know all its disadvantages without the advantage of its blunting my feelings or calming my mind! I am always living in hopes of it, but, alas! remain as acheingly alive to every approach of pain or pleasure as ever I was, and see no hope of being otherwise.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Plymouth.

ROE

(*Postmark, 13th August, 1798*).

. . . We are going a great party to-morrow in the Admiralty barge on the Thames, and dine at Richmond. My favour continues with Lavinia. I am afraid I am very wicked. I cannot help interpreting it very differently from what it appears to be. In looking back, I cannot help observing that this change from great coldness to great kindness always takes place when my Mother is coming, and as from not thinking it perfectly sincere, and perhaps a little resentment for former cuts still hangs about my sister and me, we cannot alter our manner so quick—so that to my Mother the appearance always is of perfect warmth, frankness and affection on Lavinia's side, and all the coldness and reserve on ours. I am so little apt to suspect, and am so easily got the better of by kindness or the appearance of it, that all this would never have come into my head but from my Mother's observing that she thought it strange of us, loving my Brother as we do, not to live more with Lavinia; that she did not know where the fault lay, but that whenever she had seen us together she was always struck with the kindness of Lavinia's

manner towards us, and with our being less affectionate than she thought was natural to our character towards a Sister. I am sure I wish to shew her every kindness, or do any thing to mark to my Brother how much we love him; but it is hardly possible, tho' I believe her brusqueries are more manner than the intention to affront. . . . I hope I shall get your Capt. Campbell a ship before long.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Plymouth.

CAV. SQ^{RE},
Tuesday (August).

. . . I pass'd a very different day from what I had plann'd. Sheridan call'd in the morning and found out that I was alone, and told me he would dine with me. I thought, of course, he was in joke, but, point du tout, he arriv'd at dinner, din'd, and staid the whole evening. He was very pleasant, but—it was not you, and the seeing anybody only increas'd my regrets, which I suppose were pretty visible, for every five minutes he kept saying how I am wasting all my efforts to entertain you, while you are grieving that you cannot change me into *Ld. Levison*. You would not be so grim if he was beaming on you. At length, as I thought he was preparing to pass the night as well as the eve^s with me, and as he began some fine speeches I did not quite approve of, I order'd my Chair, to get rid of him. This did not succeed, for as I had no place to go to, he follow'd me about to Anne's and Ly. D—'s, where I knew I should not be let in, and home again. But, luckily, I got in time enough to order every one to be denied, and ran up stairs, while I heard him expostulating with the porter. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

MARGATE,
Saturday (August).

We have got a beautiful house (I told you wrong: it is Hoopers Hill and not Dean Hill, which is a little below). We are at the top of a high Cliff, and the open sea close up to the rocks, and a great deal of shipping at a distance. On the other side we look over the down and to a little grove of trees, which is always a rarity at a sea port. The House is very large, and prettily furnish'd. We saw another house with trees and a kind of park, which tempted me very much, but it was not near so large, and the distance from the sea made it inconvenient. We are surrounded with Gossips. For example, *casa Jenkinson* alone is as good as a host, and they seem determin'd to watch us. Do you know

that *Ld. Hawkesbury*¹ (who seems to me the greatest goose for a wise man I ever met with) is literally as seriously *huff'd* and affronted with me for not having visited *Ly. Hawkesbury* in June, upon *Eliza's* marriage,² as if he was an old dowager of four-score. I am still in the midst of long discussions and explanations upon this important subject. I know some other stories of him very good, but I will not imitate his gossiping, and will not write them. I was very glad to hear thro' *Eliza* that you had written to *C. Ellis*.

Sunday.—You are unjust to me about *Mr. Canning*. I am not prejudic'd against him: it is he against me. But whatever I might be, are you not sure, my dear *G.*, that I must be inclin'd to think well of and to like a person who loves you? If you will bring him to see me, I shall be very glad of it, and receive him *de mon mieux*. But I doubt much whether he will come, and, as to laying aside my fears, how can I? or what possible chance have I of escaping under the eye of a person who judges every one with severity, women particularly, and me perhaps more than any other woman? I know myself too well not to be certain that, when tried by strict justice, I must be dislik'd and condemn'd—and who knows what effect this might have upon you? As yet, whenever I have happen'd to see *Mr. Canning*, I have appear'd before him as a criminal before his judge, and so, I fear, I always shall. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G., Plymouth Dock.

MARGATE,
Sunday.

I feel very nervous to-night for many reasons, and want you to cheer me, instead of which to morrow is blank Monday without a post. I believe what makes me feel so low is first a fright. My *Willy* chose to tumble over the *Banisters* this morning. By good luck *John* caught his coat and broke his fall, and also held me and prevented my jumping after him; but tho' the child was not hurt, it terrified me very much. Then I took a beautiful ride to night to *Kingsgate*, with the moon shining on the sea, and wander'd about the great House there, which, if we had seen a day sooner, we should have taken; but they told us it was

¹ Robert Banks Jenkinson (1770-1824) became Baron Hawkesbury on his father's being created Earl of Liverpool in 1796. He married, first, Lady Louisa Hervey, third daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol; she was a sister of Lady Elizabeth Foster. He was the well-known statesman.

² Elizabeth, only daughter of Captain John Augustus Lord Hervey (who died in 1796). She married, 2nd August, 1798, Charles Roeca Ellis, Esq., who was created, 15th July, 1826, Baron Seaford. She was a niece of Lady Hawkesbury and of Lady Elizabeth Foster.

in ruins. I think it a delightful place, and not at all answerable to Gray's description of

"Where sea gulls scream and cormorants rejoice
And Mariners tho' ship wreck'd dread to land."

But to me it must always be a melancholy spot, for the reason that makes it so makes me also like to go there. It was the last place I saw my poor Father in, and, tho' so many years are past since I lost him, whenever he is strongly recall'd to my mind, it leaves a deep impression of sorrow on me, which, however painful it may be sometimes, I should be very sorry to lose. . . .

I have been reading over your letter again, and once more repeat that whenever you will bring Mr. Canning to me (if he will come) I shall be very glad to see him. But when you talk of my being present at a conversation when you are to consult him on business, vous n'y pensez pas, mon cher ami; he would laugh you to scorn for proposing such a thing, and perhaps he would be in the right—more so than in some of his other severities; for notwithstanding all my violence in politicks and talking so much on that subject, I perfectly agree with you that no woman has any business to meddle with that or any other serious business, farther than giving her opinion (*like another*, as *Ld. Bor.* would say) if she is ask'd. You will tell me I do not practise the doctrine I preach, and I allow it as far as talking goes, because from my childhood I have been accusom'd to hear politicks the constant and eager subject of conversation, and that when with persons I like and am at ease with, to think a thing and say it is the same with me. But, dear G., you can do me the justice to witness that neither on that or any other subject of consequence, I have ever attempted to sway you. . . .

George Canning to Lady Stafford.

DOWNING STREET,
Aug. 21, 1798.

DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—I should feel very loth to transmit to you the inclosed account of Buonaparte's success;¹ if I could not at the same time tell you that there are those in London who refuse to believe it in the extent here stated, and who found their incredulity on not unsubstantial reasons.

First. The Turk who carried the Intelligence to Constantinople, having fled while the French were yet landing, could not possibly have formed an accurate estimate of the number of Troops, and by the statement which he makes corresponding so exactly with what

¹ The enclosure is missing, but probably referred to the capture of Aboukir and Rosetta.

is known and has long been published to be the force of Buonaparte's fleet, it should seem that he (the Turk) reported rather what he had chosen to believe than what he had actually seen.

Secondly. There are concurrent rumours from all parts of Italy of an Action having taken place between Nelson and Buonaparte, and the mail by which the inclosed Intelligence comes, brings also a letter from Trieste, dated August 2d, which states confidently that Nelson had gained a victory over Buonaparte off the Island of Candia on the 10th of July.

It is probable, therefore, that the party arrived at Alexandria consists only of the advanced division of the French Fleet, and that Buonaparte himself with the main body may still have been overtaken by Nelson.

You must extract from these facts and opinions as much hope as will support you and Lord Stafford till I can tell you that we have actually heard from Nelson.—I am ever, dear Madam, Most sincerely yours,

GEO. CANNING.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

PLYMOUTH,
Aug. 24th, 1798.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Georgiana continues to be tolerably well, and her spirits very good. Eliot's attention and kindness to her is beyond expression, and she has indeed been in very great luck in having obtained so excellent an husband. I see them very constantly, dine there almost every day, and practise with Eliot the sword exercise almost every morning. My evenings I frequently pass at Stonehouse with Col. Madan, or at Mrs. Fraser's, a niece of Ld. Torrington, who is married to a Captain in the Navy, Son of my Father's Bath Friend. Her Sister is married to Mr. Hall, who, you may recollect, was my tutor at Christ Church; they are now in the house with Mrs. Fraser at Stonehouse, and their Society is very agreeable.

I am very much mortified at Buonaparte¹ having succeeded in landing his troops at Alexandria. Though I never would allow myself to believe that Nelson had captured him and the greater part of his armament, yet I was sanguine enough to believe that the object of the expedition would be entirely destroyed by Nelson's pursuit of him. I cannot now, indeed, conceive what is Buonaparte's scheme, or in what way our Indian possessions are to suffer, whether he means immediately to attempt to

¹ Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt had started in May, took possession of Malta on the 1st June, and proceeded towards Egypt, where it arrived in July. Nelson meanwhile was in pursuit, missed Buonaparte first at Malta, and again at Alexandria, finally came up with the enemy at Aboukir Bay, and the Battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st August.

penetrate thro' the Deserts and join Tippoo Sahib, or whether he means to establish a sort of colony in Egypt and gradually advance into the interior.

Bagot is a little annoyed at hearing that Curzon is likely to be appointed Lt. Colonel to Col. Eliot's Corps of Militia. Now, Bagot being an older officer, I am not clear whether he will not have some reason to be hurt at Curzon, who within these two months entered into the Militia, having superior rank. I mention this, because I wish much that my father, before he signs a Lt. Colonel's Commission for Curzon, wd. inform me of it, in order to give Bagot the opportunity of applying for the Brevet rank of Lt. Colonel in my Regt. I am still in uncertainty about the time when it will be in my power to leave Plymouth.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Sunday, ye 26th.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—This Evening I had the Pleasure of yours of the 24th, and *we* thank you for giving us a little Account of yourself. We are very happy that you live so much with Mr. Eliot and G. There are few Things so consoling and satisfactory to Parents as the seeing their Children fond of each other. . . . I am glad you have a pleasant Evening Society, and when it is right and proper for you to leave your Regiment we shall rejoice in having you with us, but I fear you will find it a dull *Séjour* till towards the End of Autumn, when your Brother and Lady Sutherland intend to be here. At present they are at Dunrobin, and, she says, quite pleased with the Place, Weather, &c. We had two Letters from London this Day. The one says that Sir Francis Baring has Doubts of the Truth of the Intelligence received by the east India Company relative to Buonaparte. The other Letter tells us that it (is) very provoking that Nelson had touch'd at Alexandria two Days before Buona. landed, and had steer'd another Course in quest of him, by which Means he miss'd him. This last your Father thinks cannot be true, by Buonaparte having left Malta some Days before Nelson got to Malta. We are told that the Prince has discarded Lady Jersey, in Consequence of H.R.H. being *enamour'd* of a Miss Fox, who lived with Lord Egremont, and who has several Children. Some say she is youngish and pretty, others that she is oldish, fat, and looks like a good House-Keeper. Elderly Dames seem to be his Taste. So poor Lady Gertrude Villiers¹ is to marry Lord

¹ This report was not correct. William, seventh Baron Craven, born 1770, created Earl in 1801, married, in December, 1807, Louisa Brunton, a celebrated actress. Lord Craven was the son of the lady who married, secondly, the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bayreuth.

Craven! She is a good natured, well intention'd Girl; People think her Fortune, and not any Partiality for her, is the Bait, which gives Rise to Suspicions that she will not be happy. A rich Mr. Portman with £12,000 pr. An. is to marry Miss Whitby, Mr. Whitby's second Daughter;¹ she is exceedingly pretty. Is not that the Portman that was at Doctor Pyke's when you were there? . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Friday.

My Lord is gone down to Dinner, but you will like to hear even Nonsense from me. Lady Jersey's Child is dead. I believe she purposes to leave the *Premises*. Her Husband's (Shoulder) Blade is mending. Lord Harecourt has lay'd his Commands upon his Wife to give up all intercourse with Lady Jersey, who is, as he says, the vilest, most artful of Women, and who by her Deceit and pretended Goodness has deceived him for many, many Months. So Countess H. goes to Tunbridge next Monday. The K. is determined to support the Princess, and is believed to have open'd Eyes which never should have been shut. The Bell-Man, the Dinner, and all waiting must put an End to my Chattering.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Sept^r 4, 1798.

Dispatches have been received here this morning from Dublin, dated 31st ulto.

The Lord Lt.² had arrived at Ballynamore on the 30th, where he proposed remaining the whole of the 31st, that he might be joined by the 2d and 29th Regts. under Gen. Hulse. His Excellency represents the Country thro' which he had marched as quiet, and the people as industrious.

Gen^l Lake states that the force of the Enemy had been greatly exaggerated.

There was no appearance of insurrection in any part of the Country.

¹ Miss Lucy Whitby, daughter of Rev. T. Whitby, of Creswell Hall, Staffordshire, was married 28th August, 1798, to Mr. Edward Berkeley Portman, of Bryanston.

² A dangerous insurrection having broken out in Ireland in May, Lord Cornwallis (a soldier) was appointed Lord-Lieutenant, and arrived there the 20th June. His first act was to offer a free pardon to all insurgents who would leave their leaders and surrender arms. The proclamation and the resolute conduct of the Government had a great effect, and the insurrection was shortly suppressed. On the 23rd August 800 Frenchmen landed at Killala, but, instead of being met by the rebellious Irish, as they expected, they were faced by General Lake, to whom they surrendered.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Plymouth.

MARGATE

(September).

Do you know, I am very much inelin'd to give you a scold—for two things which I think you and most of the young men of your society are apt to be guilty of: one, faneying that every man who is not your particular acquaintance must be a fool or *mauvaise compagnie*; the other, always taking it for granted that if there is a wrong and a right, the wrong thing is done and not the right, and arguing accordingly. This is like Locke's definition of Madness, arguing and acting rightly upon a wrong position. As to the first, of the three people you abus'd so last year, Bob Adair,¹ tho' not a very pleasant, is certainly a well inform'd, and rather a clever man, a good deal above the common run. Culling Smith² I think remarkably pleasant and gentlemanlike. I know few people I like better. And Bob Byng³ is nothing remarkable any way; very good natur'd, and full as good as many of your acquaintances whom you would be very angry to have eall'd fools. Of the two men here, the D. of Manchester and Ld. Hinchinbroke,⁴ the former I think a great fool, but liv'd so much with him abroad that it is impossible being in the same place to refuse seeing him. The 2d I do not much like, but not from his folly—rather the reverse. He is what is generally reckon'd remarkably clever—very reserv'd, and seldom speaking but en epigramme, and then sparing neither friend or foe in the severe but certainly clever sarcasms he deals about him. I had heard a great deal of him before I met him here. As to seeing the same people in London that I have been living with elsewhere, pray, Sir, with all your fineness, if Mrs. Fraser was to come to London (remember she is only your *friend*; you compare her to all the chanee acquaintance I happen to meet with—nothing more), would you in your greatness, after seeing nothing else all the Autumn, scarcely bow or speak to her in London?

“Les absents ont toujours tort.”

. . . Am I so perfectly mistress in my own house that only just the persons I like, and no others, are invited to it? You know Ld. B.'s propensity to asking to dinner: all the people I have nam'd to you have a general invitation (Ld. Hinch. has been gone some time), and do you think any man who likes a woman

¹ Mr., afterwards Sir, Robert Adair (1763-1855), diplomatist.

² Charles Culling Smith (died 1853), of Kompton; married Lady Anne, daughter of first Earl of Mornington, and widow of Henry Fitzroy.

³ Robert Byng, son of George Byng, of Wrotham Park, and brother of first Earl of Strafford.

⁴ Lord Hinchinbroke (1773-1818), eldest son of fifth Earl of Sandwich.

will not profit by such an invitation when the master of the house and the woman he likes both encourage him to it? Even tho' I should look a little grave, it cannot be matter of great concern to him, as it is not me he wants to be in love with him. . . .

G. Canning to Lady Stafford.

DOWNING STREET,

Mond., Sept 10, 1798.

DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—I really had not the heart to send you the bad news on Saturday as soon as I heard it. My own disappointment was so severe that I thought it charitable to leave any body that had any chance of not hearing the account for a day or two in possession of their hopes as long as it was possible. Now, however, that the Newspapers must have prepared you to know the worst, I come with my confirmation of the Intelligence, that you may not think that I have forgotten you. There is, alas! no doubt to be entertained of the fact. Nelson is returned to Syracuse after 27 days' fruitless search for Buonaparte. To be sure, after six days' waiting for accounts, he intended to set off in search of him again. And there is still no *undoubtable* account of Buonaparte's disembarkation at Alexandria. But I will not encourage you to build much hope on these circumstances. I dare not. And I will therefore only add my most affectionate respects to L^d Stafford, and the assurance that I am ever, dear Madam, Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

GEO. CANNING.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

DOVER,

Tuesday (September).

We have had all sorts of adventures, were very near overturn'd, and got here at eleven at night, pitch dark, and pouring with rain, voilà quelques uns des plaisirs d'une vie de garnison. I will not stop to write all our adventures now, but only say I mind your delay the less as I shall stay so long in the neighbourhood of London. We stay tomorrow and go back Thursday with the D. of Manchester and Mr. Smith, who take us in their boat first to Margate and then to London. I hope we shall not be taken. Your favourite B. Byng is to be of the party. What bad news from Ireland! It is disgrace to all Englishmen to have a handfull of French keep a whole country in arms and remain so long unmolested. The French are fools if they don't send more with this encouragement. But I have too high an opinion of English and Irish courage not to feel convince'd this is only a proof the more that Government people never can speak truth, and Gazettes are not to be depended on. If we trust to them,

700 French, not join'd by the inhabitants, have their landing good, march on, and remain safe in an enemies' country, have beat Genl. Lake and his army, and keep Cornwallis with 15 thousand men at bay !!! Bravo, Duke of Portland.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Whitehall.

MARGATE,
Sunday (September).

I shall write only a few lines, my Dear G., as I hope to see you almost as soon as my letter. You will get this Monday morning, and we shall probably be in town Monday eve^g or Tuesday morning at latest, but Monday if the wind is fair. You will perhaps see Cha' before she sets out. Charles Greville is here, and very pleasant. I always think him much more so in the Country than in London. He and I and Culling Smith do nothing but ride and play at chess and sing from morning till night, and almost from night till morning. This eve^g tho', my part of these sports was nearly put an end to. Ld. B. took Caro and me in the Curriele to bring us home. It was pitch dark. He lost the way, but he was so angry with us for being frighten'd that we dared not speak, tho' I felt we were not on the road. The horses began kicking and plunging so violently that Ld. B. was oblig'd to give me the reins and jump out to take hold of them. I held them with one hand, and with the other exerted all my strength and help'd Caro over the back of the Curriele. I never was so happy as at seeing her safe, but think of my horror on finding we were at the very edge of a deep chalk pit, which occasion'd the horses' fright. We were a quarter of a mile from the turn, had no servants (for they went straight home and did not see us turn), and it was so dark we dared not move lest we should go down the pit, which extends a great way. In all this I miss'd Caro, and could make myself heard by no one. Think of the little creature running all the way by herself to the play house, the only place she knew, and bringing some people with her thence to help us.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

SPRING GARDENS,
Saturday, Sept^{ber} 22^d, 1798.

I shall dine and sleep at Windsor to morrow, and proceed to Plymouth on Monday, where I purpose remaining till about ye 10th of October, and I shall then have the remaining time till the meeting of Parliament at my own disposal, and I need not say that I shall with the greatest pleasure pass a good deal of that time with you and my Father at Trentham. I feel already

somewhat nervous about this moving the address, and nothing but the idea of doing what was pleasing to my Father could have induced me to accept the offer; it is, however, now fixed. I must therefore make up my mind to it and do as well as I can. . . .

We are in expectation of receiving soon the official accounts of this victory of Nelson.¹ That he has obtained a victory, I confess I have but little doubt. The French Newspapers and those, indeed, that may be considered as the official Newspapers of the Directory, would never propagate a Report of the destruction of their fleet unless the report was well founded, and the long message of Buonaparte's triumphs in Egypt seems only intended to do away in some degree the impression which so total a defeat as they seem to have experienced must naturally occasion. . . .

2 sail of the Line and some frigates have left Brest, supposed to be destined for Ireland. Our Squadrons are looking out for them; but supposing that they should effect the landing of their troops, the reinforcements we have lately sent them dissipate any alarm we might otherwise have felt.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE
(October).

We are return'd to Roe, with little Mr. Ireland,² who, clever as he is, has perfectly stupified me tonight. Anne and Ld. B. set too very early at Piquet, and left me to entertain him the whole eve^s. For some time we did very well, talking over all kind of books and Musick and things within my Compass. But at length he insisted upon entering into a discussion with me on the Copernican and Ptolemæan Systems, which (as Anne would express it) was *a cut above me*, and my poor head is much in the state that Boswell's was when Dr. Johnson gave him a headache by talking sense to him. What adds a little to my torpor besides first causes and principles of motion, &c., was getting up very early to breakfast with my Brother, who amus'd me very much by details concerning Nelson's other action; but it would be in vain for me to attempt repeating this to you, for I do not know black from white, and should mistake French for English.

¹ The Battle of the Nile, 1st August. The victory was complete: eight ships of the line were taken, one was burnt by her captain, and the Admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, was blown up in the action, with her commander and the greater part of her crew. For this victory he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile.

² John Ireland (1761-1842) was the son of a butcher. Took Holy Orders. Was at this time chaplain to Lord Liverpool (from 1793 to 1816) and Dean of Westminster in 1816. Wrote "Paganism and Christianity Compared."

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE,
Monday (October).


I heard all the good news too late to send it you. You will see it in the news papers, so it is no great loss. I am the more happy at it, as my Brother was in great Anxiety about Nelson, and is in delightful spirits with their news, and it does do me more good than I can say to see him in good spirits. I wish I was in London to see the illuminations. There is such a tintamarre all round here, with bells and squibs and bonfires, that (to use an Irish phrase) one cannot hear oneself speak. Our Seamen are glorious people, it must be own'd, and I am delighted at every proof of it. It is our only hope. How provoking it was that Nelson could not meet with them a little sooner. But I hope to Heaven this will do some good, and not be *thrown away*. . . . You cannot think how I am farming. I get up every day, and go riding about, ordering and altering at an amazing rate. But I am in despair at not being richer. We are in want of several things, and there was a sale Saturday at Kingston at which some *Dung* I had set my heart upon sold at 15 Sh. a load, and I could get none. I hope you pity me for my disappointment. The object of my wishes was so important, no wonder it was caught up so eagerly. I am sure to hear Mr. Wilson talk of it. You would think he had lost the mistress of his heart, and was pining pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux, for it is particularly its *beauty* that he lays so much stress upon. It is time to finish when I talk such nonsense. We shall go to town, I believe, about the 11th or 12, and Chatsworth towards the 15th.

G. Canning to G. L. G.

WOOTTON,
Tuesday, Novr. 13, 1798.

I am very angry with you, and so is Charles—or rather I ought to say Charles is angry first and I in consequence of his representations—for not having begun to work sooner. Charles says he knows it is from system that you have put off your preparations so long, and that you think a great deal may be left to the last moment—*Verbaque provisam rem*, etc., all which is quite wrong. You must trust *nothing*—not a sentence, not a phrase, much less any thing like the arrangement of topicks or the choice of them—to the impulse of the moment.

When you begin writing you must write the whole subject through at once—never mind how roughly—but do not stop to dwell upon one point and finish it to your mind at first. After

the first writing, re-write again any particular parts that you wish to labour, and if any new ones strike you, it is not enough to state them by themselves, but you must look carefully for the place where they are to come in, and make a mark so \wedge or so , or so as you like best, and must take care that they have each a head and a tail to hook on with what precedes or what follows, otherwise you may get very well to the end of one topic and then be bothered what to proceed to next; so take care to have catch-words, or catch-ideas, that shall remind you of the connection and dependency of the different parts of your subject. Then, when you have gotten the whole of your materials pretty well prepared as to substance, and have talked them over with Pitt to-morrow, sit yourself down quietly to write it all out fair, from "Mr. Speaker" down to "that an humble Address," etc., as fast as you can go through it; and then look it over again and polish the style, and read it over, and over, and over again *usque ad nauseam*, till you are quite tired of it yourself, and begin to feel as if every body in the world was perfectly acquainted with what you are going to say, and as if, but for the advantage that you have in speaking first, every body would speak your speech exactly in the order and almost the very words that you have chosen. When you have attained this point you have nothing to do but to continue the process of re-writing, repeating, improving and adorning till Tuesday; and then to take your camphorated julep. All this is Charles's Wisdom.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Novr. ye 14th, 1798.

I hope to hear soon that you have not had any Return of your feverish Complaint, and that you are in perfect Health, preparing for next Tuesday. Your Father wishes you to suppose yourself giving your Opinion in a private Company, and to banish Diffidence *for that Half Hour* from your Mind. We think, with Mr. Canning, that you will perform very well, and have no Cause for Alarm. Not a Word have we hear'd from Lord Gower of his Business, therefore your Father cannot take *any Steps* in the County. *Her Ladyship* talks high upon the Subject of past Services and shameful Delay, that she supposes soon he will be thought of, but its coming so late takes off the Obligation. She was told that the Regard Mr. Pitt has for Lord Stafford inclined Mr. P.—nay, made him desirous to prove it by attention to the Requests of his Children. This offended her, as she wishes to impress her Husband and every Body else with the

Idea that she, through Dundas,¹ is the only Person to whom he is indebted for the Favors he may receive from Government. She certainly has much to say with Mr. Dundas. Beauty is a persuasive Argument with him, and he says she is handsomer, and has the best Sense of any Woman in England. That she is clever is certain—very clever, but I do not agree to her having the best female Understanding in England—and yet from Art and Cunning she may outwit her Superiors in Understanding. She gets every Thing out of Dundas that he knows, and Huskisson is her Agent and devoted Servant. She dislikes Mr. Canning thoroughly, and I do believe his friendship for you adds not a little to that Dislike. We hope Mr. Canning is upon his Guard with Huskisson. He should recollect where and how he was educated, that he is a perfect Master of Dissimulation, and that his honest Sincerity of Heart, though united with amazing Parts and great Understanding, may be imposed upon by Insinuating Attentions directed by Art and Dissimulation. Were I Mr. Canning's near Relation, I would venture to advise him on one Subject which creates many Enemies—I mean that of talking in a contemptible Way of those whom he does not like, calling them Fools, &c., &c. He is so very good temper'd that I should think you might venture to Hint it to him, but I fear you have caught a little of it yourself, and therefore may not perceive the Disadvantage of this Habit. I assure you I have heard it mention'd with Regret by those who are interested in him, and made Use of in an ill-natured Way by his pretended Friends. I long to write to beg of him to give us an Account of you on Tuesday, but he will be so hurried at the Meeting of Parliament that I fear he will wish me hang'd for proposing it. Mr. Ryder is gone to Sandon for two Days; the Children are going on well. He intends to be in London (I believe) next Monday Morning. Lady Abereorn's² Elopement surprised me, for I had not heard of her being *the Sort*. Poor Creature! To what Misery does not ungovern'd Passion lead! . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Thursday (Nov.), 1798.

MY DEAR, VERY DEAR GRANVILLE,—We had great Pleasure in hearing from you last Night, but I was quite *annoy'd* that you did not find Charlotte in Town, and still more that Mr. Canning

¹ Henry Dundas (1742-1811), fourth son of Robert Dundas, of Arniston, was President of the Board of Control and Secretary for War in Pitt's Government from 1793-1801. He was created Viscount Melville in 1802.

² Miss Cecil Hamilton, second wife of her cousin, John J., ninth Earl of Abercorn, married 1792. She ran away in 1798 with Joseph Copley, a brother

was absent. Mr. Pitt is a fine Creature, a superior Being; I have always admired, loved, and honor'd him, but his Kindness to you I feel like a Benefit conferr'd on myself, and conveys him to the affectionate Corner of my Heart. You will perceive by the Letter I wrote Yesterday that I had not then received yours, and likewise that your Father has not heard of the *Household*.¹ I am sorry *she*² makes him act so unkindly to the best of Parents, and very sorry, too, that he feels it so much; but he says it is impossible not to be hurt at so strange, so unaccountable a Conduct to a Father who has always shewn a most sincere Affection for him and most truly interested in his Welfare, and that it can only proceed from his Wife having persuaded him that he is jealous of him and desirous to thwart his Success. That Heart cannot be what it ought to be which endeavours to make Mischief between a Father and Son, though there is one Excuse: she has not any Feeling, and therefore does not know the Vexation it causes to a good Parent. Were it not on your Account, I do believe when he does get *the Information* he would not trouble himself about the Successor, for there would be no Chance of an Enemy to Government being chosen; but as he wishes you independent, he will do as he told you when you were at Trentham. All the Letters from London are full of poor infatuated Lady Abercorn, but the Remarks of the *Folly of going off with a poor Man* rather makes one stare. . . . We enjoy the Confusions that are reported to be in different Parts of France, and the Insurrection in Brabant is quite consoling. But can the Accts. of Buonaparte's Successes, as stated in the French News-Papers, be true? They give me a Qualm, and yet perhaps they are invented to keep the French quiet, to prevent their feeling the Disasters of their Fleets, and the Expedition to Ireland. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

Monday (November).

. . . I wish I could be with you all to morrow to comfort and encourage you. I am sure you will do so well; but it is like the cold Bath—the more you think of it the worse it is. Sol comforted me very much; he assur'd me I ought not to have the least anxiety on the subject, that he was sure you would

of Lord Abercorn's first wife, and married him after she was divorced, in 1799. Lord Abercorn, who married, thirdly, in 1800, Lady Anne Hatton, was nicknamed "Bluebeard."

¹ Lord Gower was Lord Steward, but there was some question of a change of office, including his being called up to the House of Lords.

² Lady Sutherland.

succeed perfectly, and it was only the first instant of getting up that was distressing. Fix your eyes upon the table before the Speaker, and never look at any one person or fancy any one is listening to you. Cannot you do that? I send you the bottles. Take two teaspoonfuls of Salvolatile to two table spoonfuls and a little over of Camphor Julep. Taste it first to see that it is not too strong (that is, makes your mouth smart), add a little more Camphor. I do long to have it over. I know you will feel so happy, and I have not a doubt of your conquering your nervousness. Remember, too, how much the best fault it is of the two, and how much more people are inclin'd to like and favour a person who shews evidently that they are embarrass'd (and that it is not affectation) than one who, speaking equally well, shews not the least mark of fear or doubt of himself. . . . Sol and I have been disputing sadly upon politicks. I do wish I could hold my tongue and never mention the subject, but I was goaded into it to night. I determin'd not, and kept back as long as I could, but Sol was determin'd to make me, and when once the tinder takes fire, you know there is no stopping it. And now good night. Sleep well, and get up in the morning quite fresh and in great spirits, ready for the *field*, and let nothing damp or awe you. When you begin speaking, pray try to speak in your natural voice, and do not begin in too high a tone, which people are very apt to do when they are nervous and always has a bad effect.

Tuesday.—. . . Are you saying Ecco quel fiero instante? I don't know why, but I feel much easier about you this morning. I am sure all will do perfectly.

Mr. Canning to Lady Stafford.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Tuesd., Nov. 20, 40 m. p. 4, 1798.

Granville has just done, and has, I assure you, acquitted himself in a manner to gratify your most sanguine wishes.

Mr. Pitt, who sees what I write, desires me to add his suffrage to mine, and to offer his congratulations to you and Lord Stafford.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Wednesday, Novr. 21st, 1798.

You and my Father will both have been made very happy by the Letter you have probably by this time received, from Canning, giving an account of my having been heard very favorably in the Ho. of Commons yesterday. I certainly have been very much flattered, even by those who are not my par-

ticular friends, and it would be affectation to disguise, in writing to you, the satisfaction I receive from the praises that have been bestowed upon me. There is no news of importance by the Hamburg Mail of to-day. There are, however, letters from Alexandria of the 29th Sep^{ber}, which state that Buona-parté's army was reduced to 13,000 men, and that the Beys were constantly harrassing him with 2 different armies of 20,000 each.

Mr. Canning to Lady Stafford.

SPRING GARDEN,
Wednesd., Novr. 21, 1798.

My note from the Treasury Bench will have set your heart at ease as to the event of yesterday. I have nothing to retract or qualify in the short and decisive account which I gave you of Granville's performance; but, on the contrary, to assure you that it was considered by every body that heard him in the same light in which I represented it to you—as all that his most sanguine or most affectionate friends could wish, and more, very much more, than the public were prepared to expect from him. I can not express to you how much I was delighted, both with his excellence and with the universal approbation which It received. It puts him quite on a new form. It is now his own fault entirely if he does not make himself a considerable man in this Country. I need not desire you to exhort him to endeavour to become so. And you know that he will not fail for want of exhortation from me.

I again and again congratulate you and Lord Stafford and Lady Susan (who I hear is with you) on an event which I know will make you all so proud and so happy.—Ever, dear Lady Stafford, Most sincerely Yours,

G. C.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. in Whitehall.

TRENTHAM,
Wednesday Night, 23 Nov., 1798.

MY DEAREST LEVESON,—Your Father and I had the Happiness of receiving a most kind Letter of Approbation from Mr. Canning of your Performance last Night. His words are: "Gran. has acquitted himself in a Manner to gratify your most sanguine Wishes," and he mentions Mr. Pitt's Complts. of Congratulation to us on the Occasion. I have likewise a most satisfactory Letter from Mr. Ryder. He had told us that he was sure you would do yourself Credit. In his Letter he says: "I have the Pleasure of telling you that my Predictions have been fully accomplish'd. His Speech must answer your warmest Wishes,

his Diffidence was only sufficient to set it off, and not in any Degree to obscure its Effect, and every Topic was touch'd with Skill and Spirit." Think, my dear beloved Granville, how happy these Accounts have made your dear Father and I! I am sure Lord Boringdon is pleased, and you may be assured that no One feels it with greater Satisfaction than Lord Worcester. Susan is delighted. Good Night. I cannot express the Feelings I had in reading Mr. Canning's and Mr. Ryder's Letters. Adieu.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Novr. ye 24th, 1798.

MY DEAREST DEAR LEVESON,—Your Father is so pleased and happy with the Account he has had of your Speech from several whose Judgement he can depend upon, that he wishes to write you a long Letter to express his Feelings, and to exhort and *beseech* you to continue to employ your Mind in the same Sort of Way in which it has been occupied since you return'd to London; but it is troublesome to him to write much, and he was obliged to answer a most kind and flattering Letter from Mr. Dundas, besides one other on the same Subject. He therefore sends the enclosed Line, which he hopes is almost unnecessary, as he trusts you have already determined to take to Business, and to make yourself a considerable Man in this Country. He says that is the sure Way to make yourself independent of ——. You understand me. He has not yet hear'd a Word of the *Household*, nor does he expect it till it is finally settled. I had a Letter of Congratulation from *her*.¹ It was not like the others we have received on the Subject of your Speech, and we rather suspect that *she* did not in her Heart rejoice. It was most pleasing to read one from Lady Louisa;² I have not time to transcribe it. You know how sincere and good Hearted she is. Her Letter seem'd to exult in your making so good a Figure, and to enjoy the Happiness it must be to your Father and me. She gives us the Acct. she had from Mr. Hawkins Brown and Mr. Burton, and gratifying it is to our most sanguine Wishes. I cannot describe the Satisfaction we had in reading Lord Boringdon's and Mr. Canning's Letters. Indeed, Granville, you are most fortunate in such Friends. I feel thankful, and look upon it as a Blessing; so I do your being bless'd with Abilities that you may turn to much Advantage, that may make you an Honor to your Family, and *independent of that Family*. You have tried your Powers, and should you neglect

¹ Lady Sutherland.

² Lady Louisa Macdonald, his half-sister.

to avail yourself of the good Understanding which the Almighty has given you, you must have little Energy and less Spirit, very little *Amour propre*, and not the Being we trust you are. . . .

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,

26 November, 1798.

I regretted there being no post till to day, Dearest Ld. Granville, that I might not delay for a moment my warmest congratulations for your Complete success. I never remember a first Speech more universally approv'd of in every way and by every person. Indeed, I feel very happy tho' certainly not surpris'd. I am very proud of you, and think with pleasure of the satisfaction you must feel in being so well over so formidable an undertaking. Besides every other encomium I have heard, I know it was reckon'd by the severest judges to be in the *best taste*, which is the most material point, and secures your being what I hope to see you—a very good Speaker. I shall now read the papers with great interest in the hopes of seeing your name. Our difference of sentiments in politicks makes none in my anxiety about and triumph in your success, and you never will, I am sure, be inclin'd to say or do any thing harsh, personal, or unfair, which are the only things I should quarrel with you about. As it is, you know I love to see you support your argument with as much warmth and (I feel) far more ability than I can mine. But if I did not like in you the defence you made, I could not expect indulgence for myself.

God bless you! Go on and prosper, and believe there is nobody in the world can take a truer interest or rejoice more in your success than I do.

G. DEVONSHIRE.

I open my letter again to send you some testimonies. Walpole says: "Your friend Ld. Granville Leveson has done himself infinite credit by his Speech; nothing could be better, to be sure, and, what is material to a young man, nothing offensive to any body."

Mrs. Grey says:

"You will, of course, know that Ld. G. moved. Mr. Grey thought he spoke extremely well—much better than Mr. Canning or any of the young men have ever done."

I send you these extracts, as I think it will show you that such praise was unprejudic'd and may be trusted. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

Decr. ye 6th, 1798.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—. . . Your Acct. of Mr. Pitt's Speech was most gratifying to us, who are sincerely attach'd to him. I have said so much in a Letter to Susan of this amazing Man, that I will only tell you that I look upon him as a *God-Send* to this Country—nay, to Europe. The Expression is not elegant, but it expresses exactly what I mean. . . . I must take a little Credit to myself for noticing to your Father the Justness of your Observations on Mr. Tierney's Reply to Mr. Pitt, to which he most cordially assented. Poor Mr. Tierney! Courage and many other Requisites were necessary to answer such a Speech, but there were one or two Things he said, *sharp* and not bad. *We* are rather fearful that the Power the Commissioners will have by this Bill may make it unpopular unless they are *picked* Men. How few of £300 pr. An. have a liberal Way of thinking, and how necessary, too, that they should be People of good Sense, who will not divulge the Situation of the Affairs of those who may be in a precarious Way. The Commissioners for the Sale of the Land-Tax have given much Offence in this County, and in many others. The Board has appointed some men who are obnoxious to many of the Gentlemen, such as Mr. Daniel and Whitworth, and others who are weak and unknowing in Business. . . . Every Body says that the Knights of the Shire ought to have been the People to have appointed these Commissioners, chusing the most proper People out of the Various Districts, and by that Means it would have gone on well and without Murmur. You know much depends upon the good Sense of those who conduct any Business. I had almost forgotten to mention what my Lord did intend to have talk'd of to you and Mr. Ryder—that in Turnpike Bills to oblige the Surveyors to have all the Thistles and all the Weeds of each Side the Road cut down, for in Seed Time they are blown into the adjacent Fields and do much Mischief to the Farmer. He wishes you to mention this to Gentlemen who have, or who interest themselves in these Sort of Bills. This is a longer Letter than I intended, or perhaps than you wish. I will therefore take my Leave.

Lady B. to G. L. G., Whitehall.

ROE,

Wednesday (December, 1798).

I shall begin my letter with announcing to you our arrival. We come to town tomorrow. I have known it only within this half hour, so could not tell you yesterday, when he rather



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

From the engraving by F. Bartolozzi, after Lady Diana Beauchere, 1775

To face p. 234, Vol. I.

gave me to understand we should stay here a Month. We return Sunday. . . . I am glad Mr. C.¹ spoke so well, because I think it pleases you. I suppose the newspapers do not give the speeches at all accurately, for otherwise I own, tho' his Speech seems much the most eloquent, Tierney's and Jekyl's seem both to beat him hollow in point of argument. His attack on Tierney for Egotism is very fair, tho' he falls a little into the same fault himself afterwards, but he certainly seems to be of My Sister's and my sect—

“Tho' dup'd, still trusting, faithful tho' betray'd”;

and as such we shall like him very much.

“La noble chose que d'être chevalier
On prend la cause de l'univers entier.”

All the latter end of the Speech seems beautifully eloquent, but as little applicable to the question in debate as to any other that could have been started—at least by way of refuting Tierney, for it was repeating in much finer language what T. had said before more plainly. I hope he did not really close that noble Tirade upon Switzerland with a *wet blanket*. I do not admire either the joke upon *pairs and pears*. But I am afraid if I go on I shall be black and blue when we meet. It is well you are out of reach; I certainly want a beating. And I am in humour to go on for an hour if it was not for the dread of your potent arm and indignant brow. I shall never forget the looks that were cast on me that famous night at supper. Whenever I feel inclin'd to be pert, I think of it and *drink a glass of water*. . . .

¹ Mr. Canning's speech on 11th December, 1798 (he was then Secretary for Foreign Affairs), on Mr. Tierney's motion in favour of attempting to make peace with France. In the course of it he said, in comparing the affectation that had grown up among political opponents of the war of “pairing off” the enormities of the French against imputed crimes of regular Governments, that “during Robespierre's reign the favourite *pair* for every one of his noyades, fusillades, and sweeping executions was the imprisonment of La Fayette.”

CHAPTER VII

1799

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE

THERE is some mention in the letters this year of the question of the legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, then being discussed in the Irish House of Commons.

In August an attempt was made to drive the French out of Holland and to reinstate the Prince of Orange. Troops under Sir Ralph Abercromby made a successful landing at the entrance of the Texel Gat, near Helder, and on the 30th the Dutch Fleet in the Zuider Zee surrendered to Admiral Mitchell.

In September the Duke of York took over the command, and met at first with some small success; but owing to the unsatisfactory condition of his troops and the arrival of strong French reinforcements, he signed the convention of Alkmaer on 17th October and retired for the second time from Holland. After Bonaparte's return from Egypt the Directorate was overthrown, and he was placed at the head of the Government with the title of First Consul.

Lord Granville was elected Member for the County of Stafford in succession to his brother in the spring, and his time was divided between his Parliamentary and military duties, varied by social amusements. In the autumn he was anxious to raise a battalion of Volunteers for active service abroad, but owing to objections raised in a "High Quarter" he was forced to abandon his plan.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL, Jan^y 14th, 1799.

. . . I have seen no person who was present at the examination of Ld. Camelford¹ before the Privy Council. The fullest account of the transaction seems to be in the Times, and his

¹ Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford of Boconnoe (1775-1804), commander in the Navy. For the earlier episodes of his career, see note to letter of 2nd January, 1798, p. 195.

In October, 1798, while his new ship, the *Charon*, was being fitted out, he

conduct cannot but be the consequence of insanity. The Union with Ireland is the general subject of conversation. A formidable opposition to the measure seems to be rising in Dublin and its vicinity; but I trust Govt. will not give it up. I have no patience with the Orangists or Protestant Ascendancy men exerting themselves against the Govt. when their existence depends absolutely upon the protection they receive from the very large English army which has been sent over to Ireland. Withdraw that army for a fortnight, and they must all fall. Indeed, if they persevere in their opposition, and by that perseverance they prevent the Union being adopted and carried into execution by the Irish Part, there is no act of vigour and determination which Ministers have the power of enforcing which I should not approve of. A grand plan tending to consolidate and increase the power of the two Empires ought not to be abandoned because some individuals who are likely to lose a little of their consequence by the change proposed have succeeded in raising a clamour. The largeness of the English army, the Evils that Ireland has lately suffered, convincing every one even in that country of the necessity of some change, make the present conjunction favorable for the execution of the plan, and it ought not to be lost. But you will laugh at me for writing in this speechifying manner; but you would make me write, and it is pleasanter to me to write upon a subject of this sort than to be giving you an uninteresting detail of where I dined, or who is going to be married, or who is flirting, or who is come to Town. By the bye, Ld. and Ly. Carlisle and Morpeth are come to Town; but they and my Brother and Ly. Sutherland, who (Ld. Wycombe told Holl^d) sits all morning in the Picture Gallery to allure, by her Beauty, Gentlemen to come in and buy the Pictures, are so occupied upon this subject that they can talk and think of nothing else. I understand, however, that the Speculation is likely to answer exceedingly well. I will add also a marriage, though I protested but just above against such species of Letter writing: Huskisson to Miss Milbanke, Lady Melbourne's niece.

resolved to go to Paris to get a set of French charts. He obtained from M. Bompard (a prisoner of war) a letter of introduction to Barras, in which he was described as a man willing to render important service to France. He roused the suspicions of the boatmen he hired to take him to Calais. They handed him over to the authorities at Dover. He was searched, the letter found, and he was sent a prisoner to London. After a prolonged examination by the Privy Council, he was set at liberty, but was suspended in the command of the *Charon*. He indignantly requested that his name might be struck off the list of commanders, which was done. He died from a wound received in a duel with a Mr. Best in March, 1804, when the title became extinct. His sister, Lady Grenville, succeeded to his estates.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Sunday.

. . . Nobody talks of any thing but Ireland. I wonder whether it is to be given up or no. I am certain the only possible scheme that could go down was the one you were mentioning, and even that I believe would not do now. Dublin, I hear, was illuminated the night after the division, and the Unionists were forc'd to take refuge in the opposition carriages. Ld. Castlereagh¹ was carried home by Sr. J. Parnell.² Their conversation must have been curious. Two Duels are talk'd of, one with Ld. Castlereagh and one with Ld. Boyle,³ but I do not know who are their antagonists. Ld. Ormond⁴ was violently attack'd by the mob. I am telling you all the stories I pick up, tho' you probably have had more authentick accounts. But it is possible, as you return so soon, nobody may write to you, and I hear nothing else from morning till night. How I count the days till Thursday, and yet I have scarce a chance of seeing you then, for the debate will be too Interesting for a possibility of your leaving it. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Undated.

. . . I suppose you will hear otherwise accounts from Ireland. The Majority was only *one* in the H. of Commons, 17 in the H. of Lds. Dublin pretty quiet. Limerick and Waterford both petitioning for the Union, and Clare up in arms against. My poor little nephew is still very ill. I expect my Brother every moment. . . .

This probably alludes to what happened on 22nd January, 1799. The Irish House of Commons passed by a majority of two—107 to 105—Mr. George Ponsonby's resolution: "That the House would be ready to enter into any measure *short of surrendering their free, resident, and independent legislature as*

¹ Robert Stewart, Lord Castlereagh, son of second Marquis of Londonderry (1769-1824), was returned to the Irish Parliament in 1797, became Keeper of the Privy Seal for that kingdom, and was afterwards appointed a Lord of the Treasury. In 1798 was Secretary to the Viceroy, and when the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was proposed, he supported the measure with great eloquence.

² Right Hon. Sir John Parnell (1744-1801), Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer; removed from his post in consequence of his opposition to the Union, 1799; entered the first Parliament of the United Kingdom, 1801.

³ Henry Viscount Boyle, son of second Earl of Shannon (1771-1842); married, 9th June, 1798, Sarah, fourth daughter of John Hyde of Castle Hyde.

⁴ Walter, eighteenth Earl of Ormond, created first Marquis (1770-1820); died *s.p.*

established in 1782." It was later announced that the Government meant to proceed at all costs. The following year the Bill was passed, 28th March, 1800.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

. . . I suppose now you will hardly speak, as I cannot conceive the possibility of their urging this question *now* after the majority in Ireland against it. Otherwise, if you had a good opportunity and have consider'd it well, I should be far from discouraging you. I am always delighted at your distinguishing yourself, tho' my opinion should differ from yours. And I so far agree with you that if any thing could make a union patiently listen'd to for a moment by the Irish your plan¹ was the only one that had the smallest chance of not being rejected. But Lord Castlereagh positively declared to G. Ponsonby that nothing could be granted to the Catholics. Your people have certainly manag'd very ill there. Not that I believe that *corruption* and bribery were wanting; there was as much as you could wish, and, indeed, My Dear G., let the end be ever so good, the means is so infamous that it ought never to be tried. But the misfortune is, your people in Ireland committed the fault, and bungled it so that it was of no use, which was joining folly to corruption. I find I am writing you as grave a discussion on politicks as if it was my trade; but I am in a fever at the possible chance of your speaking, tho' much less than the last time, for now you will not have so much nervousness to encounter, and that was the only point that made me for a moment doubt of your success. I have been hearing a great deal about you and of things intended for you, and long to see you to ask you fifty things, all of which I shall forget the moment I do see you. To-morrow my boys go to school. . . .

Lord Gower to the Marquis of Stafford.

ARLINGTON STREET,
Feby. 16, 1799.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Yesterday at dinner Mr. Pitt informed me that Ld. Leicester, having accepted of the office of Ld. Steward, he was enabled to appoint me a Joint postmaster general, a place which I prefer to that of Ld. Steward, and it happens singularly enough that I have already to write to you upon post office business. . . .

Granville has just entered, and upon my informing him of my appointment and the consequent vacancy for the county, he

¹ No trace can be found as to what the plan was.

agrees with me that it is in every respect the best possible opportunity for him to succeed me as County Member, and I hope the greatest trouble that this business will give you will be the writing two or three lines consenting to my being called up to the House of Peers by your Barony.

I shall now proceed to conclude my business as Member for the county by informing you that I applied to the treasury about Mr. Molineux, and that I there learnt that appointment rests with the Grand Jury.—I am, my dear Father, Your very affect. and dutiful Son,

GOWER SUTHERLAND.

As I am to kiss hands on Wednesday next, I wish to receive your answer as soon as it is convenient.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

Saturday, Febr^y 16th, '99, $\frac{1}{4}$ before 6.

I am sorry that, having not seen my Brother this morning till about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour ago, I have not time to write so much at length upon what he communicated to me as I shd. have wished. My Father will have been informed by his letter of his appointment to the Post-office, and of his being to kiss hands on Wednesday next. The writ for the County of Stafford will probably be moved for on the day following, and the Election must take place, I shd suppose, the beginning of the week after. I cannot help being extremely desirous that I shd. succeed to the vacant seat for the County. I remember when I had mentioned some time ago the probability of my Brother's being called up to the Ho. of Peers, my Father most kindly intimated that I shd. come in for the County. It certainly wd. be in many respects personally advantageous to me, besides the object of securing two members for the Family.

I am sorry I have not time to add any thing more. Pray write to me by return of Post. I think of calling at Wootton¹ for one day in my way into Staffordshire. . . .

There are French Papers arrived, which contain nothing very interesting, but a note from the French Plenipotentiaries at Rastadt requiring a categorical answer from the Emperor respecting the Russian troops,² and that the D. of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse, and Gen. Mollendorf, have all met at Berlin.

¹ Wootton in Bedfordshire belonged to Mr. Charles Ellis.

² The Russian troops continued to advance, and the Emperor of Germany assembled his troops on the River Lech. The French Army, having recrossed the Rhine, penetrated into Swabia, under the command of General Jourdan. Official information of this invasion was, on the 1st March, 1799, communicated to Count Metternich by the French plenipotentiaries at Rastadt.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Feb. 27.

. . . You tell me nothing of how you have settled all the differences between your Father and Brother,¹ and I own I feel quite frighten'd at them, as he neither is gone down as you say your Father wish'd, nor has he even consulted him about vacating your Seat. Do endeavour as much as you can to soften everything between them both ways. No certain news yet about poor Grenville. This anxiety is very painful to me, and I am grown almost to a superstitious dread of hearing. Poor Ld. B. continues to suffer very much from the Gout. He is very good natured to me, and paid me a great compliment this evening, for he told me I took off half the pain and all the désagrément by my attention to him, and that he almost thought it worth while to be ill to be so well nurs'd. . . . I have some bad news for you, and am sorry to tell you your dear Miss Thurlow, notwithstanding the many glances you have bestow'd upon her from

“Eyes that bear the light of truth
That joy and love impart,”

has resisted them all, and is fallen in love with a man of a most unromantic name—a Mr. Wallop. I hear of nothing but her beauty, which I believe is very great indeed—*irresistible* it is supposed. . . .

A number of letters from Lady Bessborough, of no general interest, are omitted. They all contain expressions of anxiety concerning the possible fate of Mr. Thomas Grenville,² a special favourite of the Devonshire House society, and so well known later as statesman and great book collector.

He was on his way to Berlin, where he had been appointed Ambassador for the purpose of proposing an alliance against France. The ship in which he sailed was driven back by ice, and the *Proserpine*, to which he transferred himself, was wrecked off the Newerke Island. Mr. Grenville and his despatches were saved, but he lost everything else. Owing to the delay in his arrival, his mission failed, the French having sent Sieyès to Berlin, who persuaded the King to remain neutral.

¹ Lord Stafford had been opposed to Lord Gower's being made a peer, and the latter had accepted both new office and peerage without consulting his father, which had caused some temporary friction.

² Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (1755-1846), third son of George Grenville, the Prime Minister. He left his library of 20,000 volumes to the British Museum (“Dictionary of National Biography”).

*Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.**Sunday, March.*

I have so much to tell you I scarce know where to begin. Grenville is safe, thank God. The general anxiety about him and joy for his safety must be very flattering to him if he ever knows it. It was the highest of all honours, the homage paid to worth, for had either of his Brothers¹ been in the same situation, neither their titles, their riches, or their places would have gain'd them half the Interest that was shewn for him. I cried with joy. . . . I wrote and coax'd Fosbrook, and made My Sister and Sheridan speak to him. He says he has been strongly press'd on the other side and was near engaging himself, but will now do whatever you wish. Only if you are not press'd very closely he wishes he could be excus'd coming down, as both he and three or four votes he can command are all tradesmen, and it will be very inconvenient to them. I enclose you Sheridan's note. Fosbrook says it is all in vain, and you will certainly lose it. Is this so? And what can have caus'd it? It is reported that when Mr. Wilberforce requested Mr. Fox to attend the slave trade, Mr. F. answer'd by begging him to excuse, saying he felt and wish'd as earnestly as ever in the cause, but that if Mr. Pitt was in earnest, that honourable Gentleman had power and Eloquence enough to carry any measure he lik'd without his assistance; and if he was not, Opposition knew by long experience how unavailing their efforts were in producing any good or even any change. Notwithstanding this being perfectly true and fair, yet I wish Opposition had attended.

*R. B. Sheridan to Lady Bessborough.**Undated (probably March, 1799).*

DEAR TRAITRESS,—The moment Fosbrook mention'd the matter to me I desired him to do every possible thing that Lord Granville wish'd. I do not care about the opposing man's Politics. I will also certainly write to Stafford to-morrow, where I have some Friends who I know have interest in Lichfield. Little Monckton should be applied. By the account I have heard every exertion should be made.

I never was more pleased than when I heard the news of Grenville's Safety. I want to speak to S. L., and tried to Catch her in the Park to Day.

Hecca² has a cold, and I am staying with her this evening or I would come. . . .

¹ George Nugent Temple, Marquis of Buckingham (1753-1813), and William Windham, Lord Grenville (1759-1834).

² Mrs. Sheridan.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

March 5.

I am very sorry you are unwell. You are terribly plagued with toothache and should consult somebody about it. So your Ladies assist you in canvassing? I thought, My dear G., you were one of the people who thought my Sister and my canvassing even for our Brother, certainly for Mr. Fox, so scandalous a thing that it never could be forgot or forgiven. How I have heard you expatiate on the Subject, and exclaim at the impropriety and indelicacy both of our conduct and the people who *could suffer us* to do so horrible a thing! Yet, you see, in Election fervour you can take up with the same means you were so shocked at in others. This is only a little lesson of Candour for the future. I suppose you are, of course, in love with Ly. Lawley. How can it be otherwise when she happens to be very beautiful, *everything that is amiable*, and canvassing for one? It would be a want of good taste and a failure in good manners not to *languish* a little and flirt a great deal upon such an occasion, and I am afraid Sir R. Lawley would take it ill. I am glad you have opportunities of speaking often and unprepared; it will break you in for the H. of C. . . .

Fosbrook and three others are gone to you. I hope they will be of use. Pray tell me.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Thursday (March 6th).

Fosbrook is gone, and probably is with you by now. My Sister has sent to every body she could think of, and if you can tell me any one I can either write or go to I will try all I can. But I am unhappy about this foolish Election. All your friends are terrible croakers, and have quite frighten'd me. I hear on all sides you will certainly lose it. But that is not the worst. They say that lost or gain'd, it will be an immense expense, and the cost must be paid out of what was intended for you, and of course therefore lessen your future fortune of whatever it comes to. This, knowing as I do how incalculable Election expenses are, terrifies me. Is it so? And how does your Father bear all this vexation? I am glad yours is safe over at least. I have no hopes of seeing you before my boy's return, and afterwards it can only be with such disquietude of spirit that I had almost rather not see you. The cold weather is return'd, and with it pain and coughs and low Spirits to me. Do not think from this I am ill; on the contrary, I assure you I am told I look better than I have done the whole year. I am only *blue devil'd*.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

I can write but a single line. . . . Indeed, you ought by all means to stay if your Father and Mother have the least wish for it. As to me, I own it will be a satisfaction to me to know that . . . you are . . . doing a kindness and paying a proper and affectionate attention to parents who so much deserve it from you. . . . You might make this time very useful to you if you would also apply yourself to a little serious study. *Set doggedly to it*, as Dr. Johnson says, prepare yourself by practise and reflection to become a good speaker. You may laugh, but this is really good advice, . . . and indeed without a little application and study you can do nothing. . . .

March 14th.—I congratulate you on gaining your Election, which Fosbrook has just called here to tell me you have carried.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,

March ye 18th.

I hope you pass'd through Lichfield without any disagreeable Riot and Bustle. I hear Sir Nigel arrived there in great Pomp, attended by two hundred Men on Horseback, to give his Treat. It is supposed that he means to keep up a Ferment there till the General Election; but as his Resources may be much diminish'd before that Period, he may be obliged to go on more quietly; and though he is courting Popularity, the natural Disposition to *pay shabbily* may undo all this Parade and Shew, which is calculated to impress Lichfield with great ideas of his Magnificence and Grandeur, for should he curtail his Election Bills as he did *the Council's* Fee, he may find that all his Expense has been to little Purpose. By a Letter my Lord had from Mr. Bishton, I fear the Election will cost much more than you mention'd to me. I wish it was all settled and over, for the various Bills and the exorbitant Demands are really *worrying* as well as ruinous, and it is certainly very bad for your Father's Health to be so teased, and yet the Expense, though great, would not be so hurtful did it not remind him continually of the original Cause, which I am sorry to add preys upon his Mind. Change of scene will, I hope, be of Use, and of Consequence not only the Bath-Water prove beneficial to my Lord's Health and Strength, but the *Séjour* there may dissipate disagreeable Recollections, and bring us to London in good Health and Spirits. The Snow left us soon after your Departure on Saturday. This Morning we have had a great Deal more. Had you return'd with it, you would have made us not think of the Badness of

the Weather. . . . Georgiana is pretty well. The little Boy improves every Day. Don't forget to employ Susan to chuse a light riding Hat for me. Remind her how old and pale I am, that she may not exhibit me at Bath in what might be more proper for a younger Woman. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Saturday.

I would have given any thing to stay to-day on many accounts, but chiefly to know how you are. Indeed . . . I am very anxious. Pray write me a line for Sally to bring, and mention in it what the Apothecary says. If he is not satisfactory, consult with a surgeon or a dentist. Mr. Grey talk'd a great deal to my sister of what pass'd yesterday. He told me that what you said was as good as possible—language, Manner, *Matter*, and voice—and remarkably well tim'd and very material in the debate, tho' but a few sentences. That he thought it so good he wish'd you to go on, from thinking you would make an uncommonly good speech. But that you appear'd evidently overcome with *the heat* of the House, which increas'd the embarrassment a young speaker must always feel. So much that you sat down, every body regretting that what was so well begun could not be continued. My Sister told him you were annoy'd at it and thought it a discredit. He said he could not imagine it to be so with any body on every point of view; that the same thing happen'd to the best Speakers; and that, if any thing, he thought it inclin'd one to think more favourably of a person who, *clearly having talent*, had also diffidence enough to doubt of it, and that being quite fearless was neither popular or creditable, and much better too much the other way. He regretted extremely that he did not know you intended making the motion, which he said on every account he should have press'd. I am quite comforted about your speaking, and not the least vexed at what happen'd, only sorry you did not move. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROEHAMPTON
(*Undated*).

I have been reading the critique on Pizarro.¹ You will say I am prejudic'd, but I own it did not seem to me as good as I had been taught to expect. I heard it so much prais'd, even by Sheridan, that I was disappointed. The Idea is a good one

¹ A tragedy in five acts, adapted by R. B. Sheridan from Kotzebue's drama, produced for the first time on 24th May, 1799, with Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan in the principal parts.

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Thank Heaven you are not. . . . I long to hear your face is better. Pray tell me how your men perform'd. I have no notion of F. St. John¹ as a general. I should always think it was a joke if he pretended to give orders.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

Monday.

. . . Did I tell you that the night I parted from you I found the P. of Wales at D. H., when we had a formal reconciliation, to which I was very backward. G. says I look'd very cold and proudly at him. I intended the first, but certainly not what he said I did—very disdainfully. I never saw any one take such pains to discompose one's gravity. He told me I receiv'd him like a Sultana, and ask'd whether he might be permitted to kiss my hand, that he could not venture without leave, for that when he took hold of it I made it so stiff and looked so contemptuous that he thought I was going to slap his face. It was a most tedious evening, and I hope it will not be often repeated, or all comfort will be destroy'd. . . . When do you come back to town? Take care least in giving *chains* you should receive them and be kept par une douce violence at Winchester. I shall not be *douce* if this is the case, I assure you. I have been reading three or four cantos of Oberon to Anne tonight; it is quite beautiful. Pray go on with it—I wish you would—and mark it that I may see whether we agree in what we like and feel. I like to mark books with you; it is like conversing—it is making one's own thoughts known in better language, and almost answers to a letter. Ld. Archibald² has been here annoying me again today with his usual visit of three hours. He told me he was determin'd to persevere till he overcame my dislike. I assured (him) I had nothing but perfect indifference at present, except when he staid too long, but that too much perseverance sometimes produc'd dislike as well as the reverse. Surely no man ever had vanity to hit upon so odd a scheme before as tiring one into liking. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

Monday night.

. . . I am glad you have some books to entertain you in your solitude. Boswell's life of Johnson is my constant

¹ General Hon. Frank St. John, second son of Frank, third Viscount St. John and Bolinbroke (1765-1844). Married, first, 1788, Mary, third daughter of William, fifth Marquis of Lothian; she died 1791. He married, secondly, 1793, Arabella, third daughter of William, sixth Lord Craven, and his wife Elizabeth, afterwards Margravine of Anspach.

² Lord Archibald Hamilton. His father had succeeded as ninth Duke of Hamilton, 3rd August, 1799.

resource when I am cross or out of Spirits. I like it better than any book almost, for it is like going into the society of a number of clever people. His Journal to the Hebrides is very good in the same way from the excessive folly of the man and the number of Conversations he relates. He ought always to have been tack'd to every very clever man to write down their sayings for the good of the public. I have somewhere or other a note from him with a present of his book, and taking seriously my having told Warren that Johnson's life sav'd mine by amusing me when I was so ill. Mrs. St. John's recommendations I perceive are more powerful than mine. I remember raving to you about Oberon two years ago, but never being able to obtain your looking at it. I was scoff'd and scouted for thinking it possible you should read it, and some unfortunate little bit I shew'd you criticis'd and laugh'd at. Some of the verses are pretty, and the story wonderfully Interesting, and full of imagination and fancy. I hope you like the part of the desert Island; there are some beautiful lines there, and also in [blank] temptation towards the end. I am afraid you would not have behav'd so well. I know the novel: the Mother's Character is horrid and the woman's herself too profligate; but it is very interesting, and the Character of the Sister that dies, tho' dreadful, very well drawn. I am very deep in Maurice's¹ Indian Antiquities, and up to the ears in the Triad of Brahma Veeshna and Seeva and the Symbol of the Wing, the Globe, and the Serpent. It is a very odd book to amuse me, but it certainly does, and I believe I shall have patience to go thro' the six Volumes. Are you very much bored with this dissertation upon books? . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

August 11.

. . . I am au beau milieu of Weld² at this moment. It certainly does not paint the Americans as amiable, but I cannot help thinking it is prejudiced. I cannot bear their having slaves. . . .

My Mother has receiv'd a letter of 12 sides from Ly. Hamilton, with a long account of the K. of Naples being restored by Ad^l Nelson the 11th of July. Her letter is dated the 15th, on Board the Foudroyant in the Bay of Naples. The Queen was still at Palermo, but the K. was going back to fetch her. Nelson is desperately in love with Ly. H. . . .

¹ Rev. Thomas Maurice (1755-1824), historian and Orientalist; published his "Indian Antiquities," 1793-1800.

² Isaac Weld (1774-1826), topographical writer; travelled in United States and Canada, 1795-1797; published his travels in 1799.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE (August).

I was made quite ill with nervousness today, my Dear G., by a stupid Paragraph in the Newspapers about your Father, owing to their mistaking Lord Strafford's¹ name for his, till I recollected Ld. Strathnavon having been here Friday and this event being dated the Monday before. I hope none of your Sisters can hear of this in a way to alarm them. I wrote you word of Ly. Hamilton's letter, but I am miserable at the accounts I have read of the cruelties at Naples, but worst of all that my Dear delightful Nelson should have let himself be drawn in to do so disgraceful an action as to annul a sign'd treaty upon the faith of which (whether good or bad) his enemies resign'd their arms. I hope the account is not true, as I have only read it in the newspapers, for I cannot bear it. . . . I am setting very luxuriously in the Tent you saw putting up, with Anne playing to me on the guitar all the time. You will perceive by this that I am better.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

I din'd at Chiswick today with all the Cholmondely's and came back in the eve^g. Bess and I drove about to see the illuminations, and I am now so tired I can hardly write, for besides all this, Adair supp'd here, and I am so *Loyal* that I disputed with him till *three o'clock*, which it has just struck. I have been even defending Mr. Pitt, but Adair's Pomposity would incline me to dispute that black was black and not white. . . . We have been all in great alarm and uneasiness about Mr. Fox. His gun burst in his hand the day before yesterday, and he is suffering great pain from the wound, but they hope to save his hand. He was very near drown'd two days before from falling out of a boat, but both then and with this last accident his whole concern seems to be saving Mrs. Armisted any uneasiness. . . . Jack² still persecutes me. Do tell me what I can do to get rid of him. I do not like doing any thing that could make my cousin uncomfortable or Ld. B. angry, but, besides the excessive ennui and disgust his manner occasions me. it really is quite a ridicule, and if he did not make himself still more ridiculous than me I should think he was persifléing me. . . .

*G. Canning to G. L. G.*SPRING GARDEN, *Thursday, Aug. 22, 1799.*

. . . I think I cannot better answer your enquiry as to the state in which the business now stands than by sending you

¹ Frederick T. Wentworth, third Earl of Strafford; died 7th August, 1799, when his titles became extinct.

² Lord John Townshend.

(which I do in a separate eover) the Letter from your Sister,¹ in which she gives me an account of her execution of the eommission which I left with her. I do not feel that in eommunicating It to you I am betraying any confidence nor doing any thing that I shall at all hesitate to let her know that I have done, but at the same time, for obvious reasons, would not have *you* mention the subject to her.

When you have read this letter you will find that It requires some commentary to explain it, which will perhaps be best given by a history of what I have felt and thought upon the subject.

Never was any human being less bent upon falling in love than I was when I arrived at Walmer. You will have seen from two letters which I wrote to you during my stay there how very little conscious I was, even at a very late period of it, of any sentiments of the sort, execept those which I know-not-what feelings—vanity perhaps, and romanee, and a eertain lively and tender and grateful interest (but not love)—had ereated in me and consecrated to a very different Object. The first day of my arrival I did not know who Miss Seott was.² Ly. Jane³ is apt to have Misses with her; and it was upon my mentioning her in some such way as this to your Sister that I was first apprized of her name. The only effect of this knowledge, combined with the recollection which presently suggsted itself to me of having always heard her name eoupled with some one or other person who was supposed to be going to be married to her, or who had proposed and been refused, was a determination to avoid all possible danger of any such report being eirculated about myself, and aceordingly, after the first day, I earefully avoided sitting beside her at dinner whenever (which was the case on most days) the eompany was large enough to afford me an opportunity of escaping, and studiously contrived to give every Officer of the Fleet and Army who happened to dine there the plaee which, from being one of the family, one should perhaps most naturally have occupied. Perhaps it was in some measure this very eircumstance of having her so eonstantly in my thoughts as something to be avoided, perhaps it was the observation of what I ean not venture to put into words—you will understand what I mean from a subsequent part of my narrative; probably it was the observa-

¹ Lady Susan Ryder.

² Miss Joan Scott, third daughter of General and Lady Mary Seott of Balcomie, and granddaughter of the thirteenth Earl of Errol. She had a fortune of £100,000.

³ Lady Jane, second daughter of second Earl of Hopetoun, married as his second wife Henry Dundas, created Viscount Melville in 1802.

tion which I could not but make of her beauty, and good sense, and quiet, interesting manners that had worked upon me, quite insensibly, to such a degree that when the day of my departure came I felt an unwillingness to depart for which I really could scarce account to myself. So much so that, though my chaise was at the door, and though every body else was gone and only Dundas and Ly. Jane and Miss S. left in the house (which circumstance, whatever danger there had been from the beginning of appearing particular, was increased in a great proportion), I contrived to suggest to Dundas to ask me to stay another day (which, to do him justice, he did *not very* pressingly), and seized the very first opening that he gave me to say I would put off my journey, and put it off accordingly. It was impossible that she should not see both why I staid and what a degree of embarrassment I felt all day at the consciousness of having betrayed myself to her.

I took no advantage, however, of the opportunity which this day would have afforded me to make any distinct declaration of what I felt towards her. The doubt whether I did in fact feel anything more than a transitory liking, the repugnance which one naturally has to putting one's self in a situation to be refused, and the obvious consideration of the apparent sordidness and speculation of a proposal to a *great fortune*, restrained me from doing or saying almost anything that could be construed into attention to her; and I question whether in any of the most populous days at Walmer I had less intercourse with her than on this day, when we were left almost entirely to each other. The next morning, after lingering as long as I decently could—certainly with the hope of seeing her alone for five minutes, but as certainly without any determination to make use of those five minutes if I should find them—I took leave of her and Lady Jane, and when I got to Dover was fool enough to feel proud of a victory which I fancied I had obtained over myself, and the real nature of which I did not accurately know until I saw your Sister in the evening, and found myself irresistibly impelled to say to her all that you will easily conceive I must have said to produce the Letter which I send you.

It would make too long an episode if I were to tell you how kindly your Sister heard all I had to say, and undertook all that I wished her to do, or how infinitely I think myself indebted to her friendship.

I need not describe to you the anxiety with which I waited for this Letter, nor the doubt and perplexity in which I still remain after having received it, and the difficulty which I find in resolving whether to return to Walmer or no. Tell me what

you think of the conversations which your Sister so well relates. In order to enable you to judge of them quite correctly, I ought perhaps to remind you that L^r Susan and Miss S. are *new friends*, and not very long acquainted with each other. It is right also to mention (what I have alluded to before as the explanation of what I could not bring myself, as *from myself*, to explain) that when I made a confidence to Pitt (which I did at Holwood two days ago) of what I had felt for her, and what I had commissioned L^r Susan to say for me, he answered, with a suddenness and appearance of certainty which surprised me: "And the report which you have from L^r S., I will venture to anticipate, is a pretty favourable one;" and then proceeded to state how he had observed a certain manner and attention towards me, and how he had observed my shunning it, and a great deal more such observation as you perhaps would not expect him to have made, as perhaps you may not think very much to be relied upon when he has made it.

There is a passage upon which I particularly wish to know your opinion. It is that when she says she found me so different from *what she expected*. Pitt interprets this as meaning that she had heard of me as a person *formidable in conversation*, and as there is a running joke which L^r Jane Dundas has with me and with him about our *quizzing* Dundas and his company, and forcing him (D.), tho' all unfit for it, to *quiz* others on his own defence. I am inclined to think this may be the true interpretation. But it may have been a worse impression that she may have received from C. Greville's conversations, with whom, of course, she must have been often in society, and who, according to what I have heard from you, amuses himself with representing me as a compound of satirical and ill-natured and insolent feelings and manners, and particularly with stating himself to be an object of my contempt—which last statement, if I do not realize, and for the whole of which representation if I do not take revenge, may I be loved *only* as people who do not know how to hate *can* love, and no more, and may his talent of mimicry or ventriloquism, or whatever it be with which he edifies his company, purchase him an honourable and lasting reputation!

Then, Granville, comes the description of what qualities she would have in a husband, and this tallies so well with what Pitt has related to me of her conversation with Dundas about her refusal of Arthur Paget, that I am satisfied it is a safe and founded feeling in her, and one that one can trust for its reality. But the main point, of course, for my consideration, and that on which my unwillingness to proceed, or rather my apprehensions in proceeding, naturally turn, is that of fortune. I

cannot bear the idea of being the creature of my wife's; and though I might, and do, flatter myself that I want not any such accession of fortune to carry me in due time as high as I am ambitious of going; yet there is a danger, which I cannot but see and have not the courage to despise, of being supposed to rise on a foundation not of my own laying. A year hence perhaps this might not be. By that time, without being excessively sanguine, I might hope to have so far established and consolidated my political fortunes as to bring at least not risque and hazard into alliance with opulence, but something, if not of actual fortune, of the semblance at least of substantial establishment which should be better able to bear such an addition. I am turning this in my mind in all possible ways. If L^d Castle-reagh came to be seized with a desire of retirement, I might go to Ireland. The death of one old man would help me to a Privy Councillor's Office here. There is yet another way (but it has its objections) by which a *reversionary* provision could be secured. But I do not like to suggest to Pitt (who is, God knows, not in the habit of requiring suggestion to look after my interest) what he might think it wrong to do in any instance, but what done in my instance might be censured as an act of improvident favour. And there is, besides, something of ridicule in desiring a *job* from motives of refinement and (as Pitt considers them) false delicacy, in converting a hatred of excessive obligation into a plea for rapaciousness. Under these difficulties what ought I to do?

There is yet another difficulty about returning to Walmer. *Direct encouragement* from her to do so I did not and could not expect. But there are other parties to the business. Dundas is her guardian. He and Lady Jane are in Pitt's house, to which, however, Pitt is at liberty to carry his own guests, and in that character I last went there. Is it fair to go again without direct approbation from D. and L^d Jane? And to be quite fair, ought they not to be apprized, when they invite me, what is my object in going there? And yet what more indelicate communication can be conceived? For if, being so apprized, they yet did not think proper to object to my coming, should I, or should I not, have obtained a right to suppose that they countenanced my views?

Pitt has mentioned to Dundas that I have thoughts of returning with him, in the hope that Dundas would, if he had observed any thing and if he had any thing to say upon it, take that opportunity of saying it. But he simply answered that "he was glad of it," without any appearance of consciousness at all.

This, therefore, does not clear up the difficulty. Yet to try him further would be almost to ask his "vote and interest." Pitt is convinced, indeed (as he says), that It is the thing of all others that Dundas would like. I do not know. But this I know—that I would not pursue the business an hour longer if I thought that there was a decided dislike to It in any person who had the smallest right to influence her judgement or whom the World can consider as responsible for her choice.

Write to me very fully, dear Granville, upon all these subjects. Particularly criticize your Sister's Letter, and tell me what I am to conclude from It. You must write, if possible, by return of post, as I shall probably decide in the course of to-morrow whether I go to Walmer or no, and if I go I shall *perhaps* set out on Saturday. At all events, if you have not time to write at length, return me your Sister's Letter by to-morrow's post. I would give much to have an hour's conversation with you. On what day is it that you think you have a chance of being in Town?

Now to come to that subject which has not of late been used to be relegated to the very last page of my Letters. I will confess, Granville, that if *this* impression had not been produced upon my mind, I know not how I should have resisted, as I ought to do, the abundant and overpowering temptations to the indulgence of a passion (made up of other elements than those of that which I now feel) which must have been dangerous, perhaps ruinous, to her who was the cause of it, and to myself.¹

I am almost ashamed to confess that with all my good resolutions, and with all the occupation of my mind, the day of the last dinner was not quite so blameless as I promised you it should be. I have had one other interview, in which I took leave for a long time, for the Keeper is going on a visit to her friends in the Country, and during her absence I have said I cannot possibly call at the r.T. or elsewhere. This gains two or three months. If by that time I am enabled to make a confidence of the actual success of my present views, I firmly believe that It will be the most effectual remedy to all the danger, and that accompanied, as It will be, with the profession and the real feeling of an anxious and lively interest, of a desire to assist, and a devotion to serve her, there is quite *mind* enough in her to meet all my sentiments, and even to rejoice with me upon reflection at our escape. Such is my hope and my Plan. God bless you.

¹ This refers to a love affair with a married lady.

G. Canning to G. L. G.

WALMER CASTLE,
August 30th, 1799.

I had determined not to write to you for a few days—not till I could speak more confidently than I dare venture to do at present. I have certainly no reason to complain of my reception, and every reason to rejoice that I took the resolution of coming here in defiance of your Sister's advice; and she herself is convinced that I did right in so doing.

Dundas is not here, and Pitt was called to Town yesterday, so that there is nobody with us but Lady Jane. Your Sister and Ryder, however, are hard by, and dine and stay the evening here every day. Pitt and Dundas return to-morrow.

The time of *her* stay is doubtful, and so therefore is mine. Titchfield¹ is to go from Brighthelmston to Welbeck either on the 3rd or the 10th, and she stays here till she goes to join them in Town on their way. I hope it may be the longer date, as I would willingly not speak too soon. And my present state, though uncertain, is so little painful that I care not how much it is prolonged. If the 10th is the day, I am afraid you and I shall not meet till we meet in Staffordshire—or rather in Derbyshire—for I think I must get you to *come to me* for a day before you leave the Country, as I shall not be able to quit Ashbourne² so soon after my arrival there after having put off my arrival so long. But of this hereafter.

I have ascertained that the false and ill impression which had been made *did* originate at Bulstrode. It is done away, I think, and I even doubt whether its previous existence has done mischief. No reason, however, for not revenging.

Your Sister has behaved as if she were *my* Sister too. Ryder also has shewn a sort of warmth of which I did not believe him capable. Pitt is almost all that you could be to me, with the addition of as much of a father as a person so little above one's own age can feel or shew. L' Jane, I am assured, suspects nothing, which is strange.

Remember that I have not mentioned to your Sister my communication to you.

Write to me to-morrow, even if you have written to-day. God bless you.

¹ Lord Titchfield (1768-1854), eldest son of the third Duke of Portland, married in 1795 Miss Henrietta Scott, General Scott's eldest daughter.

² Ashbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, belonged to Sir Brook Boothby, but was taken by Canning's uncle, Mr. Leigh.

G. Canning to G. L. G.

WALMER CASTLE,

September 10th, 1799.

Read the enclosed Letter.

You will immediately conceive, from your knowledge of my general dislike to Foreign Employment (arising in a great measure from the persuasion that I am very ill-qualified for it), and of the *disagreeableness* which I experienced during my Under Secy^r with L^d G.,¹ and of the particular circumstances under which I stand at present, that my first consideration, upon receiving this Letter, was how I could contrive most properly to decline the proposal conveyed in it. Such in truth was my first wish; and nothing could have removed it (as I think) except the finding, upon discussing the matter with Pitt, his mind so little satisfied with my idea of declining the proposal on any ground that could be stated to L^d G., that I felt myself obliged to agree to answer it with a qualified acceptance. The qualification is of course rendered necessary by the possibility of my having other Engagements, precisely at the moment at which this mission ought to be undertaken. What I have said to L^d G., therefore, is that his proposal has a good deal perplexed me, as I certainly had laid my account for having the next two or three months for my own private affairs; and that there was one business, of a private nature, which, if it happened to interfere with the Holland plan, would lay me under the necessity of giving up the latter; but that, barring this one impediment—though I would confess that I by no means delighted in the project, and by no means thought myself qualified to execute the service to my own satisfaction, or, indeed, half so well as many persons whom I thought I could point out to him—yet as I did feel that in times like these one had no right to put one's own personal comfort or credit against any the smallest public advantage, to which one might be supposed capable of contributing; and as I felt, above all things, that *he* had a full right to expect from me any thing that I could do to contribute to his comfort—barring this one possible impediment—I was at his service.” You will, I think, see that I could not but answer as I have done. And now, dear Granville, can not you guess, and have not you already anticipated, the request which I have to make to you, in which, if I do not succeed, I am not sure that I shall not repent of my decision? If not, read over again the last two pages of L^d G.'s letter to me, and imagine them addressed, with some small variations, from me to you; and then tell me whether, if I should go, You would not

¹ Lord Grenville. The offer appears to have been that of a special Mission to Holland, but nothing further came of it.

go with me; not in any public character—that would be impossible, even if it were not for many reasons improper—but without title or occupation, as G. Ellis went with L^d M.¹ and with Sir J. H. for your own amusement and improvement, and for my comfort and assistance, to live in my house, and share my labours, and be a part, and not the least efficient part, of myself in the many things which I shall have to do, and so many of which you can do much better than I can. You see, L^d G. considers six weeks as the utmost extent of the mission. And how can you employ six weeks better than in assisting at a Negotiation, which, if it succeeds, will form a striking point in the history of nations, and will lay, perhaps, in a great degree the foundations of the general peace with which this war some (God send many) years hence must be concluded? Your regimental cares will be off your hands (at least, I hope so, though the precise plan for obtaining the new army out of the Militia is not yet arranged) for I cannot suppose that the military business in Holland will be sufficiently forward to admit of our diplomatic transactions beginning before the end of the approaching Session of Parliament.

The opportunity which we shall have of talking this business over in London makes it unnecessary for me to suggest here many other obvious considerations that weigh with me to wish you to go with me, and will, I hope, weigh with you to comply with my wishes. I cannot suppose that L^d Grenville could have the smallest objection to it; indeed, I should not put the question to him in such a way as to leave it open to him to make any objection of a light nature. I have mentioned to Pitt my intention of proposing it to you; and I need not tell you that he approves of it most highly.

The hopes of having you with me have altered my first view of the whole project so much that I really begin to look upon it (provided It can be made compatible with other Objects which I have most at heart) with much less distaste than I could have expected. Not that even now I do not rather desire, upon the whole, that the Cup might pass from me. But if it must be drunk, your sharing it with me will be such a comfort as I cannot well describe.

As to the main Object of all my hopes and wishes and anxieties—supposing there to be nothing that clashed in point of *time*—I have brought myself, upon reflection, to believe that this Plan might be rather of use to It than otherwise; not to the *attainment* of it—that will be decided (I tremble to think It *will* be decided and that I dare not anticipate *hers*) by to-morrow's or Thursday's post—but in other points of view, in which it does not cease to

¹ Lord Malmesbury.

present itself to me, whenever I am for a few minutes sanguine enough to allow myself to believe the attainment of it probable. Every thing of public service that I can perform, and every thing of public distinction that I can fairly obtain, is so much (in my way of feeling the subject) deducted from the extreme inequality which subsists between me and Miss S. in point of worldly consideration and importance, and I should think it particularly unfit and ungraceful to decline employment in which those who have a right to suppose they know me imagine I could be useful, and as the appearance of being selected for which is certainly honourable, merely because it will be disagreeable to me—at a moment when, by such an event as that to which I am now looking anxiously and fearfully forward, I might be understood to be no longer to the same degree dependent on my own exertions, and might be construed therefore to have made a determination to exert myself to the same degree no longer. Do not you feel this as I do?

If I could have every thing exactly my own way, I would have, in the first place, such an Account to-morrow of the conversation with L^d G. as I dare not venture to frame to my own imagination, lest I should be bitterly disappointed; then I would have opportunity during the next month or six weeks of seeing her either here again or at Welbeck, and of settling every thing to my content, to my happiness, and hope, and could almost say, I believe to hers; then, come the Dutch business when it will, so that it does not extend beyond the period which L^d G. assigns to it; then, after another interval passed at Welbeck (or where ever else), the opening of the Session of Parliament—full of opportunities, and in the course of it a Privy Councillor's Office, as early in the course of it as possible (Ireland would be still better than *all* this, but without deaths or casualties I do not see how that *can* be managed *fairly*). And then, Granville, I think I should feel a little less ashamed of being made as happy as I wish to be than, with all my wishes, I should feel myself under a proceeding more precipitate and overwhelming. Perhaps in all *this* you will *not* feel as I do; but you will understand my feelings exactly, or I have been in the habit of opening my whole heart to you to little purpose. I know you *will* understand me.

At the same time, all this fine plan does not depend upon me. I can neither arrange the conquest of Holland, on the one hand, so as to suit my views in other respects, nor can I *counsel* delay—nor perhaps (when the hour of trial came) willingly agree to it—in respect to other objects, in order to introduce my Dutch Interlude. Fortunately for you, my paper is out. God bless you. Write to me immediately, and return L^d G.'s letter.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

I wrote to you last night, but I add a word to tell you that, in spite of the bad luck of forestalling rejoicings, the whole of the Dutch fleet has surrender'd.¹ I never can think of writing you news as so many other people do. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

MARGATE, *Friday.*

I cannot help hoping the report you heard about Sol² is unfounded. We have heard nothing of it. She had a letter yesterday from Castle Howard, and Lord Chatham sail'd the night before last with all his people. I think it impossible Sol's name should never once be mention'd either here or in the news papers if it was true. All the ships of this second embarkation³ are still in sight; it blew so hard all night, I could not sleep for thinking of them, but as far as one can judge by glasses, they have receiv'd no damage. You cannot think how fine they look full sail in such a number. Tho' you abuse my politics, I believe I am the most thorough *Englishwoman* that ever existed. I cannot tell you the anxiety I feel in for our poor soldiers. It makes me miserable to see them go. Indeed, my dear G. playing at Soldiering is much better than the reality. I think what you say just, and that perhaps you would mind the désagrémens of such Service less than Sol; but it is shocking for both of you. It is not even désagrémens, but, I fear, almost the certainty of being cut to pieces. Do not think me mean spirited; I value your honour so much that, were you in the army, dreadful as it would be to me, I would rather forward than prevent your endeavours to go; but now, when you have no one possible call or pretence for it, it would seem to me madness, and the mere love of danger, without answering one good purpose. I do not mind your feeling the inclination, because I think it natural for any one to want to see their plaything put into use, but pray content yourself with *thinking*. Indeed, I could not bear your going. Think what it is you are regretting so much—not only the witnessing blood and massacres (no very pleasant amusement

¹ On the 13th August Sir Ralph Abercromby and Admiral Mitchell (who had charge of the transports) sailed from Deal and joined Admiral Lord Duncan in the North Sea. This first object was to effect a landing in Holland and to capture the remnant of the Dutch fleet. Owing to stormy weather, they did not reach the Dutch Coast until the 21st, and it was the 26th (Monday) before they were able to anchor near Helder. The troops were landed, and there was a smart action on the 27th. On the 30th the Dutch fleet surrendered without striking a blow to Admiral Mitchell, and hoisted the flag of the Prince of Orange.

² Lord Morpeth.

³ They sailed on the 9th September.

even if attended with success, and if they fail not even attended with glory), but the possibility of spending many years abroad, for this seems (instead of a coup de main) settling into a war to all eternity. Ever since I have been here and seeing the people embark I have been in a constant fever of spirits with the dread of some rash fancy entering your head. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

MARGATE,

Saturday (September).

Six lines to-day, Dear G., none yesterday, and seven the day before!! Since I came here, had I put all your letters together, they would scarce have form'd one good one. But no matter; I will be content. . . . L^d Wyeombe¹ is here, and I see a good deal of him. To day he lead me such a walk that I am not yet recover'd, and insisted on *carrying me* thro' a great place of sea we had got into unawares. I had no choice but wading thro' the sea up to my knees, or being carried. Whilst I stood doubting about it, he took me up (you know I am not quite a feather); but I never saw so strong a man, for he held me almost with one hand, as Kemble does the Child in Pizarro. We travers'd rocks and sands and caverns, and at length he lead me safe home, to my great joy, for I began to fear I was to wander for ever with him, and that when he was tired of me he would chuck me into the sea. I don't know what Ly. Holland has done to him, but he seems to harbour a great deal of resentment towards her, which he vents in sarcasm; but I never saw him so pleasant as he has been since we came here. He don't harangue so much, and talks more like other people.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

MARGATE, *Monday.*

I can talk of nothing but embarkation, but we see and hear nothing else, and you must listen to another story. You know only a certain number of women are allow'd to go, and they draw lots for it. One in particular wish'd very much to follow her Husband, but was told the number was completed and oblig'd to go on shore. She had an infant at her bosom, and another about a year old by her. She threw herself on the side of the Pier crying and sobbing almost to fits, and shewing every mark of agony while the remainder of the soldiers were embarking. As soon as they were all in, and the Anchor drawn up, she kept her eyes stedfastly fixed on the transport as it

¹ Eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

moved slowly up the Harbour. The soldiers were drawn up on the side waving their hands to their friends. Just as it turn'd round the Pier head she darted forward, threw the eldest child into the Arms of her Husband, and jump'd herself, with the other in her arms, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the Mob. The Soldiers receiv'd her and laid her gently on the deck, and the officer on board was so touch'd with her perseverance and despair that he permitted her to go. I cannot tell you how much this has struck my fancy; but we are in the midst of adventure here.

. . . We have another whirlwind tonight; it is blowing dreadfully. It seems as if every set of transports that sail'd carried a storm along with it, and I regret it the more because all the poor officers I was speaking to just before they sail'd were hoping so for fine weather. I think the Cheer given by the Soldiers and answered by the Mob at the moment they set sail is the most affecting thing possible, when one considers how often it must be a farewell for ever. The P. of W.'s regiment is just march'd in; he comes down to review it, I believe, and it embarks Friday or Saturday.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

MARGATE.

(September).

MY DEAR G.,—What you tell me is exactly what I wrote you word was explain'd to my Sister—that Sol's¹ offer was accepted, but that after that time the number of offers was so great that it was found expedient to repress this *military ardour*—lest the quantity of officers who had their profession to learn, now that the service seem'd more serious than was expected, should embarrass rather than assist our troops; that from this reason it was determin'd only Military men should go—you sec, the event tallies perfectly with this—since, notwithstanding Sol's appointment, he is not gone. He thinks just as you do upon it. All his letters say that it is useless now to dispute whether he did wisely or foolishly in first offering himself, since, that offer once made, every increase of Désagrément or danger are merely stronger reasons for him to press his going, which he has done most earnestly; but he says there seems little chance of it now, as the whole business seems dropp'd. This agrees so perfectly with what my Brother and Mr. W. said, that I cannot help thinking they were founded in their assertions. You seem to have as many Turtles as we have here—we are living upon them I admire your *only* reason for not making love to Ly. Thanet By the by, I forgot to tell you that tho' very likely, if Ly. T

¹ Lord Morpeth.

was talking low and fast, Sheridan might not understand, yet it is not safe to trust too much to his ignorance of French. I remember once his overhearing a long conversation between Prince Carency and me, and I thought I never should have heard the end of his tormenting me upon it. He sent me day after day different translations—some verse, some prose—of this unfortunate conversation, and no end of the quizzing about it. You hate a commission, but as you are concern'd in this, perhaps you will undertake it. I wish you would send to Fosbrook and speak to him about the private door which he promis'd me faithfully to have done. As there are so few of the subscribers in town, and you have a box to go to, it might still be done if he would set about it immediately. I wish you would also ask what the expense would be, as perhaps that is the difficulty. It cannot be very great, and would be worth a little. If you and the rest will give a guinea apiece towards it, I will undertake to pay the remainder. Offer him this; it will forward the door more than anything. But write me word by *return of post* whether you undertake the commission or not, as if you do not I must apply to somebody else. I hope Ld. Bor. remembers his promise of subscribing.

If Fosbrook makes any difficulty about the door, I will write to Kemble.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

MARGATE

(September).

. . . We saw some more poor Soldiers embark to day. I am very foolish in going to see them, for it makes me quite unhappy. That melancholy cheer as they set sail goes to my heart, and seeing the numbers of women crying and taking leave of them. There was particularly to day a young officer that interested me very much. Two very pretty Women were crying bitterly as they parted with him; but on going on board, and finding the Ship went slow along the Pier, he came back three different times to comfort and take leave of them, and staid so long, he was almost too late, and oblig'd to run and jump from the Pier head as the Ship pass'd under it. One of the women quite sobb'd out, and hid her head in the bosom of the other. He stood on the deck kissing his hand to her, whilst all the soldiers were huzzaing and trumpetting round him, and the people answering from shore. It overcame me so much that I was very near sitting down by the poor Girl and crying as bitterly as she did. I do not think I could bear to stay behind; I would go too. One woman did; I wonder how she got leave. I liked what she said so much, just as she was getting in. Some body ask'd her how

she could think of going. She said: "I could not think of staying; I have been moving Heaven and earth ever since I heard of it, and if I had not succeeded in getting leave to go with him, I would have follow'd him in the first fishing boat that would take me." I could have kiss'd the woman for saying so exactly what I feel. There is a strong report here that the troops are to be recall'd. How I do pray that they may! It is almost too good and too *wise* a measure to hope that it will be so. Yet poor little Lady Chatham seem'd rather to believe it, and they have sent to stop the troops that were to embark tomorrow, and to say no more must come till further orders; but this may only be some arrangement among the people at Deal. Do you think there is any chance? I hope you like Ld. Holland's Speech; I think it excellent.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

MARGATE

(September).

So, Sir, you think you are to have an entire monopoly of scolding, and are very indignant at anything like defence when you attack. I told you in my letter that I could not repel a charge when I really feel *guilty*. It subdues me at once, and takes from me the *power* of defence, not the inclination. But I admit that I laid myself open to being told that I defended equally right and wrong. It is not the ease, tho'. You do *not believe* that your wishing me to avoid any one is a reason for my seeing them. But I think you and all your most intimate friends have the great defect of endeavouring to run down and denigrate every body who does not live entirely in your society; and as I have often heard it objected to in you, and mistaken for great pretensions and conceit in you and your whole set of friends, I naturally wish to prevent your giving so much in to it, and dispute the point with you, even while I obey your injunctions. (Does that please you, Sir; I know you love obedience.) I had, in consequence of what you wish'd (against my own inclinations), denied and avoided Ld. Wyeombe very successfully till yesterday (but it is difficult, for he is always under our windows, and when I refuse him, Anne runs down, opens the door, and invites him up, for she is half in love with him). Yesterday, however, he watched me out. The moment I saw him I turn'd and hurried along quite another way, pretending to be reading very attentively and not to see him. But, you know, what can I do if people walk faster than me? You would not have me, like a second Daphne, go skimming over the downs at the risk of being turn'd into a tree—with Joseph for a prop. As I did

not do this, he of course join'd me, and never quitted me again the whole day, till I met with another friend of mine, whom I am afraid you will not approve of more than Ld. Wyeombe. It is Ld. Stanhope, who joins and sticks as close to me as if we had spent our lives together. . . . But pray, do tell me, is he mad? for he appears to me quite so. Is there any news come? We have all sorts of horrid reports here of the Russian and English troops being cut to pieces. Why was not the King's speech read?¹ . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Winchester.

MARGATE

(Postmark, September 30, 1799).

When you imagine I am so easily bias'd by the people I live with, and so apt to retail their opinions, you pay yourself a bad compliment. How comes it (if this is so) that you alone and your friends, whom I certainly live most with, should fail in having this effect? Can nothing short of Lord Stanhope's wit and Lord Wycombe's eloquence convince me? and are you so humble as to own either that your cause is less good or your arguments less strong than theirs? The fact is we have not heard one sentence on Politics from any Soul since we came here, unless enquiries of whether the wind is fair or not for the transports can be so call'd. You mistake my stupidity for acrimony. I was told (I believe you told me among others) that our troops were to go and take possession of Holland, which had given itself up to the English and the Stathouder.² Of course, I imagin'd tout simplement they were going over to make bon-fires and rejoicings without further ado. I had some doubts and fears on the subject, but was so scouted for it I concluded it was all settled, especially upon the fleet being given up. Since that time our troops, with all their exertions, which by all accounts have been wonderful, have only been repulsed and cut to pieces with scarcely gaining a place or a man. I own this did not strike me as being very advantageous, unless lessening our Numbers in these times of poverty is reckon'd a good. However, if you are all pleas'd with it, at least that is something gain'd; there is nothing like being easily contented in this world. I read the debate with the greatest avidity, for till I got the

¹ Parliament met on the 24th September.

² The Duke of York landed in Holland 13th September, 1799, and assumed the chief command of the combined British and Russian forces. A general attack was begun on the 19th on the French and Dutch, which ended in great loss of men. On the 2nd October the combined forces met with greater success, but the losses were again very heavy, and the troops so exhausted that no advantage could be taken of the enemy's retreat. After some further fighting, a suspension of arms was agreed to on the 17th October, the combined British and Russian army to evacuate Holland before the end of November.

papers I was puzzling to death to find out what it was we had *accomplish'd* which could be reckon'd beneficial, even supposing not one man had been lost or any expense incurr'd. I did not gain much information, but a great deal of amusement from it. Tierney's speech I did not like; Mr. Windham's was absurd, and consequently very entertaining; Sheridan's, good sense and good argument, but does not seem to have been a striking speech or like his usual style; Mr. Pitt's seems the most brilliant, Spirited, and *unfeeling* I ever read. This last quality, however, I suppose was necessary; for if he did not appear contented, who else could? I have no doubt it must have had a wonderful effect, but it was a speech to make one admire him as a Hero more than trust him as a Minister. A general at the head of his Army should speak thus, but there is a great difference between fighting oneself and making others fight. You say the lives of men are not to be considered if we wish our protection to be valuable. I believe a good deal might be said on that subject, but even granting this horrid position, you should at least wait till that protection is wish'd for, and not force it on people against their will. The best argument made use of in the whole debate was what Mr. P. said—that from what we knew of French oppression over every country they had conquer'd, it was natural to suppose the Dutch would fly eagerly to the Standard rais'd for their deliverance; but if, in spite of what they have suffer'd, they do not wish to throw off the yoke (which seems the ease at present), we imitate the French by endeavouring to force freedom upon them sword in hand. Pray forgive me, Dear G., all this tirade on politics; you provok'd it by attacking me unjustly. Pay your subscription to Fosbrook—25 Guineas.

Pray write me all the news. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to hear of our poor troops gaining a Victory. I hope that will end it sooner (I mean a decisive one, for I had rather they should do nothing than what they have done). I sent Ld. Winchelsea douching all thro' the rain yesterday to talk to an officer just landed, who left Helder on Thursday; but either there was nothing to tell, or the man was diplomatically mysterious. By the by, to counterbalance Ld. Stanhope, I live incessantly with Ld. Winchelsea, and surely a Lord of the Bed-chamber outweighs a Host of Jacobins.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

MARGATE

(Postmark, October 12, 1799).

. . . Ld. Wycombe din'd with us today, and amus'd us very much with a great many Paris stories; amongst others he told

us a very good impromptu of the Abbé de Lille's, which, probably you know. The D. of Orleans met him one day in the Palais Royal, and said: "Monsieur L'Abbé, vous chantez si bien les jardins, il faut bien me donner un couplet sur le mien." L'Abbé de Lille instantly answer'd:

" Dans ce jardin tout se rencontre
Hormis de l'ombrage et des fleurs
Si l'on y dérègle ses mœurs
Du moins l'on y règle sa montre,"

alluding to the famous meridian in the Palais Royal. Is not that very well remember'd? I only heard it once.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Oct. ye 12th, 1799.

Last Night, my dear beloved Granville, We received yours of the 9th. Your Father desires me to tell you that, so far from disapproving of your having acceded to the Proposal of raising a Battalion of Volunteers, to serve in Europe during the War, he is well pleased that you should be engaged in an active Situation, where he trusts you will do yourself Honor, and prove yourself to be the Man he believes you to be. I will not say that we can divest ourselves of anxiety, yet I am well convinced that you are as safe in Battle, under the Protection of the wise Disposer of all Events, as you are in the Barracks of Winchester and that if it be his divine Will to continue to us the inestimable Blessing which he bestow'd when you were born, that we shall have Cause to rejoice that you have had an opportunity of distinguishing yourself in so glorious and just a Cause, for I think it the Cause of Humanity, the Cause of Religion, and I pray the Almighty to direct this, and every worthy Undertaking in which you may be engaged. As you say, how much preferable is the commanding a fine Battalion to that of an Aide-de-Camp; that Spirit, that Desire to excel, visible in your early Life, always had my warmest Approbation, and from which I augur'd that you would not be an idle, useless Being, but an Honor, as well as a Comfort, to your Parents.

This is the Day that gave you Birth. . . . I can assure you that my Lord joins most sincerely in every kind Expression and good Wish that I can possibly convey. He is, as I am, with the fondest Affection, my dearest Leveson,—Your Faithful Friend and most tenderly attach'd

PARENT.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Monday ye 17th (October).

I am quite glad that you have a great Deal to do; you never appear to such Advantage as when that is the Case. You must let us know when we may speak of your Undertaking, for though it appears to me from the Nature of it that it cannot be a Secret, yet without your Permission we keep Silence. I never before Lord M.'s *Aide-de-Campship* got into a Scrape by repeating, and I think it will be the last. Mr. Sparrow was here Yesterday. He said it was reported at Lichfield that you had offer'd your Services as Volunteer. My Lord made little or no Answer. We must trouble you to let us know with what Success you proceed in your forming a Battalion. You may suppose we are desirous to be inform'd of every thing of the Sort relating to you, and there is not a Creature but yourself to whom we can apply for Intelligence on the Subject. I will not mention the many brave Men we have lost in Holland, nor the Regrets we feel on that Subject. We saw two spirited Letters to Mr. Bent from his Son, who was wounded on the 2d. The last is dated the 8th, in which he hopes to be able soon to join the Regiment and to help to give the French another *Peppering*. He had not an Idea of our Army leaving Holland, but, on the contrary, says: "We shall (with the Co-operation of the Navy) be in Possession of Amsterdam without Difficulty, after we have driven the French from two or three strong Positions, which cannot be effected without brave fighting, for the French fight well, though they dare not trust the Dutch, whom they believe inimical to them. Glory leads us, and you may depend upon our proving victorious." Is there not a Glimmering of Hope that the French Accts. of their Successes in Switzerland and Suvarrow¹ being beaten may be a Fabrication? We flatter ourselves that certainly there is much to be allow'd for French Exaggeration. No one writes us any News of this Sort, in which we are most interested, and I do not know who to apply to for this Sort of Information. I cannot tell you how hurt my Lord was when he read the Monday's Extraordinary Gazette, and my Brother was not a Comforter; he saw it as bad as your Father did. So I argued what I did *not* think, and would not allow the Consequences they foretold. Though I did not convince, yet I flatter myself I did Good, though none to myself, for my Lord abused

¹ The Russians, under the command of General Suvarrow, after defeating the French in Italy, had gone to the assistance of the Archduke Charles; but Massena having arrived first, the Austrians were forced to retreat, and the Russians were so completely surrounded that only 5,000 men, with their General, escaped in October, 1799.

me for *thinking as I wish'd, my Prejudices with Eyes shut to the Truth, &c., &c.* However, I do really flatter myself that every Thing will at last prove for the Good of these Kingdoms and the Interest of true Religion and of Virtue. Your Father is vastly well, but so disappointed that our Expedition to Holland has turn'd out so disadvantageously that he *worries* himself even to *fear* the arrival of the Post. Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd were here on Tuesday. He is not less violent on the Subject of the new Militia Bill than he was last Summer, and with *some Anger approved* of Mr. Ryder's Resignation, saying: "he was in the right; that in spite of Mr. Ryder's vindicating the Measure, he felt it not a Situation for a *Gentleman now* to remain in a Militia Corps." Adieu, my dearest Leveson. We wish for long and frequent Letters from you.—Ever your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Thursday, ye 24th Oct.

We have received both your Letters. As soon as my Lord had read That Part in yours of Monday of your Regiment being no Secret, he told of your being employ'd in raising a Regiment to the People here. I am quite concern'd to find by that we receiv'd this Evening that it had not been mention'd to the King for his Majesty's Approbation. I do not wonder that he was displeased at so inattentive an Omission, and I fear he may long feel sore on the Subject, though he may not stop the Measure. Has not our Expedition to Holland been attended with Misfortune! And the *Finale* appears to me quite mortifying, though I suppose necessity obliged us to agree to such Conditions. Yet they are humiliating, and when I read of Brune's¹ Civility to Gen. Don,² and his talking so highly of our Army, I am really provoked, for it is put in the Papers as a high Compliment. Good Night, my Dear. Forgive this hurrying, ill written Letter, and pray let us know as soon as you can the Effect of Mr. Dundas's³ Letter, and if you are to go on with raising a Regiment, and whether that may not occasion

¹ Marshal Brune (1763-1815) was in command of the French forces in Flanders 1799, at the Battle of Bergen, on 18th September. He was murdered at Avignon 2nd August, 1815. Noted for his cruelties and rapacious plunderings. It was said of other plunderers: "Que s'ils ne volaient pas en plein midi ils *volaient à la Brune*."

² General George Don (1775-1832), later Sir George, was Major-General in the Netherlands (1798), and commanded the third division at Helder (1799); was taken prisoner to France.

³ Right Hon. Henry Dundas, afterwards created Viscount Melville (1742-1811), was Secretary at War 1794-1801.

your coming to this County to get Men. Once more Adieu. We shall be anxious to hear again from you.—Ever, my own beloved Granville, your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

P.S.—Is it true that Lady Augusta¹ has return'd, and the Child with her? And what is the History of her going and coming back?

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Tuesday, ye 5th (November).

This Evening, my dear Granville, we received yours of Yesterday. You can well suppose that your Father and I are sadly vex'd at this Démêlé about your Regiment. There cannot be a Doubt but that there is Somebody who instigates the King to see this Business in so different a Point of View from Mr. Dundas. It really makes me unhappy that you should be the Person who is the Cause of the King's being offended, and the Cause of the Ministers being dissatisfied with the King, and you cannot easily believe how much we are concern'd for your Feelings on the Subject, as well as your being got into so very disagreeable and provoking a Business, and Sir William Fawcett's² Stupidity the Foundation of the whole! The King had certainly Reason to be offended that he had not been made acquainted with it before it was known to any but Ministers; but in the Subsequent Part you have been ill treated. Yet, my dear Granville, let not this provoke you to be in the wrong; let not Resentment draw you into any Thing improper, nor to say, nor do, what in the cool Minutes of Reflection you may wish undone. When my Lord went to Bed I told him that I should write to you, and ask'd what I should say from him. I cannot repeat as I could wish the kind Message and the sensible Advice. You know so well that we feel all your Uneasiness, or all your Blessings, or Advantages as our own, and of consequence are now most anxious for this Business to be settled in a Way not to cause disagreeable Consequences. Your Father would not *for the World* that it should occasion Mr. Dundas to resign the Secretaryship of the Department, or that it should cause the least Dryness between the King and his Ministers. Now, he says, when they should be united, and that this King-

¹ Lady Augusta Murray.

² General Sir William Fawcett (1728-1804), distinguished soldier; had fought in Seven Years' War; promoted General, and also Governor of Chelsea Hospital, 1796. Owing to the outcry against the administration of the English army after the disastrous campaigns of 1794-95 in Flanders, the Duke of York was appointed to succeed Lord Amherst, and Fawcett had to make way for General Sir David Dundas as Adjutant-General, but he was treated with consideration, and sworn a member of the Privy Council 23rd January, 1799.

dom should be attach'd to his Majesty and his Ministers, what might not be the consequence of a Quarrel! He trusts that Mr. Pitt will persuade the King to see it in a proper Light, and that Mr. Dundas will forget every unpleasant Part of it, and with his accustomed good Sense make Allowance for the natural Irritation which might actuate His Majesty to say improper Things from the improper Negligence of Sir W. Fawcett. Your Father is afraid that, although the King will overlook and make up with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, yet that your being the Cause may, without great Caution on your Part, be a Disadvantage to you in future Objects. He begs you will be as silent as you can on the Subject, and make no Communications but to a Lord Boringdon, of whose Silence you are sure; not that he desires you to mention it even to him, for of this you are the best Judge. Your Father is so zealous for the Ministry going in Harmony, for the Prosperity of these Kingdoms, for the King's Happiness, and for every one acting his Part for the good of the whole, that he shall not be easy till he knows that Mr. Dundas is pacified and every Thing *en bon Train*. He depends much upon Mr. Pitt's Goodness of Temper, independent of his persuasive Arguments and good Sense. Your Father flatters himself they will have their proper Weight with the King and Mr. Dundas, and that we shall have the Happiness of hearing from you soon that all is well settled and arranged.

Pray do not forget to call upon Col. Stewart;¹ he is at Lord Galloway's. I hope you have heard how wonderfully well he did in Switzerland. I suppose he is not recovered his Journey from thence; 16 Days' travelling without taking off Clothes or Boots is rather a Trial of the Constitution. I hope Mr. Wickham has let Government know his Conduct. I saw a Letter from Berlin on the Subject. Good Night, my dearest dear beloved Granville. It is a sad Thing when out of one's Power to be of the least Use when those we love are in a Difficulty. Once more good Night. . . .

Mr. Canning to Lady Stafford.

ASHBOURNE, Monday, Nov. 18, 1799.

DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—Your letter reached town a few days after I had set out for Ashbourne.

It was forwarded to this place, and met me on my arrival here the day before yesterday. I will not trust to the circuitous post between this place and Trentham to convey to you all the comfort that I can send you upon a subject which interests you

¹ Her nephew William Stewart (1774-1827), afterwards Lieut.-General Sir William, second son of seventh Earl of Galloway. Had obtained leave to serve with the Austrian and Russian armies in the campaign of 1799, and was at the battle of Zurich. He was an intimate friend of Nelson.

so deeply. The first and greatest comfort that I can give you is by assuring you that there is not the smallest blame attaching to Granville in any part of the transaction which has ended so much to his disappointment and mortification. He has, on the contrary, all the merit that belongs to the having undertaken a very troublesome task from the very best motives—a desire of distinguishing himself honourably and of being useful to his Country. And he has the additional merit of having conducted himself throughout the whole of a very provoking discussion with perfect temper and prudence, and of bearing the ultimate decision against him with great good humour.

The *difficulties* in which he finds himself involved by this decision can be (so far as I know) nothing more than trouble and vexation, and the necessity of explaining to the different Individuals who had engaged to serve with him the little share that he has in the rejection of their services. I cannot for a moment suppose that a single shilling of the expence which has been incurred can be suffered to fall upon him. Indeed, Mr. Pitt has repeatedly said, both to me alone and to Granville in my presence, that he should be borne harmless. The defeat of the Plan (which, so far as I can judge, and so far as Mr. Dundas's opinion and Mr. Pitt's are to be believed, was calculated much more for the public service than with a view to any advantage to Granville) is owing wholly to some military prejudices entertained in a higher quarter, which were combated both by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas as long as they could be combated with decency, and as long as there appeared the least chance of their being able to overcome them.

Once again be assured Granville has no fault, but much merit, in the whole business. I write to Ryder to ask after Lady Susan, and I shall therefore only desire you to make my most affectionate regrets to Lord Stafford, and believe me, ever most affectionately yours,

GEO. CANNING.

Lady Stafford to Mr. Canning.

TRENTHAM, Nov^r ye 19th, '99.

MY DEAR MR. CANNING,—I am more obliged to you than I can express for the comfort and satisfaction your Letter has given to my Lord and me. Your Approbation of Granville in the whole of this Transaction, and the account you give of his Prudence and Temper is most gratifying to us, and removes fears and anxieties which have disturb'd us exceedingly. I know not how to express how sensibly we feel the kind interest you take in everything relating to him. Indeed, your unremitting Friendship for my beloved Granville, and your particular atten-

tion to my Lord, have made you very dear to me. You may say it is of little Consequence to have gain'd the affection and esteem of an old woman, but I have a Pleasure in telling you that I am with very great Regard and Gratitude, Y^r affecte and obet, &c.,
S. STAFFORD.

Mr. Canning to G. L. G.

ASHBOURNE,

Tues. night, Nov. 19, 1799.

. . . I say nothing to you about Buonaparte's Revolution¹ because I have so much to say that I know not when I should end. It is beyond my hopes.

I am in raptures at it, as Boringdon will tell you if he is in town and gets the letter which I have written to him this morning. I hope Holland will grant the request that I mean to make to him for a copy of Buonaparte's picture. The destroyer of the National Representation of the French Republick is a public benefactor to Europe. I care not whether he restores a King or becomes himself a Despot, so that he be bloody and tyrannical enough. Heaven prosper all his projects against French Liberty and Republican principles, whatever they may be! But as to peace—peace with a Government six weeks old! No—no—no! I hope that will be easily fought off. If the old form of things (old for a directory, and two councils had almost obtained the sanction of establishment)—if that had endured and the rest of Europe had been dastardly, we might have found some difficulty in carrying on the war. But now it is our own faults if we do not take a new lease of it. . . . God bless you.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CAV. SQR., November.

. . . Beau² look'd very handsome to-day, and was so amiable I am half in love with him. She pale but very pretty; but she begins to complain a little of the excessive retirement and solitude they live in (these are all secrets, pray observe), and she wanted Ly. Holland and me to persuade Beau to stay. This I declin'd. Ly. H. said she would try, but I am sure any attempt of this sort will completely fail, and only make him imagine there is a plot against him. Poor fellow, with the most generous, best heart in the world, he is not form'd to make himself or those that he loves happy! I have millions of things to say to you, but they are too long and too trifling for a letter. Ly. Holland told

¹ Bonaparte landed at Fréjus, 7th October, 1799; hastened to Paris; overthrew the Directorial Government; and was raised to the supreme power by the title of First Consul on the 9th November.

² Mr. Charles George Beauclerk (1774-1846), only son of Lady Diana and Topham Beauclerk; married, April, 1799, Miss Emily Charlotte Ogilvie (Mimi), daughter of the Duchess of Leinster by her second husband, William Ogilvie.

me so many wonderful stories que la tête m'en tourne, among others, she has almost persuaded me that Mr. Canning's married love was Ly. Malnesbury? Was it? She knows the violent secret of Miss Scott; she would not tell me how; but it would be too ridiculous if, after all your injunctions to me, you had told her! Tierney was in high glee, and very amusing; he is convinc'd the *Citizens* (as he calls them) will break the convention and take over our Army yet. This is having a still worse opinion of the Jacobins than even you have. He is making another subscription for the lottery in which he says he means to concentrate all the good luck in England. Ly. Holland and I are to be admitted. He is to pick and chuse from the opposition, and take the D. of Bedford and Ld. Egremont, because, not wanting many, they are sure to get a great prize. But to secure it quite he is determin'd to have Mr. Pitt's luck too, and says the first day he meets him in the H. of Commons he will go across the House and ask him to subscribe. It is to consist of a 100 people at 50 guineas each, and to buy as many lottery tickets as possible with that money, the prizes to be divided in common, except the 20£'s which are kept for Irish lottery tickets to be done in the same way. Pray do not neglect writing to me. It gives me so much pleasure to hear from you that indeed you should not. I want to have an account of what you know further about your regiment. And pray also let me know that you have not been drawn in to play any more. I know you could not help it the other night; but try to avoid beginning. Is it *necessary* that you should always go to Brooks's? . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

. . . Spem Vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem. Don't be frighten'd at a Latin quotation; there is no danger of my ever being over *learned*—Heaven help me! But I went to look for it as soon as you were gone, and I see it was an unfortunate "*in*" that I persisted in squeezing into it that spoilt the line. If I understand it right, I like it much better than the Italian translation:

" Pieno in se stesso
D'alti e gravi pensier, tenta velato
Con la fronte serena il cor doglioso." ¹

I have just begun St. Leon, and you must read it. I am half in love with the Hero, tho' considering that, as far as I have read, is a list of his views, this seems an immoral declaration. It is full of high notions of honour, Chivalry, and *Loyalty*. . . .

¹ Quietly in herself she kept hidden high serious thoughts with serene brow and suffering heart.

*Lady B. to G. L. G.*CAV. SQD., *December, 1799.*

. . . In the evening I went to Lady C. and to D. House, where I found Ld. George,¹ Mr. Drummond, and Adair. Ld. G. told us a story of T. Grosvenor² which shew'd more quickness than I thought him possess'd of, and which was more like a made story than a real one. He was almost surrounded by a party of French soldiers with their firelocks presented in the act of firing at him, when in a very loud voice he gave them the word of command in French to shoulder their arms, which they mechanically obeyed and gave him time to escape—*si non e vero e ben trovato*. Hare says he carries his ear in a sling. . . .

¹ Lord George Cavendish (1754-1834), afterwards first Earl of Burlington; married, 1782, Lady Elizabeth Compton.

² Mr. Thomas Grosvenor, second son of Thomas Grosvenor, of Swell Court (1764-1851), and a nephew of the first Earl Grosvenor, soldier, and later became a Field-Marshal; married, 1797, Elizabeth, sister of Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

CHAPTER VIII

1800--1801

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT AND SOCIETY

THE letters this year were very numerous, but so largely concerned with private matters and details of Lady Bessborough's long and serious illness, that only a few are of general interest. In July Lord Granville was appointed a Lord of the Treasury.

After much heated discussion, the Bill for the legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland was passed by the Irish Parliament on the 28th March, and took effect on January 1st, 1801. The title of King of France, hitherto used, was dropped for the first time from the Royal Proclamation announcing the Union.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,
April ye 28th.

As you do not mention, my dear Granville, in the Letter we had the Pleasure of receiving yesterday the two last Letters I wrote, I rather suspect that they have miscarried; but perhaps you are *like your Mother* in omitting to look at the Letter you are answering, and that you have got the long Scribble and the short note to desire you to look at *those* pages in the 1st Vol. of the Duke de Rochefoucauld Liancourt's¹ Publication. Is he in England? or where is he? Is there authentic Accts. of Sir S. Smith² having taken so much upon himself? or is it only from Constantinople that we have the Information? I would gladly

¹ François A. F. Due de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (1747-1827). Left France after the fall of the Monarchy; lived for eighteen months in England, and then travelled through the United States, from whence he returned in 1798, and published his principal work, "Travels in the United States."

² Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith (1764-1840), in 1796, while attempting to cut out a ship from Havre, was taken prisoner, and was imprisoned for two years in the Temple, from which he escaped. In 1798 he sailed in the *Tiger* for the Mediterranean, to take command as Commodore on the coast of Egypt. In March, 1799, he captured a French flotilla off St. Jean d'Acre, and defended the town against Bonaparte. The latter having left Egypt, Sir Sidney negotiated with General Kleber for the evacuation of that country, and by a treaty signed at El Arish in January, 1800, the return of the French was agreed to. The British Government had previously announced that it would agree to no capitulation.

hope that he has not been so imposed upon, nor that he has not *ventured* to act so improperly. I love a brave Man, and of Consequence I am interested in Sir S. Smith. There are few who possess both the Qualifications necessary in a General, and those necessary to make Treaties, &c., &c. He forgot that he was negotiating with the *wise Men* of France as well as with a sensible, clever General. But what are we to do, should it be true that Sir Sidney has got into this Serape? You mention'd in a Letter near three Weeks ago, I think, respecting an arrangement in Consequence of Stewart Mackenzie's Death, and your Father acquiesced to the Idea of your not vacating your Seat now, but that it should be understood that at the General Election you were certainly to have the first Claim, and your Father ask'd, if you wish'd him to write, or if you thought you could have it managed without his interfering; to this you have not given any Answer, nor mention'd the Subject since that Letter. . . . We are going to Claverton Downs. Your Father is very well.—Ever, my own Granville, your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,
May ye 5th.

Yesterday, my dear Granville, we had the Pleasure of hearing from you. My Lord thinks when you can write so well that you can surely speak to your own Credit and Advantage in the H. of Commons. He lays your Silence chiefly at the Door of Indolence. I hope in this he is mistaken, for I have read somewhere that Indolence is almost an incurable Disorder; that Love, Hatred, Revenge, or Jealousy can easier be rooted out of the Mind than Indolence; that it requires more Resolution to conquer it than most People are Masters of. Should this Fiend have taken Possession of you, I trust you will prove that you can overcome it. We read with Pleasure Lord Boringdon's Speeches in the House; they prove that his Mind is not entirely a *Mark Antony's*. We want to see the same Proofs of you in the H. of Commons. Parents are anxious, troublesome Sort of Beings when they have the Advancement of a Son at Heart, but I will quit this subject for the present and tell you that we have heard a great Deal of that same D. of Rochefoucauld Liancourt since I wrote to you last. There is a Mr. Noot (I know not how to spell his Name) who is at the Head of some medical Department in Canada, and a great Friend of Lord Dorchester; he had a Letter from the Governor of Massachusetts to say that the D. of R. Liancourt had done much Mischief in America, that he was there as a Spy, that General Simeoe had received him with

great Attention and Civility in Canada, where His Grace was doing much Mischief, and to advise Lord Dorchester not to allow him to come into his Part of Canada, respecting which Lord Dorchester inquired, found it to be all true, and order'd him from thence immediately. The latter Part he mentions in his Book. But what astonishes some of the People here is, that the foregoing must have been communicated to Government, and yet he was allow'd to come here from America, when there was every Reason to believe he was then a Spy from France in this Country. They suppose that at least there is *one* Friend to these Sort of Emigrants, in some of the Offices of Government. My Lord supposes that Mr. Pitt will think that you *certainly* are to be consider'd at the general Election, therefore the Expression *that Mr. Pitt is now determined, if any possible Vacancy can be contrived*, that you will have a Lordship *in the Treasury*, that *if* is not a Promise, and you have been taught to believe these last five Years that you were to be *consider'd*. Your Father wishes to believe that there is not a Doubt on the Subject, for Mr. Pitt knows how zealous your Father is on this Subject, and he thinks that Mr. Pitt is desirous to gratify this desire, yet if there are others who may have less Pretensions to Mr. Pitt's Friendship than your Father has, yet by Solicitations and persevering Applications get Promises, you may remain in *Statu quo*. He therefore cannot feel at all comfortable without an Assurance on this Subject. You are the Person in whom he is most interested, and any Favour granted to you, or any Benefit you receive, he feels it as done to himself. By what you write he understands that you mean your Father should speak, or write when he comes to London, that he may then procure a Promise.

We cannot wish Mr. Ryder to refuse so great an Income as the Treasurer of the Navy in Lieu of being joint Pay-Master, yet their being removed from that House, were we to live much in London, would be the Cause of Lamentation to us. I am glad to hear that Miss Scott is recovering. I hope she will not disappoint Mr. Canning. Some Letters we have doubt it. Bath, which abounds in News, is of a different Opinion. Lord Lansdowne arrived here last Saturday; lives in this Street. We have not seen him; there are many people here whom we never see, as we exhibit only in the Pump-Room. We read of Balls, Assemblies, &c., &c., and of all your Male Friends appearing there, but not a Word of Granville! I suppose Lady B. is in Town. Must that prevent your taking Notice of other *Fashionables*? You gain the Approbation of all around the Country Quarters where your Regiment has been; in those Places you are not call'd fine, and all inquire most kindly after you. I

hope you will succeed as well when you come into your own County, and put a Stop to all Intention of an Opposition. I think if my Lord talks big, and gives out that he will stand a Contest that it will not be attempted, though I believe Lord Dudley has it much at Heart. Good Night. When I do write I do generally give you a large Dose of my Ideas, &c., &c.—Ever, my own beloved Granville, Your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

THE PRIORY,

Saturday (? May, 1800).

... Anne¹ is looking very well and happy. I like him pretty well, but it is sad and formal. There is nobody here but the little Chaplain, whom I like of all things; he is worth ten *Ld.* Abercorns, but don't say I said so, or I shall be *undone*. Lady Catherine² is beautiful, and has been playing on the tambourine. I never saw anything so graceful as her figure. . . .

G. Canning to Lady Stafford.

SPRING GARDEN,

May 12th, 1800.

MY DEAR LADY STAFFORD,—The kind interest which you and Lord Stafford have always taken in whatever has concerned me, would make it unpardonable in me if you were not to be among the very first to whom I communicated an Event the most essential to my happiness that has ever yet occurred in the course of my life. I know that you have long more than suspected the secret of that attachment, which has occupied all my thoughts and wishes since the month of August last; and I do not need to be told that you have felt for me during all the anxiety of different kinds under which I have (of late particularly) suffered. And I am confident, therefore, that when I tell you that *all* that anxiety is now happily removed; and that the same week which has restored the Person in whose welfare my whole comfort was involved from a dangerous illness, has also brought with it the decision which confirms her *mine*,³ you will enter cordially into all the joy which I feel on an occasion thus doubly delightful to me. I make no apology, therefore, for troubling you with this

¹ Lady Anne Hatton married Lord Abercorn as his third wife on 3rd April, 1800. "Lady Anne was thirty-six when she married Lord Abercorn. Her appearance is so youthful that no one guessed her to be more than twenty-four, if so much. Her figure is light, airy, and graceful. Hare says she has a sort of vivacity that raises your expectations, but what she says is so flat that it damps curiosity" (Lady Holland: Journal).

² Lord Abercorn's daughter.

³ He was married on the 8th July in Brook Street.

Letter; and will only add with my best respects to L^d Stafford, the assurance that I am ever, dear Lady Stafford, Most affectionately yours,

GEO. CANNING.

I ought not to leave a blank space, when I have to congratulate you and L^d Stafford on Ryder's appointment to the Treasurership of the Navy; tho' I can hardly do this without seeming to call upon *you* to congratulate *me* on my suecession to Ryder in the Pay Office.¹ I wish it had been possible for Granville to vacate, that the arrangement might have been completed by his having the Lordship of the Admiralty. *It was his, if he could have taken it.*²

G. Canning to G. L. G.

HOLLYWOOD,
Sunday, July 13th, 1800.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—You *are* to be the new Lord of the Treasury: as you will hear more fully from Pitt in the course of a Day or two.—Ever affectionately Yours,

G. C.

Pray thank your Mother for me, for a very kind Letter which she was so good as to write to me in her own and L^d Stafford's name. I will not trouble her with the formality of an Answer.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE,
Wednesday (probably July).

. . . I am very low today. Poor Willy and Clifford³ are put on board another ship and gone on some expedition purposely to see *Service*. Nothing ever equal'd Ld. St. Vincent's kindness. His Chaplain is a very elever Man, and he thought the boys come on in French and other learning with him, which it was a pity they should lose, and he has prevail'd on him to go with them as their Tutor. He says he is determin'd to make something of them, and hopes to live to see them Post Captains. All this is very fine, but I cannot stand this *seeing service*, and have been quite ill all day. I must give you a proof of my *retenue*. You may imagine how anxious I feel, and I wish'd much to know where this detachment was going. Ld. St. V. calls it a seeret expedition. I ask'd my Brother very eagerly,

¹ Canning was appointed to the office of Joint-Paymaster-General, and also a member of the Privy Council.

² At this time Mr. Pitt offered to make Lord G. L. G. a Lord of the Admiralty, which office he declined, but a few weeks later accepted a Lordship of the Treasury

³ William Ponsonby and Augustus Clifford.

and he ask'd me if I thought *he ought* to tell me, that if I did he would, and would abide by my decision. I was dying to know, but I told him I thought he ought not, and remain perfectly ignorant of where my poor little Boy is gone to. Is it to Holland, do you think, or further? . . . What did you do all day? How are Mr. and Mrs. Canning going on? I was near meeting them at dinner once at my Brother's, but otherwise have seen or heard nothing of them. I call'd once, but as they did not come here would not repeat it. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE,
July 29.

. . . I shall be impatient to know the event of your nomination. I wish I could find out some Freeholders for you. I am glad Mr. Seott is abusive and Blackguard; it will be of more use to you than all your canvassing. The Subscription, too, is a good thing; it is a wonderful cooler, and I do not doubt he will find it so. I hope your train will be so great as to make him give up in despair. But this is only because it is *you*; otherwise I should disapprove excessively of this bullying way of carrying on Elections. Ld. Whitworth¹ is come. He call'd here to-day, but I was not able to see him. I hear he praises you very much and enquir'd very much after you. He is full of stories of the Emperor Paul.² One of the last regulations was not only against round hats, but against wearing a cock'd hat with one corner before, and people are plac'd in the different Streets to turn the hat round when it happens to be ill put on. This is a famous story, I think, whether true or invented. . . .

. . . What are you reading? Anything? I have finished Schiller's 30 years' war, which I like very much, and I am in love with Gustavus Adolphus. The plays of Wallenstein, which he wrote after his history, have ridiculous things in them like all German plays, but there are some very pretty also. . . .

Lady Bessborough was dangerously ill during September and October, 1800, owing to slipping and then falling downstairs at Roehampton on 22nd August. She fell on the back of her head, and was laid up in consequence for a considerable time.

¹ Charles Earl Whitworth (1754-1825), Ambassador to Russia in 1786, where he remained twelve years.

² Paul I., Emperor of Russia; born 1754; succeeded his mother, the Empress Catherine, in 1796. He married the Princess Mary of Wurtemberg in 1776. His rule and all his conduct grew worse and worse—seemed, in fact, that of a madman. He was murdered 24th March, 1801.

Duchess of Devonshire to G. L. G.

September.

MY DEAR LD. G., . . . I have nothing to say to you. I am going to Roe, and H. is really much better. Stepney and Adair din'd here yesterday, but I have seen no one else. He does not come till the end of the week, and I shall probably be gone.

You must not betray me where you are, for Mrs. Wolsely wd. guess how you knew it. But I have been much entertain'd at some rings that she and, I believe, Mrs. Gardner give their favourites. They are mottos made out from the Initials of the *beloved* name. B. Craven has wrote on his, *Bien chéri*; T. Sheridan, *Toujours Saillant*. I think it's more ingenious than I should have expected from them, and I have been amusing myself in making some. For example, for Granville Leveson Gower, *gare la galanterie*; for Lord Villiers, *Gentil Vaurien*. Georgiana made a good one for Pen Lamb, with whom Miss Hunloek fancies she is in Love—*Peggy's Love*. I cannot make one for Sol. Pray try. I have made *one* I won't tell you.

ROBERT ADAIR	Rarement aimable.
SR. JOHN SHELLEY	Joyusement sot.
T. STEPNEY	Ton Subalterne.

When you have nothing else to do make me some, pray. I give you to exereise yr. talents in French or English. Charlotte Gréville, G. Devonshire, H. F. Bessboro', George Morpeth, George Canning (grand Comédien), Sophia Asgille, and Ly. Lawley if you know her Christian name.

Pray don't think me very Childish and swear at me *with my own name*. I think I have proved to you my good spirits to day.

Duchess of Devonshire to G. L. G. at Trentham.

BOGNOR,

Sep. 16.

I am going to write a very odd letter to you, but since I wrote I have been made miserable about my own giddyness and those foolish mottos. It was in an odd way that I heard them, and without ever thinking of the consequences. I was so pleas'd with the ingenuity that I set about making them, and as I believe I cannot even yet do any thing that is not taken notice of, it has got about. However, the original motto of B. C. I only mentioned to you, and I do entreat you not to say any thing more about it, and shd. you ever meet the fair Cottager¹ not to attack her. Nay, should any Conversation arise on the subject, to say you had only heard how much I had been struck

¹ Mrs. Gardner.

at the ingenuity of applying initials mottoes, but you had known of none concerning her or her friends.

Au reste, if you have really the regard to my precepts you flatter me with, I do conjure you for this once to make me the sacrifice of this flirtation, which with all your ideas of not being in Love would very probably bring additional regrets on you from the very circumstance that you have the less excuse.

But what makes me so anxious is that the *Cottager*, tho' uncommonly giddy and certainly giving every *prise* on herself, may be in reality far less to blame than she is thought. Her very thoughtlessness is a proof in her favour, and I have seen so many instances of this kind of manner being only manner that I should really make myself miserable were I to think that my want of thought had convinc'd you about her, for to a giddy girl one must allow the motto (under the obligation of making it suit the initials) is a ground for excuse, and I might seriously suppose you to be really the Love of *My Love*. In short, I am miserable, for I have caus'd a person pain without meaning it, and I have the anxiety of having done them still more harm. Remember, then, never to say you knew the motto, and also that I forbid your flirtation with her. In my present humour I give you the whole County of Stafford—nay, all England—and I am going to establish myself the decided protectress of the *Cottager*.

We set out Monday or Tuesday, and shall certainly be at Chatsworth in the course of this next week. Pray tell little Ld. O.¹ that we shall be very glad to see him and H. Bennet. I never mind at Chatsworth, as I think the more Men the better, and I like to have some names to add to our usual list.

My Sister is really much better. All operation is entirely out of the question, but it will require time. I wrote you the other day a long letter of 9 pages, with an odd adventure of mine, and then I thought it foolish and burnt it. . . .

I live with the French and Grevilles. I had a great Supper last night. The only English were the Grevilles, Culling, Brand, E. Legge, and Adair and the Prince. Monsieur² sup'd here. Mme. de Guiche and her beautiful Brother danc'd, and dancee beautifully. Jules³ made a noise with his heels which was almost equal to your snapping yr. fingers.

I fear the riots will continue. I hope if we are in danger at Chatsworth you will hasten to defend us. God bless you. I am not quite well to day, but hope to pass a *tumfy* Eve^s with my Dr. Sister. I was there last night before my Supper, and in consequence the French were all here before me.

¹ Lord Ossulston.

² Count d'Artois.

³ Prince Jules de Polignac.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CAV. SQRE,
September 15, 1800.

I have passed two bad days, but am better again. I came to town, as I told you I would. . . . I was taken from the carriage *lifeless*, and poor Frederico¹ storm'd and rav'd like a madman. They could not pacify him till after I was in my room, and a little recover'd, he was brought in to see me alive. . . . I have pass'd the whole day in expectation of a horrid operation, but, thank Heaven, I have escap'd, and all the rest I have to tell you is very comfortable. Home, Moor, Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Blow, and Malden met, and had a grand examination of my poor Head, which, alas! they shav'd; but they are convinc'd there is no material injury done, that the continuance of my illness is owing to the violence of the jar and the very weak state I am in. Pray be sorry for my poor hair. They have left me a little, but all the back and top of my head is shav'd. I am so much better to-night that I flatter myself I shall have some sleep. Not like what I had this morning. I slept but for one hour throughout the night and day, and that was pass'd in dreaming of Mr. Home standing over me with the instrument to open my head. I wak'd quite cold and trembling. He says he must come and see me very often and take off the impression of horror I seem to have of him. But he is quite mistaken, for I like him very much. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CAV. SQRE,
September.

. . . I am afraid I shall not be able to get out this fortnight or three weeks. They tell me not so soon. My Mother goes to Chatsworth, and Lord and Lady John Townshend. He, you know, is my constant bane; but he is so much in love with Mrs. Spencer that I hope if she is there he will be too much occupied to think of me. . . .

Did you ever read any of Burns' Poems? There are beautiful things, and his life is very interesting. There is a beautiful novel I want you to read, *Claire D'Albe*. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL,
Friday (September).

I have received a Letter from Sir John Heathcote, by which he informs me that from some family Circumstances that have

¹ Her servant.

occurred since he originally solicited my Father's Support at Newcastle, he is induced to give up his intention of offering himself as a Candidate. Will you ask my Father if he has determined what to do respecting the Interest at that Place? As no Gentleman in the Neighbourhood seems inclined to stand, might not My Brother be desired to ask Pitt if any Friend of his wd. like to stand the risk of the expense of a Contest, being supported by the Trentham Interest. I hope he would recommend a Person who is a great friend of mine, and who is also a great friend of Booth's, and who has distinguished himself much in this Parliament, and who very cleverly and zealously defended him (Pitt) when he was lately attacked by Tierney. If such a Mode of proceeding were adopted, my Brother would probably be pleased and Pitt flattered. The only Question that wd. remain would be the doubt whether a Stranger being a Candidate might not create an opposition, and upon this it might be perhaps well to consult Massey before any Step were taken. Pray let me know what my Father's more experienced judgement thinks of this suggestion. . . . I had an accident last night which might have been disagreeable in its consequences. By a violent jolt the Coachman was thrown off his Box, and the Horses ran away with the Carriage. I was hurt, however, no otherwise than by my Shin being a little broken, but by being careful and keeping my Leg up I trust I shall have very little inconvenience with it.

I hope when this Easterly wind has ceased that my Father will go out. I am satisfied air and exercise will give him appetite and do him good. The Debate the night before last was interesting, and the hopes of Peace seem to diminish. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Cav. Square,

October 7.

. . . Mme. de Guiche has been here to night talking a great deal about Sol. and making many enquiries about you. . . . She says Mrs. Elliot is just come to England, very entertaining and full of stories of Buonaparte. She liv'd with his Brother. Some of her numerous Court of Frenchmen ask'd her if she liked him. She said: "Non e'étoit par curiosité et pour avoir quelque chose à conter en arrivant ici." . . . This is as gossiping a letter as Ly. Plymouth could write. I will tell you only one other story. Did you know that all the French books that come are examin'd first at the Alien Office, and that Voltaire and Rousseau are among the forbidden ones? What amuses me is that today a Cargo arriv'd for Dulau, and amongst them J. Baptiste Rous-

seau's *Sacred Odes*, etc., but the name of Rousseau being to them, they were sent back as Jacobinical and no explanation or entreaty would prevail. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,
Tuesday (October).

. . . Lord Moira¹ and Adair are here. You will think we deal in yellow complexions. Caro says she believes she has caught the Jaundice from G., and sees everything yellow. But if Lord Moira would shave off the black whiskers that grow just under his eyes and almost across his nose, he would be quite handsome. We expect (I believe) Mr. Curran,² so you had better set out with a King's Messenger to be ready to take some of us up. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,
Sunday night (probably November or December).

I shall be very happy if you can contrive to come back. . . . Ld. J. surpassed himself to night, and rous'd my indignation. I thought he might content himself with tormenting Mrs. Spencer and me; but he contrives to tease his poor little wife too. To night he came to me again, for now both Ld. B. and you are gone he thinks me unprotected. We had a long set to, in which he pros'd sadly about his love for me ever since I was fourteen, and that I always *scorn'd* him. Then a violent attack on you, chiefly, I think, for being handsome. I told him he must not abuse people for Natural infirmities which they could not help, that, as you did not make yourself, you must bear the misfortune of beauty with Christian patience. He said he was unjust, he believ'd, but could not bear to see the adoration I paid you without envy. I told him if he believ'd in this adoration it was the worst moment he could choose to urge this eternal unfortunate passion he talk'd of; but that I believ'd he consoled himself now and then, notwithstanding my injustice and bad taste. He flew into a violent passion, and began protesting and vowing, and I begg'd to know what Mrs. Spenceer would say if she heard him. He wanted to explain I don't know what,

¹ Hastings Francis Russell, second Earl of Moira (1754-1825), as a soldier had distinguished himself during the war in America; as a politician, chiefly remembered as the friend and confidante of the Prince of Wales; was a Liberal in his views. He was Governor-General of Bengal, 1812, and created Marquis of Hastings for his services there. He was a tall man, with a stately figure and impressive manner.

² John Philpot Curran (1750-1817), the celebrated Irish barrister; was of humble origin. Elected to the Irish House of Commons, 1784, he was a powerful member of the Opposition until the Whigs came into office in 1806, when he was made Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which office he held until 1814.

but he was so violent he frighten'd me, and while he was beating his head and acting a fit of despair worthy of Adair, I ran into Sally's room, and remain'd there till he went away. Soon after Mrs. Spencer came and ask'd me if Ld. J. had been making as desperate love to me as he had to her all day, and she was hardly gone before my Cousin¹ came in with her eyes quite red. On enquiry, she told me Ld. J. was still jealous of her, that she dared not look or speak to any body, and that he had taken a violent fit of jealousy now. I ask'd her of who, and she said it was so ridiculous she would hardly own it. But guess—no other than little Ld. Ossulston, because she said she did not think him as ridiculous as we all did, and thought him less disagreeable than his Brother. You know this is quite impossible, and must be for the mere love of tormenting. . . .

Tuesday.

I forgot to tell you the end of Ld. J. and me. He came a third time to tell me he would give up Mrs. Spencer and never speak to her again if I chose it. I told him he had forgot my adoration of you and my scorn of twenty years' standing, and assur'd him it would be of no use. He chose to take this as an insult, and I really thought was going to hurt me if somebody had not come in. He teazes me to death, and I am too much out of spirits even to be amus'd. . . .

Little Harrio Spencer cries after you, and wants a horse to ride after you and fetch you back. But, oh disgrazia! she took Ld. Ossulston for you this eve^g at dessert.

Lady B. to G. L. B.

CHATSWORTH.

What can I say to you, Dearest Granville, when you accuse yourself so much? It would seem unkind in me to add to it, yet how can I feel otherwise than griev'd and disappointed at seeing that no entreaties, no vexation of mine, and no promises, however solemn, on this subject, have power to make you resist? I am quite certain you are sincere in your resolution of giving up play now and from the fear of giving me pain; but am I not as certain you were sincere in all the other various times you have made me the same promise, from the same motive, and almost in the same words, or, if anything, more positive and more solemn assertions? Do not think, Dear Granville, I say this to reproach you, or that it can ever be *question* whether I *will* forgive you or not, do what you will. It is only expressing in sober sadness the deep regret I feel at what I fear is uncon-

¹ Lord John Townshend had married, in 1787, Georgiana Anne Poyntz, daughter of Mr. Poyntz of Midgham, who was first cousin to Lady B.

querable. I thank you, however, for your present determination, and will only add one little word more on the subject. I have perfect entire reliance on your sincerity on all subjects—yet you wrote me two or three letters during the time you were losing without hinting at it even. How can I feel secure when I receive a letter from you that you are not in some bad scrape of which I am to know nothing unless the event turns out better than you have any reason to expect? If you had not won back, would you have conceal'd this from me? . . . I always speak with more *aigreur* on this subject from sad, sad experience, and dreading for you what I have suffer'd myself.

1801.

Pitt, during the autumn, had been preparing his measure for Roman Catholic Emancipation, without which he considered the Act of Union incomplete. On 22nd January, 1801, the first Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland met. The King, having heard of Pitt's intentions through the indiscretion of Lord Loughborough (the Lord Chancellor), showed such determined opposition to the proposal that Pitt announced his intention of resigning on 3rd February. Owing to the King's illness, matters remained more or less in abeyance until the King's recovery, when the resignations were formally made on 14th March. Pitt was followed by Lords Grenville, Spencer, and Cornwallis, and by Dundas, Windham, and Canning. He was succeeded by the Speaker, Henry Addington (nicknamed the Doctor) as Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury.

Sir Ralph Abercromby's victory and his death from wounds after the Battle of Alexandria, in March, and Lord Nelson's successful attack on Copenhagen in April, were followed by further successes in Egypt, where General Hutchinson was now in command of the army, and the conquest of Egypt was completed by the middle of September.

On 1st October the preliminary Treaty of Peace with France was signed by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto.

G. L. G. to his Mother at Bath.

WHITEHALL,

Thursday, January (1801).

I received this morning the order to Child to pay me regularly my Salary, and I need not say what convenience I shall derive from this kindness of my Father.

We have this morning been sworn at the House of Commons, and have elected our former Speaker.¹ Tom Pelham moved, and Col. Yorke seconded his being appointed.

We had a numerous dinner yesterday at Pitt's, but no King's Speech read, and I understand it is determined that in future the old Custom of reading his Majesty's Speech at the Cock pit is to be discontinued, the Opposition party being so low making such a muster of Friends unnecessary, and the Printers' Devils crowding the Room, making the whole proceeding very unbecoming.

There is no news, I understand, this day. Pitt seems in good spirits, notwithstanding the difficulties which threaten us. I saw Mr. Flint, who is just arrived from Vienna, and by his account the disasters of the Austrian army have been by no means exaggerated, and that Court can do nothing but accept whatever Terms Buonaparte may choose to dictate.² The Election of Jefferson to the Presidency in America is, they say, the Cause of the fall of the Stocks. It is feared that the Election of this Partizan of France may lead to America's acceding to the Northern Confederacy, and will cut off our only means of sending our Manufactures to the Continent; but it is by no means certain that Prussia will join the Northern Powers, and if such junction can be prevented, and we have Hamburg left open to us, we need be under no great apprehension of mischief from the other Powers.

Sir Watkin moves, and Mr. Cornwallis seconds the address on Tuesday next.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Feby 7th, 1801.

A more calamitous Event to the Country is about to take place than all the Victories of the French; I mean the Resignation of Pitt,³ who retires from Administration, accompanied by Lords Grenville, Spencer, Dundas, and Windham. The cause of this unfortunate circumstance is a difference between them and his Majesty upon the subject of toleration to the Catholics in Ireland, which Lord Cornwallis states to be indispensably

¹ Henry Addington.

² The Austrians, under the Archduke John, had been defeated with great slaughter by the French at the battles of Montebello, Marengo, and finally at Hohenlinden, by General Moreau. The Emperor was forced to solicit an armistice, which was followed by the Peace of Lunéville, signed on the 1st February, 1801.

³ Pitt announced his intended resignation on the question of Catholic Emancipation in Ireland on 3rd February, but it did not take effect, on account of the King's illness, until 14th March.

necessary, and that the Refusal of it cannot fail to throw Ireland into the same state of open Rebellion in which he found it 3 years ago. . . . The King will not consent to the Measure, and an Administration is to be formed, of which Mr. Addington (the present Speaker) is to be at the head. He is to be first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Who are to be coadjutors in office is not yet quite settled. Pitt has expressed a wish to his friends that they wd. remain in Office; some remain and some do not. Ryder, I understand, continues; Canning resigns. My wish and inclination is to follow the example of the Latter. Pitt is the object of my political idolatry, and it is impossible to have any opinion of any Government of which he is not at the head, and more especially when every thing like ability withdraws with him. . . . In short, the dregs of Government cannot make a respectable administration, I have already stated to my Father my wishes, but I shall defer giving any answer till I hear from my Father. If you can, pray let me receive his opinion on Monday. I must, of course, be guided by his decision, but it will go against my Feelings to continue in office¹ under a Government which I think weak and inefficient.—Yr. affectionate and Dutiful Son,

G. L. G.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,

Febry. ye 8th, 1801.

Your Father is more dismay'd, hurt, and astonish'd than Words can express. You know his Opinion of Mr. Pitt, his Love for his Country, and how he interests himself in the public Good, the same as when he was in Administration; you can therefore imagine how he feels the direful Consequences that he foresees in Mr. Pitt's Resignation. He desires me to say that he is so confounded and agitated that he cannot pretend to give you Advice, that he desires you may judge for yourself. Had it been any Body but a particular Friend of Mr. Pitt's who is to be at the Head of this new Administration, he would readily have given his Advice, and told you his Wishes; but Mr. Addington the Speaker being the Person (Mr. Pitt's *intimate Friend*!) appears to him so odd, so different from what he has met with in Politics, that he leaves it entirely to yourself to decide, for you must know Mr. Pitt's *real* Wishes with respect to the Conduct of his Friends much better than he can, and he has no Doubt of your judging and acting right. Adieu, my dear Granville, I have never before felt down-hearted. I thought with Mr. Pitt at our Helm that we should rise above all our Difficulties, and

¹ G. L. G. was a Lord of the Treasury.

that Great Britain would overcome all her Enemies, and I am sorry for the King; you know I love him, and he will never find such a first Minister as Mr. Pitt. His Majesty's Horror of the Roman Catholics is deep rooted. Oh Dear! what a sad Blow this Resignation is! It will destroy us all. I am such a Creature that your Letter made me quite ill, and all for the sake of the King and the Country; for as for Mr. Pitt, he is so superior a Being that there is no Doubt of his being always an Honor to his Country, though never in his proper Sphere but at the Head of its Government. It grieves me that there should be a Difference between him and his Majesty.

Mr. Greville call'd here to read us a Letter from Ld. G. Seymour to inform him of Mr. Pitt's Resignation, and to ask him what we know, and if we had not heard from you, and what you said; to which we only said that you mention'd Mr. Pitt's either having resign'd or intending it, but he said, "It cannot be that Pitt will continue out a Fortnight. Addington must have taken it only for a short Time; there is something strange in it. Do all the Cabinet resign?" Of this we knew nothing. Lord Petre call'd, but he was not let in, for my Lord was sure he call'd for News; and sad News it is. Adieu, my dear Granville. —Your affte.

S. STAFFORD.

P.S.—I had a Letter from Susan this Day; she does not mention it. Surely Mr. Ryder knows that things are to come right again, and that Mr. Pitt wishes Ryder to remain, or he would resign.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

Febru 9th, Monday, 1801.

I felt extremely relieved by the Letter I received from you this day, and most highly grateful to my Father, for allowing me to decide for myself as to my Conduct under the very extraordinary circumstances of the present moment. Every moment's consideration has served to make me the more satisfied and convinced that I can do no otherwise than resign; for I cannot reconcile to myself the remaining in office under a Government of whose abilities and powers to carry on the business of the Country I have a very low opinion. I have felt this so strongly, and have been confirmed in this opinion so much by all I have heard from my most intimate Friends, such as Morpeth, Boringdon, Charles Ellis, &c., that I really should have felt myself under the most distressing Situation had my Father expressed a wish that I should remain in office. I cannot help, then, again repeating what satisfaction I derived from your Letter, and feel

very happy at being able to give a decided answer to questions upon my conduct, upon which till to day I was obliged to reply doubtfully. My Brother¹ seems inclined to be of my opinion, and I do not think he will continue to hold his office when he is ridiculing and holding in Contempt the administration which is about to be formed. The situation of affairs is indeed melancholy beyond what the most despondent person could have imagined, and I see no hope of a good administration ever coming in again; and that this should happen when a most efficient and able Government is peculiarly necessary to resist the external evils with which we are threatened adds not a little to the melancholy feelings with which one is oppressed.

Pray give my Duty to my Father, and express to him how cordially grateful I feel to him for his reliance upon my judgement on this occasion.—I am, My Dear Mother, Your ever affectionate and Dutiful Son,

G. L. G.

Hawkesbury is to be Secretary of State for Foreign affairs. Tom Pelham² has refused belonging to the Administration, so have all the Grenvilles.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,
Feb. ye 9th, 1801.

The more we think of Mr. Pitt's Resignation, the more Misfortunes, Difficulties, and Dangers we think must it cause in this Country. Your Father has thought of nothing else since we received your Letter, and worries himself with enumerating all the fatal Consequenees that may arise from it. Various People have call'd here; I suppose, to know if my Lord can give any Information, but he pleads Ignorance. One Gentleman told us this Morning that he believed the Fact is, that the King would not agree to the Emancipation of the Irish Roman Catholics; that his Majesty said, his Oath as King of Great Britain, in his Opinion, made it impossible for him ever to consent to it, "and his Majesty is in the right. What has been granted has made them worse; their *Demands* are not to be granted. They are all Democrats; and their Religion!—it is the Chief Part of their Religion to annihilate Protestantism. Vipers should be kept at a Distance, Tigers should be chain'd." My Lord said little. I believe I forgot to tell you Yesterday that Mr. Greville said, their Letters inform'd them that the Cause of this Ministry

¹ Lord Gower was Postmaster-General.

² Hon. Thomas Pelham (1756-1826) succeeded his father as Earl of Chichester, 8th January, 1805. He did refuse, but ended by accepting, the office of Secretary of State for the Home Office, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Pelham. Owing to various delays, he was not appointed until August.

going was the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, to which the King was perfectly Adverse.

Monday afternoon.

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen Lord and Lady Petre. He seems to know well what has pass'd with the King and his Ministers upon the Subject of Emancipation. He told how the Subject was waived when settling the King's Speech, because his Majesty would not consent to it, and repeated what the Ministers said to persuade his Majesty that his Oath meant so and so; which made the King answer angrily that he desired no Metaphysical Reasoning. He then gave an Acct. of what pass'd since between the King and his Ministers. But is it not odd that he should know all this, for I thought they were bound by an Oath not to reveal what pass'd. Lord Petre argued with great Zeal, but I have not Time to chatter more. This is a gossiping Letter. We hope to have a long one from you to Morrow. Every Body that we know eall in the Hope of hearing the Truth from my Lord, supposing that from Sons and Sons in Law he must be *au fait* as to every Thing that is going on.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,

Wednesday, ye 11th (February, 1801).

So many People eall'd, supposing my Lord well inform'd as to the sad Confusion in the Cabinet, that they prevented my writing to you Yesterday. Most of the People here, being many from Ireland, are violent against the Emancipation Bill taking Place. The Bishop of Waterford is thoroughly of that Side, and gives strong and eogent Reasons for his Opinion, and he is thought a sensible, clever Man, and not ignorant of the *Means* and Ways made use of during the Rebellion, by the Irish Roman Catholics, who are all, high and low, in the Hands of their Priests. My Lord says you do not mention in your Letter that you had consulted Mr. Pitt respecting your Conduet at this critical momentous Time, which he had hoped you would. Your Father is full of anxiety for the Consequences that the even agitating this (I won't eall it *Emancipation*, for they tell me that the Word does not belong to the Business, that the Roman Catholics are not Slaves, and that the Term was adopted by the Irish Papists); but, in short, your Father foresees a World of Mischief in the Effect it may have on the various Seets of Dissenters. He has not forgotten the Riots of the Year 1780, and he asks, Is the Test Aet to be repeal'd? But the various Questions put to him are irksome: such as, Why this Business was not settled in the Irish Parliament before the Union took Place?

Why there was any Concealment about a Business of such Consequence? Why the King and his Ministers did not understand each other before it came before the Publick? And to all these Questions he can give no Answer, only plead Ignorance, and lament that Things are as they are. I do think Mr. Ryder has proved himself to be sincerely Mr. Pitt's Friend, by remaining in Office, for no one would have believed that Mr. Pitt was sincere in that Request had all his Friends resign'd, and I hope Lord Gower will remain where he is, for no one can suppose Emolument to be the Motive; and if Mr. Pitt is in earnest and will support things may go on, and Fox may be kept where he is, and in Time Mr. Pitt resume his proper Situation. By a Letter we have this Day, we find the Law Department is arranged. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH.

Friday, ye 13th (February, 1801).

Yesterday, my dear Granville, we received yours of Wednesday. My Lord does not think that the Debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday proves any Thing; Opposite Parties will always *treat* their Opponents, or rather those whose Places they wish to fill, with Abuse or Contempt. The more he reads in private Letters, the less he understands it. What is it those Friends of Mr. Pitt wish who go out of Place? Was the Repeal of the Test Act one of the Matters which caused a Division in the Cabinet? Your Father has not made up his Mind to that Measure, and he did think that Mr. Pitt never would. This Last Opinion has nothing to do with what puzzles your Father, and you need not repeat it, nor what I write to you. Those we have seen or heard of state that Mr. Pitt intends most zealously to support this Administration, and wishes and urges his particular Friends to remain in their Situations, and to give their constant Support; There is a Letter from Mr. Wilberforce (I have not seen it), in which he admires Mr. Pitt in the strongest Terms, and he says exactly what I have ever thought of Mr. Pitt—that Mr. Pitt now rises even superior to himself in the whole of this Business, and the Person who repeated it to us, and who had been quite in Despair on Mr. Pitt's Resignation, was comforted from understanding that the same Measures are to be adopted, and that Mr. Pitt is as zealous for the Success of this Administration as he could be, had he continued at the Helm. Your Father knows not the Cause of Mr. Pitt's Resignation, but from the News Papers. He knows not whether the King thought of Mr. Addington, or if Mr. Pitt suggested it. In short, he says he is thoroughly astonish'd, sorry—very sincerely sorry—and truly anxious. Till

he knows a good Reason to the contrary, he must wish Success to this Administration, for he now sees no alternative but Fox coming in, which (unless he totally changes his Principles) must undo the King and these Kingdoms. Your Father cannot help Retrospection arising in his Mind, though he says we should look forward; yet what is passing is uppermost: "Could not this Crash have been avoided?" "Was there no Method to prevent this Calamity?" "This Union is a cursed Union for Great Britain." Lady Sutherland has *not* notified to my Lord that Lord G. intended to resign. My Lord says he is too old to advise, and too ignorant of the interior to be a Judge of Measures. We have very severe weather these two last Days. The Grevilles talk of going soon; he has not been very well, nor is she very stout.

Since writing the foregoing, I have a Letter from Lady Sutherland, in which she says Ld. Gower intended from the first to resign, and that I made a Mistake in not understanding her former Letter to have express'd that. I have the Letter. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Febr^y 13th, 1801.

I certainly have not consulted Mr. Pitt respecting my conduct upon this anomalous situation of affairs, because it appeared to me that when I knew that he had generally recommended to his Friends not to follow his Example, that it would seem only like going to be pressed to remain in Office. And when I felt that it would be impossible for me with any comfort to myself to become an insignificant part of an administration of the Leaders of which I could not but have a very low opinion, I could not but think the most manly and honorable part was to take my decision immediately; and I can assure you that the more I reflect upon the subject, the more satisfied I feel with my own determination. I understand that it is generally promulgated by those who retain their Situation that they are sacrificing themselves to their attachment to Mr. Pitt. I make no doubt that many wd. have gone out had not Mr. Pitt requested them to remain; but it certainly is a new language in Politicks, and one which in former times wd. have been, I should think, almost unintelligible, that those who do not follow the example and fortunes of a turned out Minister, but who continue in the enjoyment of lucrative situations, should be those who are supposed to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the Minister who has lost his Power, and it is somewhat hard upon those whose feelings and interests do not luckily coincide to be abused by those who do not find the one in opposition

to the other. With respect to my own private opinion upon the question of Catholic Toleration, although from what little I have read and thought upon the subject I am inclined to wish that it had been carried, yet it has had little to do with my determination. Had Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Lord Cornwallis, Mr. Windham, &c., &c., been of opinion that there was no immediate necessity for the measure, of course my conduct would have been guided accordingly, and I should have thought that on account of their superior knowledge and judgement my opinion was completely wrong. But when I see every one to whose abilities and judgement I look with most reverence, and who from their situation in Government are likely to be in possession of the best grounds of forming a right opinion, are so decidedly in favor of the Measure that they think it necessary to abandon their Office sooner than give it up, it is impossible to me to join or belong to a Government whose only claim to support is opposition to the Measure on account of which the former Administration have been obliged to resign.

Do not imagine that by what I have now said that I feel any inclination to vote in opposition to Mr. Addington's Administration, weak and inefficient as I believe it must be. It is far, very far preferable to the introduction of Mr. Fox and his associates. But it is a very different thing to belong by office to a Government, or to give it support without office. But when I am told that persons remain in office now because there is no alternative but Mr. Addington or Mr. Fox, they seem to me to forget that when the latter and all his friends are pledged even more strongly than Mr. Pitt¹ to the support of Catholic Toleration, that it is totally out of the question to suppose that His Majesty would think of them as Ministers when being in the same situation with respect to the Catholics as Mr. Pitt, there is the additional objection of every one of their other Political Principles being directly contrary to those which his Majesty approves. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,
Feb. ye 19th, 1801.

My Lord desires me to write to you on the following Subject. It is reported that Mr. Pitt holds this new Administration in great Contempt, talks of it in that Style, and not of a certain great Person with more Respect. Upon this being combatted, and one saying they should like to hear the Person say that

¹ Pitt did what he could to strengthen the new Government for the sake of the country.

they had ever heard Mr. Pitt talk in that Way, either of — or of this new Administration, it was answer'd: "Mr. Canning does in all Companies, and he is supposed to speak Mr. Pitt's Sentiments." A great Deal more pass'd on this Subject, and many of Mr. Canning's Speeches were quoted. We have seen Letters, or heard them read, which give the same Acct. of Mr. Canning's Language, with many Comments of the Mischief it does, and the Tendency to make Mr. Pitt believed insincere even by those who have look'd up to him with Adoration and Reverence. My Lord knows the great Opinion you have of Mr. Canning, the Friendship you have for him, and the Influence his Sentiments have over you and others of your Society. He therefore desires and *begs* that you will be cautious in your Language and in giving your Opinion. He says you have sufficiently shew'd your Attachment to Mr. Pitt, without committing yourself by undervaluing the present Ministers; and with respect to the King, it would grieve him (your Father) should you be of the Number who give themselves Liberty to talk disrespectfully of his Majesty. He bids me say that he has many and *great* Obligations to the King, which he feels with warm Gratitude, and it would hurt him more than he can express should you forget what your Father owes to a most gracious Sovereign. He bids me add that he trusts you will feel the Justice and Propriety of his Sentiments on this Subject, and he thinks you will be inclined to follow his Advice, both from the Feelings of an affectionate Son and from the Gratitude you naturally possess.

Your Father said, but he did *not* bid me write it, that he had sacrificed his Opinion and Inclination in leaving you to decide for yourself respecting your Place under Government; that he is very happy, and approves exceedingly of Mr. Eliot remaining in the Admiralty; but he does not repent of leaving you to do as you please, nor is he dissatisfied with you for your Determination, though he thinks your Judgement was warp'd. As we love and honor Mr. Pitt, we were quite pleased with his Answers last Monday in the H. of Commons to Nicholls and Sheridan. We were gratified to see there a *Refutation* of the Reports, for what he then said of the King I think must *quash* these malicious Lies. My Lord was entertain'd in observing how *sore*, *mortified*, and *pceevish* the Opposition are in their Speeches. The Disappointment of another Administration being form'd without them seems to gall and hurt them exceedingly. My Lord is very well, but he has got an Inflammation in his Eye which plagues him a good Deal. You need not answer this Information of his Eyes. My Lord hopes that you

will recollect that Lord St. Vincent wrote to his Brother to desire that his Interest and all he could procure might go for you to be elected Member for the County, and express'd his Regard for my Lord and the House of Trentham. As soon as I heard of his Sister's Arrival at Bath, I went to call upon her by my Lord's Desire, and to express Acknowledgements, &c., &c. I am now glad I did, and my Lord Desires you will not delay to leave your Name for Ld. St. Vincent, and to take an Opportunity to thank him. Adieu, my Dear. You never heard any thing to equal poor Lord Camelford's¹ Conduct in Devonshire—surely quite insane.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Friday, February 20th, 1801.

I am not surprised at very many malicious Reports being spread respecting Canning's Conversation, and I have called upon him twice to day (but I have not found him at home) in order to obtain from him a Copy of a Letter he wrote to Newbolt, whom Pitt brought into Parliament at Canning's Request, and which Letter is the best refutation of the unfounded Rumours mentioned in the Letter I received from you this day. In this Letter of Canning's he urges Newbolt to follow the Line recommended and most earnestly pressed by Mr. Pitt to all his friends, and entreats him not to consider him (Canning) as an Example. The Letter produced the effect it intended, and Newbolt retains the official Situation he before held. That Canning has to *any one* talked disrespectfully of his Majesty I will answer for it is not true. That to his intimate and particular friends he may have expressed an opinion that Mr. Addington did not possess abilities which qualified him for the situation of Prime Minister is certainly the Case, because I have heard him myself use words to that effect. It is no new opinion that he has adopted under the present circumstances, for I have heard him frequently say long ago that Mr. Addington, though an excellent Speaker of the House of Commons, wd. lose all Reputation for Talents the moment he was stripped of the form and Ceremonial attached to the Situation which he has now given up. If he has expressed long ago this opinion to me, he has never at any time disguised it to Mr. Pitt. But this I tell you in Confidence. We that have known Hawsbury² well at Oxford

¹ Lord Camelford had supported John Horne Tooke in his election for "Old Sarum." Lord Malmesbury said that "he should be confined for this act of madness."

² One of the nicknames for his old schoolfellow Jenkinson, now Lord Hawkesbury, and afterwards Lord Liverpool.

cannot certainly look up to him with any great admiration,
and it wd. be ridiculous for all of us (by us I mean Morpeth,
Boringdon, Ellis, Sturges) to be observing a cautious silence
to each other respecting our opinions of these chief Pillars of
the New Administration. But do not suppose that I therefore
go about or that Canning proclaims generally his Sentiments
upon them. I think I have observed him particularly careful
upon this subject, and unless he may accidentally before
Edward Legge¹ have been betrayed into some foolish Joke upon
the subject, I am satisfied no one could with the shadow of
truth have raised the report you have heard. I should not be
surprised if E. Legge writing to the Grevilles may have been
the cause of such rumours being afloat at Bath. But it may
happen that the Report has been spread by those who, differing
with Canning as to the best means of shewing attachment to
Mr. Pitt, are anxious to hurt him both with the King and Mr.
Pitt, and I know from the best authority that there are no lies
(it is a strong word, but such is the Case) which Hawsbury
and some of his near relations and Friends have not propagated
to hurt Canning in the opinion of Pitt and the world in general.
I am glad—most heartily glad—they have not succeeded, and
I know they have not, because Canning shewed me two days
ago from Pitt to him the kindest and most affectionate note
that could be Penned; but this is in confidence. And now, having
finished this subject, I cannot leave off without again expressing
how much I feel my Father's goodness in allowing me a free
choice with respect to my own Conduct. I feel his kindness
the more from being aware that his inclination bent towards
my remaining in Office. I, of course, as I thought it my duty,
submitted myself to his decision, and took no Step till I had
his leave to follow my own wishes. But I cannot express to
you how satisfied and grateful I felt when I received his per-
mission to judge for myself, which relieved me from the very
uncomfortable feelings of which I could not have got rid of had
he desired me to continue in the Treasury. I must here add,
because I think you seem to give some hint upon the subject
in your Letter this day, that Canning never advised me to
resign, and, indeed, if I had followed his advice and not his
Example, I should have remained in Office. Pray do not be
apprehensive that I shall talk disrespectfully of the King. I
know my Father's gratitude, and I may say Friendship, towards
his Majesty, and that alone wd. be sufficient to prevent me from
using such language. But even if my Father had never had any

¹ Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge, third son of Earl of Dartmouth, Canning's great friend, whom he (Canning) frequently quizzed.

Intercourse with His Majesty, I should not think it becoming to speak disrespectfully of a Sovereign so justly revered.

I have written in such extreme haste that my Letter may perhaps be unintelligible; but I wd. not delay a post in endeavouring to do away impressions which must give pain to you and my Father. Horne Tooke¹ spoke very ill last night, and shewed no appearance of being a formidable antagonist in the House of Commons. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,

Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1801.

You are very good to us, my dearest dear Leveson, in giving us Information of what interests us so deeply. Oh Dear! may it not be a delirious Fever that may soon give Way to Medecine?² May we not hope that to be the Case? How my Heart aches! We must pray and put our Trust in the Almighty, who has so repeatedly, so continually saved these Kingdoms from Misery and Ruin. I think I did not sufficiently exculpate Edward Legge, but I do believe he did *not* write those Reports of Canning. *Entre nous*, We had more News from the Petres of what was going on, and what was reported in London, as likewise what pass'd in the Cabinet Council, than from any one. Many Things his Lordship told us at the Beginning of this sad, calamitous Difference, which we did not then believe, have proved to be true. But it is extraordinary how Lord Petre got his Information. He told us Yesterday that Lord Lansdowne came often to them, and by his Language he seem'd very ready to come in to make another Peace, and that he was to set out for London this Morning, adding that he thought it was every one's Duty to do all in his Power, for that Government must go on. Lord Petre seems to think of Lord Lansdowne as we all do. You will continue, my dear Granville, to write to us every Day till our Sovereign is better, and all Apprehension of a Similarity to that deplorable Illness is at an End. Your Father is quite overcome and depress'd with the King's Illness. I am thankful the Worcesters are here to divert his Thoughts. I do my best, but bad that best is. I have such Obligations and such a Love and Affection for the King that I must feel for him, and the sad Prospect for these Kingdoms is overwhelming. Farewell. . . .

¹ Rev. John Horne Tooke (1736-1812). Was tried for high treason in 1794 and acquitted. He took his seat for Old Sarum in 1801. On 19th February he spoke in support of Mr. Sturt's motion for an inquiry into the failure of the expedition against Ferrol.

² The King's attack of madness.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,

Thursday, ye 5th (March).

Your Father and every Body we see are in the greatest Spirits with the blessed, joyful Accts. we have of the King's Recovering. Mr. Pitt's Speech on the 27th has raised him in the Opinion of even those who look'd up to him before as a superior Being. Mr. Sheridan's Speech that Day I think did him great Credit, and I supposed it from his Heart. His Enemies say it was dictated by his Head, allowing the last to be equal to any Body's, but his poor Heart, they say, was well described by his Father. One of our Visitors read to us a Part of a Letter giving a most unpleasant Account of the State of Society in London, divided into such Parties, and each Party so violent that there can be no Comfort in Meeting, as Conversation goes on with Aigreur and Bitterness; but that of all the Violent Parties there is nothing to equal that under the Influence of Mr. Canning, consisting of Mrs. Canning, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Lord Granville L. Gower, Lord Boringdon, Mr. Sturges (and some of less Note), who are more Vehement in their Abuse of Mr. Addington than can be imagined but by a virulent Temper. Fortunately my Lord did not hear your Name, and I believe I have not repeated every one mentioned, for the Person read the Letter quick (and in a mumbling Way), though I listen'd with *all* my Ears. As soon as the Company were gone my Lord said: "I am glad that I desired you to write to Granville on the Subject of Mr. Canning's Violence against the coming-in Administration, for though I know Canning's Opinions have the greatest Influence upon Granville's, and that it would not be an easy Matter to persuade him to think Canning in the wrong, yet my Message will prevent his being vociferous, and will cause him to consider and to feel the Disadvantage to himself of loading any Set of Men with abuse, and how improper, how assuming it is for young Men to pull the Character of any public Man to Pieces as, it is represented, Mr. Canning has done, and does now, the late Speaker's. Besides, the being supposed to be the Echo of even a clever Man in Prejudices does no Credit to the Understanding of that Echo." This Letter said a great Deal more of Parties, &c., &c., but there was one Part we did not understand—that though Mr. Pitt was satisfied, it seem'd to insinuate that those young Men said that Mr. Addington had behaved unhandsomely to Mr. Pitt.¹ Pray explain this, if it be true, and if you may tell it. Adieu, my Dear. . . .

¹ Tierney had attacked Pitt in the House of Commons in his absence, and Pitt considered Addington's speech in his defence had been a very lukewarm one.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Bath.

April 8.

. . . I have just heard that Joseph Buonaparte is coming here to negotiate, and also a report that our fleets¹ have enter'd the Sound and are close under Copenhagen. Admiral Ganteaume is block'd up in Toulon. The K. worse again last night.

The marbles at Roc² were sold yesterday—very well, I think, for between 4 and 5,000, and we have kept back several that we wanted besides. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

BATH,
Monday, ye 11th.

We have always Pleasure in hearing from you, my dear Granville, and very glad we were to see your Hand when the Letters arrived last Saturday. You say truly in your Opinion that I shall not regret Buonaparte's declining to make Peace. I think that till the French have given up their present System of no Religion, Equality, and Republicanism, those Nations are the most likely to prosper who have no Intercourse with them. Their Conduct *recently* to the Spaniards and Piedmontese are new Proofs of their Persevering in their nine or ten Years System. At the same Time that I cannot wish to be at Peace with the French, my Heart aches for the poor Wives, Mothers, and Sisters of those who lose such dear Relatives, and I grieve for our Nation losing such brave Men; but still there can no trust be put in those who deny their God. I have dwelt too long on this Subject. I will proceed to what most thoroughly interests you—Your dear Father. He is very well, but I cannot say his Eyes are, though better than they have been. He intends to leave this Place when the Eliots go from hence, as he does not mean now to drink the Water should his Eyes get quite well; and should they not be better, the Journey to Trentham will be unpleasant, as he cannot bear the Light. Our Room is darkish, but he receives various People. The Duke of Gordon was with us this Morning, and gave us an Aect. of the Argyles, Lady Irvin, &c., &c., whom we have not seen for some Years, and was very pleasant. Lord Dorechester (Susan can tell you) is very entertaining, and lame as he is, he was exceedingly so for an Hour this Day whilst he was

¹ The English Fleet had sailed from Yarmouth on the 12th March, under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, and appeared before Copenhagen on the 30th. The attack was entrusted to Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson at his own request. It began at ten in the morning, and lasted for four hours. The whole of the Danish ships were either taken or destroyed. Nelson proposed a truce which the Prince of Denmark promptly accepted.

² Bessborough House, Roehampton, was built for the first Earl of Bessborough by Sir William Chambers, architect (1726-1796).

here. We see Miss Mary Mordaunt often; my Lord never fails saying as soon as she is gone out of the Room: "I wish Granville was married to her; she is every Thing a Man can wish. Understanding, Information, accomplishments, Temper, clever, lively—in short, a most perfect Creature. I should prefer her for Granville's Wife to the greatest or richest Woman in England."

My Lord had a Letter from the Treasury Board to give him the Refusal of that Lot of Ground contiguous to our House in Whitehall Court. He sent it to Lord Gower for his Decision. The answer: "As far as I am concern'd, I should wish to avoid the Plague of a Lease of that Lot of Ground. I have returned the Letter, as I suppose Mr. Addington expects an Answer." So my Lord has written to decline it. This Town was Yesterday in a great Combustion. Two Officers pass'd through, who had landed at Milford Haven, with two Stand of Colours, and they would not tell any Thing but that they were carrying *very, very* good News.¹

During the months of August and September negotiations for peace were secretly going on between Lord Hawkesbury (Secretary of State for the Foreign Office) and Monsieur Otto, who was living in London as an agent for the exchange of prisoners, and the Preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens were signed by them on 1st October, 1801.

On 3rd November an address of thanks for the peace was moved in both Houses. In the Lords it was opposed by Lords Grenville, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, &c., but carried by 94 to 10. In the Commons after a long debate, in which the Treaty was approved by Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and censured by Windham, T. Grenville, etc., it was passed without a division.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CAVENDISH SQUARE,

Undated (perhaps September).

You reproach me for my short letters. I have not the power to write longer ones. Yours are already so short that if you punish me by making them still more so they will be reduc'd to nothing. I never say half what I wish to you, and therefore I have just taken up a new way of Ly. E. M.'s, which I am sure must have been taught her by Ld. Bor.; it is to write down whenever you think of them the things you have to say, so have

¹ Perhaps the Battle of Alexandria, when Sir Ralph Abercromby defeated General Menou on 21st March. Sir Ralph died of his wounds, and was succeeded by General Hutchinson.

a list for your letter, as old Dr. Moor has for his conversation. I must begin, however, by the end of my list; I mean, by telling you John and the Hollands are come. John looks remarkably well, and I think is improv'd in manner as well as looks. Ld. Holland is well, but has broke his front tooth short off, which affects his voice a little. His account of the little they saw of France is amusing and Interesting. They met with every sort of civility, and the *French* passport allow'd them to go any where. But Ld. H. was over prudent, and from fear of giving offence here resisted his curiosity, and would not go to Paris. I think he was wrong; for as it is, your good friends are so prejudic'd they were sure to abuse him, do what he would, and a little more or a little less could not have signified. He says the cry for peace is universal, and great abuse of the English for preventing it; that the Inns are excellent, but the roads dreadful, and the great Towns, Brussels particularly, melancholy; that most of the people he talk'd to seem to speak of the old Government of France as if they should like it as well if it had continued, but that for worlds they would not have another change, and that they all seem to look up to and adore Bonaparte. The ruin'd churches are building up again, Mass said almost everywhere, general toleration encourag'd, and the Convents much on the footing they are here. The harvests are very plentiful. Am I not very good to tell you all this, when I know you will read it with your disdainful air which provokes me so sometimes? To finish my story: after various delays at Dover, Dartford, &c., they arriv'd in London, and found the D. of Portland had *refus'd* them the leave for passing thro' France, so that I do not know what is to happen, as they came on one Ld. Carysfort gave them on his own authority from good nature. The D. of P. has granted so many that it seems rather ridiculous to refuse it, and the reason still more so. Ld. Holland ask'd for a passport because he was in a hurry to get home, and did not like a long sea passage. The D. of P. said that if he had pretended a *debt* in France which he was going to recover, or any other business, it might have been done, but sea sickness and hurry, mere simple matter of fact, was so foolish he could not listen to it. . . . I am in despair about Chatsworth; I know I shall miss you every where. John stays a week, and Willy about as long; and the Deeds for Ld. B.'s trust are almost ready for signing. All this will detain us, I do not doubt, a full week longer, and then with one thing and another on the road, I daresay it will still be near a fortnight before we arrive. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

HARDWICK,
Tuesday (November).

Perhaps you are at this very moment speaking.¹ I cannot tell you how nervous I am and have been all day with the thought, but still more, I think, lest you should not speak than from any fear of your not acquitting yourself well; I feel quite satisfied on that head, both from all I heard of you on *all sides* the twice you did speak before, and from every word I have heard you say on this subject. Besides that, a little spirit of opposition, like the spirit of contradiction in a woman, carries one on an amazing way, and gives spirit, argument, and Eloquence even in a bad cause, and yours is a good one. I am curious, too, to hear what Mr. Fox said, for at Hare's dinner he was begging Grey and Sheridan to speak first, and promising to say nearly whatever they did, that he might not get into a scrape; for he says he never opens his lips now, let his intention be what it will, but he gets scolded and rated on all sides, offends every body, and has so many different meanings and words fore'd upon him that he hardly knows at last what was his own or what he meant either as to words or sense. Grey and Sheridan scolded him till he almost cried about his speech in the Whig Club. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

HARDWICK,
Thursday.

The D. of D. has got the gout in both feet, and a little in his knee. I knew I had good reason for my low spirits and presentiments before I left London. I do not doubt we shall stay here for Months, and that I shall not see you, and I cannot bear it. My despair is merely founded on not seeing you, for I do not join in the cry against poor Hardwick. I delight in its gloom, its black velvet furniture, casements grown over with Ivy, floating Arras, and

"Its windows that exclude the light
And passages that lead to nothing," etc.,

and could live here happy and contented were you to be one of its inhabitants; but to be shut up in a dismal prison when I might be with you at Chatsworth is a situation as provokingly tantalizing as imagination can suggest—with the post, too, going out at four and coming in at ten—six hours afterwards. I shall

¹ Lord G. L. G. spoke on the Address Tuesday, 3rd November, and, while criticizing the terms of the Peace, said that peace itself was so desirable an object, and had been received with such universal joy, that he should by no means oppose the Address, although he conceived it his duty to make these observations.

never live out today without a fever from impatience to know the account of yesterday. Bess read me a very good letter of Hare's, describing the debate on Thursday. He says: "Pitt spoke eloquently, as he always does, but was much less attended to than usual, and I fancy will soon find, if he remains long in the situation he is now, that the gift of Speech without the gift of place is of little value as to weight or persuasion." He adds: "Surely Pitt's situation is the most unaccountable one possible. Only three people were found spirited enough to go out of office with him—Ld. Gower, Ld. G. L., and Mr. Canning. Of these the first and last stay away, and Ld. G. talks openly against the peace." "Windham," he says, "spoke like the Ghost of Burke; Sheridan's was the most popular, and I think the most sensible, speech; Fox—as if a fatality attended every thing he does—said a few words as ill chosen as to expression, sense, and manner as it was possible to conceive, concluding with his hearing of the peace with joy and exultation. For this last word he paus'd sometime, and sought long, and it would have been full as well if he had never found it. If you ask his motive for these strange Speeches, *I know* they arise from Magnanimity of Character and carelessness of expression; but his friends cannot the less deeply regret the continual handles he thus gives his enemies—I had almost said of *fair* misrepresentation." I thought this account of Hare's would amuse you, but pray do not repeat any of it, or let Bess or my Sister imagine I mention'd any part of his letter to you. I will tell you as fairly what he says of your speaking after to night's post. How I shall fret if I am disappointed! I hope you took some Camphor and Salvolatile. . . .

I want to know from your Sister all the particulars about the box. Perhaps thro' Mr. Taylor and the D. of Bedford one might do what she wanted if I knew exactly what that was. But if it has any thing to do with Ly. John, it must not be mention'd to the D. of B.; there never was any thing like his grief.¹

If we get a box at C. Garden besides Drury Lane, will you subscribe? . . .

Write on here till you hear.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Undated.

. . . Hare says he heard but one sentence in Mr. Addington's Speech the other night. He woke from his sleep, and heard, "For as this is that which was said to"! Hare was quite satisfied, and turn'd to sleep out the rest. . . .

¹ Lord John Russell's first wife had died 11th October, 1801.

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL,
Thursday (5th November).

I promised to write to you to day, and I now sit down to fulfil that Promise. I certainly am satisfied that I have done well in speaking on Tuesday, and I never till then had any notion that I ever could become a tolerable debater. I thought it necessary to send to the Editor of the Stafford Newspaper the substance of the concluding part of my Speech, in order that My opinions might not be misrepresented in the County. Windham's Speech was admirable last night, but in none of the Papers that go to Trentham is it well given. Much difference of opinion seems to exist as to the largeness of our Peace Establishment. If it is to be so large as to burden the Country with very heavy taxes, surely the War would have been preferable, for the Peace then becomes nothing more than a Naval Armistice, of which all the advantage is in favor of France; and for this armistice we pay the price of our best Military Positions and Commercial Positions.

I am very glad to hear my Father's Eyes are better. I hope you have not forgotten the wholesome advice I gave to you about your own health.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Saturday, ye 7th.

MY DEAR, MOST PLEASING GRANVILLE,—I am quite glad that you sent the Purport of your Speech to Stafford, for we have read it this Morning in that News-Paper, and your Father said: "I am not surprised that it was commended, for it is a clever and a very able Speech." You know not the Satisfaction this was to me, for my Lord was quite vex'd at some Parts of what was put in (I think) the Sun, by Way of your Speech, condemning the Preliminaries as neither glorious nor honorable, &c., &c., which your Father thought too strong an Assertion, displeasing to your Constituents, and not right to Mr. Pitt. In short, he is so partial to you, and so desirous that you should be perfectly right, that the smallest Appearance of Error in you works him, and so we had a short Argument before he went to Bed. This I would not tell you in my last, for I knew it would hurt you not to have the Approbation of the best of Fathers. Now he is perfectly satisfied with your Speech. . . . The News-Papers say that Mr. Dundas is not come to Town, and Lady Suth. says in a Letter that I had from her last Night that Mr. Dundas

told her, and he was surrounded with People who did not know you, and who were struck with the Goodness of your Speech. I delight in every Thing that raises you in the Opinion and Estimation of the World. . . . This last Word reminds me of a Part of Mr. Windham's Speech, the Danger of Contamination in being at Peace with the French; their Principles have always been my greatest Objection to being at Peace with them. His Speech and your Speech caused me to see the Peace on the Score of Worldly Affairs in a bad Light. Lord Hawkesbury's and Mr. Pitt's made me think it not so bad. That is, therefore, a Proof that your Mother is a great Goose. Goose or not, always, my dearest dear Leveson, Your most tenderly affite.

S. STAFFORD.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

HARDWICK

(Postmark, November 9, 1801).

I am delighted, tho' the news papers, I dare say, give but a bad account of what you said; even they shew it was very good, and we have the greatest praises of you in our letters. Je m'en fait gloire un peu, for I really believe it is partly owing to my incessant teasing that you spoke at all. You see I was right; you see how you have distinguished yourself, and I am quite certain, if you would but give your mind a little to it, you would become a very good Speaker. I must give you Hare's account of the debate, and tho' it is out of the order, I must begin with you. He says, after speaking of Mr. Lee: "Ld. G. spoke next, and vindicated himself from this charge by stating the different circumstances in which the Country was plac'd—viz., the late stoppage of the Bank, the Mutiny in the fleet, the Rebellion in Ireland. He did this uncommonly well in all respects both as to the Matter and Manner, Spoke with great animation, and express'd himself remarkably well. I thought, if any fault, he came to rather too abrupt a conclusion without explaining sufficiently his motives for supporting the peace. On the whole, his Speech was such as to strike and impress even perfect strangers to him." You see, I give you praise and dispraise, but I own Hare, who is so difficult, speaking so highly, especially as it is in a letter to the Duke which he did not know we should see, gives me the greatest pleasure. Ly. Melbourne says: "Beamer's¹ speech was reckon'd very good, but he is accus'd of inconsistency in speaking one way and voting another. Amongst other places, this accusation was made against him at Craufurd's, where he had an advocate he little

¹ Nickname for G. L. G.

expected; Mr. Fox, after praising what he had said, both as to sense, expressions, and manner, defended him almost angrily, saying the reason which he gave was a perfectly good and fair one—the popular cry in favour of peace, especially amongst his own constituents. What makes Mr. Fox take up Beamer so? Is it merely his natural liberality and candour, or has he any particular acquaintance with him? I did not know he knew him.”

The post is come in, and not a line from you or any body, either of public or private matters. This is very bad of you, notwithstanding which I am going to write you Mr. Hare's account of the debate, because I think it will entertain you. The Duke talks of setting out Tuesday for Chatsworth, but he is now keeping his bed. Mr. H. begins by saying that, going down with a determination of listening with all his faculties, these faculties were entirely suspended by irresistible sleep, which came upon him not during any of the dull speeches, but in the most interesting part of the debate; that he will, however, give the Duke the best account he can. But you shall have it in his own words: “Sir E. Hartopp, Member for Leicestershire, with the countenance and dimensions of a Leicestershire Baron, mov'd Address at the rate of a word and a half a minute. Sheridan said he should advert to him by the name of the honourable ‘Tup.’”¹ (If this is an improper word, pray do not be shock'd; I do not know what it means, nor do I know why it appears to me improper, but it is in H.'s letter.) “Mr. Lee, a young Irish Lawyer, seconded in a long speech with a great fluency of bad expression, such as her present altitudinous situation. Among other things equally ridiculous, he told us if peace lasted 73 years, the whole debt would be extinguish'd. I wonder he did not tell us we should live to see it extinguished.” (H. goes on describing what he said of our extent of Sea Coast, of the Lisle negotiations, and your answer, as I told you above.) “Ld. Hawkesbury made an able defence, and spoke better than he had ever done before; but there was something extremely ludicrous in the division he made of the subject into the time, the tone, and the terms, or, as was said, the triple T's. Tom Grenville started in a manner so unlike himself as to startle all who knew him, for he talked a great deal about himself, which he is as little apt to do as any one. He went regularly through the whole of Jenky's² speech with a formality and precision far beyond that of Welbor Ellis, both in manner and expression; but he certainly spoke well, much better than I thought him capable of doing, and answer'd many of Jenky's arguments in a

¹ A ram.² Lord Hawkesbury.

masterly way." (He tells the heads of his and Banks's Speech.) "Lord Castlereagh made a speech for the address which we all thought had nothing good in it, and a great deal of bad. He has a wonderful flow of words, without force or eloquence, and seems only determin'd not to hesitate. He talk'd of our having restor'd valuable and important sensations to the K. of Naples by putting him in possession of his dominions; said that the disorders of Ireland had been touch'd with a tender hand. Ld. Clare's phrase of necessary severities, speaking of flogging and roasting, tho' an odious one, is far preferable to this. Pitt took great pains to mark his approbation of all that Ld. C. said, and when he rose to speak call'd out for him with particular eagerness. I should rather suspect he is likely to rival or supersede Canning in Pitt's favour. As far as I recollect, Ld. Temple spoke next, and in a short speech contriv'd to give a masterly specimen of all that is arrogant, odious, and absurd. Now to justify my epithets, which I do not always undertake to do." (Then he gives an account of Ld. Temple's Speech, and ends with): "So much for folly and presumption; he concluded with an attack on Fox. What amus'd me was that I recollected his Father about 25 years ago making an attack on Fox in nearly the same Language and precisely the same disquieting manner. Fox answer'd him then, as he did his son yesterday, first by exposing the folly of his argument, and then by repaying his ill breeding by unexpected and amiable civility. Pitt spoke after him, and, I thought, most admirably" (he describes what he said), "tho' every body thought he made a very able defence of the Peace. A stranger who had heard it without knowing who he was could never have guess'd that he was the same Man who had carried on the war. He paid no compliments to Ministers, and must have been hurt at the conclusion of Jenky's speech, in which he begg'd the House to recollect the different situation the Country is in at present, from that in which they found it when they came into office, &c., &c.—pretty presumptuous from Jenky to Pitt, whether friend or foe. Fox spoke extremely well, and with perfect discretion, &c." (not F.'s speech). "All this was done ably, without insolence, mixt with acknowledgement of Pitt's abilities and with an assurance in the mildest manner that he bore him no personal ill-will—which I know to be true. Dr. Lawrence, to the great and natural terror of all present, rose at three o'clock, but after talking of things earthly, Heavenly and divine revelation, amidst general laughter, was oblig'd to sit down. Addington, being call'd upon by Dr. L. to defend his Peace, made one of the worst and dullest speeches I ever heard." Will it amuse or bore

you to hear this long account of a debate at which you were present? You need not read it, you know; but it entertain'd me, and I thought as a *Speaker* it was a good thing for you to hear the criticism upon other Speeches, and I want to know whether you agree with it. I will not add another line to H.'s unanswerable packet. The D. is a little better, and still hopes to go Tuesday. My Mother is just come. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

HARDWICK

(November, 1801).

. . . How glad I am you liked Mr. Fox. I was sure you would, and know he would like you very much if he knew you. Ld. Holland wrote me a very good account of his debate in the H. of Lords, which by going to Chatsworth I did not get till yesterday. He says he was near speaking for Ld. Grenville; he thought him so unmercifully oppress'd by Ld. Eldon, &c., and adds: "When the Lion's down every ass will have a kick at him, but it disgusted more than diverted me to see the Sycophants of all power in such a hurry to practise against Ld. G. the lesson he has taught them. He deserves it, but it is disgusting." . . .

I trust we shall go Tuesday or Wednesday to Chatsworth. It is doubly kind of you to write here, as you never saw anything like the gloom or the *désœuvrement*, for we have neither books or music, and none of our things unpacked. If it was not for Chess and one Vol. of La Harpe's Correspondence, we should all die. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Chatsworth.

Monday night, ye 30th (November).

I cannot go to Bed, my beloved Granville, without thanking you for the two Letters, which I have received from Chatsworth. You may well suppose that so many Posts would not have gone without a Line could I have written a tolerable Letter, but I have not been well (rather an extraordinary Thing with your Mother), and the Disorder was a Sickness, which makes one a shabby, useless Being; but I had the Comfort of seeing your dear Father quite well, and his Eyes free from Inflammation. I do not wonder at your liking Lady Spencer;¹ all Men formerly liked her, and she was most captivating and pleasing. But the Beauty of it was that she managed them *all* without their knowing it. Even the late Lord Bath never sat after Dinner or Supper at Wimbledon; he was among the first at Skittles, Cards, or

¹ Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, Dowager Countess Spencer. She was the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz of Midgham.

whatever Lady Spencer liked to have done. I am quite glad that she is at Chatsworth; I think she will do you all good. She, some how or another, has the Art of leading, drawing or seducing People into right Ways. I wish she would determine to be your Guide and Counsellor; you know, abroad almost all the clever young Men are vain of having a *savante* or a *Femme d'Esprit* for their Friend and Director, and both of these Denominations belong to Lady Spencer's Character. Can it be true that Mr. Addington has made Overtures to Lord Moira! From one who knew his Lordship from his Infancy, and from Traits I myself know, He is surely as little to be depended upon as any Man living. Mr. Addington may wish to shake Mr. Pitt off (though I can hardly believe him either so great a Knave or Fool); but if he does, he will shake his Foundation (without a Pun), for he will shake himself out of his Situation. Surely he cannot be so ungrateful a Blockhead. His smooth, fine Speech in Answer to Mr. Newbolt about the poor made me sick. (I am not sure that was not what gave me the Disorder in my Stomach.) It was no Answer to Mr. Newbolt's Proposition. I am sorry for the Duc d'Orleans; it is sad to see a sensible, well inform'd Mind in so forlorn a Situation, and I fear that Religion has not been attended to, or rather the contrary, in his Education—the best and only true Support to a Mind oppress'd with Disappointment and Distress. I have a real Regard for the Duke of Devon, and I hope, when the Gout leaves him, that he will be quite well; but I am not impatient for that Epoch; a little Gout will do him no great Harm, and good Hours will do you much Good; so they will the Dutchess and Lady Bessborough, and I am sure Lady G. Morpeth,¹ if she is in an increasing Way, will find the Advantage of them. . . . The Ryders were to have left Blandford-Park last Friday, but the Snow detains them there; we have had scarcely any here, but some cold, severe Frosts. Good Night. Pray say Something very kind from me to Lady Spencer. I had an Affection for her Children, too, when they were very young, and it is not worn away.—Ever, my own beloved Granville, your most affecte. Mother.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Chatsworth.

TRENTHAM,
Friday Night.

MY DEAR MUCH LOVED GRANVILLE,—Your Letter of Sunday, as yours always do, gave us great Pleasure; We rejoice in good Hours continuing to be kept at Chatsworth. I was told that last Year, when you return'd from thence, you arrived in Town

¹ Lady Georgiana Cavendish was married to Lord Morpeth 19th April, 1801.



GEORGIANA, COUNTESS SPENCER

From the engraving by Charles Turner, after H. Howard, about 1798

[To face p. 312, Vol. I.

with a pale, languid Face—quite the Appearance of a Person out of Health—so you may have some little Idea how truly I feel grateful to Lady Spencer for the Reformation she has made in the Chatsworth Hours. . . . Mr. Archdeacon Woodhouse left us this Morning, after having pass'd ten Days here, and much to your Father's Satisfaction. I am quite sorry he is gone, and he was very sorry not to meet you here. We see nothing of Susan and Mr. Ryder. They came for two Hours this Day Se'ennight; since then I had a Note from her to say her Husband was well, but they could not leave the Harrowbys this Week. Your dear Father is very well, and his Eyes free from Inflammation, which induces him to do frequently what you mention in your Letter. I, however, often admire his Patience and Resolution, for it is a sad Privation to him who loves reading so much to give it entirely up. I do wish I could persuade you that you are perfectly mistaken in the Idea that I do not take Care of my Health; I keep particularly good Hours, and eat and drink what I believe best for my Health. I am sure you would not wish me to forego the little Attentions I pay to your dear Father; they make him comfortable, and they are the Pleasure and Happiness of my Life. It may be Vanity, but I fancy that nothing is so well done about him as when I do it, and I rather believe he thinks so too; so I am sure, my own Granville, you could not wish me to do otherwise, and I want you to be persuaded of a Fact—that there are *very, very* few old Women half so well as I am. You gave me very real Satisfaction in what you write of the Orleans's Education. . . .

CHAPTER IX

1802

PEACE WITH FRANCE

LADY BESSBOROUGH's letters this year are full of descriptions of a Christmas and New Year party at Chatsworth, and there is a good deal of social gossip.

The definitive treaty of peace with France was concluded at Amiens on the 27th March. Sheridan said of it in the House of Commons: "It is a peace of which every man is glad and no man is proud."

There was a considerable amount of discontent among the younger members of Mr. Pitt's party at what they considered his too great subserviency to Mr. Addington. This is very freely expressed in a letter from Mr. Canning to Lord Granville. Nevertheless, a dinner was got up and given in honour of Mr. Pitt's birthday on the 28th May, for which Mr. Canning wrote his well-known song, "The Pilot that Weathered the Storm."

G. Canning to G. L. G.

SOUTH HILL,
Sunday, January 3rd, 1802.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—I am disappointed at finding your plans for returning to this part of the world in so little forwardness. Not that I regret much the determination on my own part not to go to the Birthday, which, all unconsciously, You have decided for me. So at least I think at present, with the snow on the ground. I might have been tempted to do what would be right by your being in Town to help me. But without some collateral support and comfort I begin to believe that the bare consciousness of doing right for right's sake is not so fine a thing by itself as moralists represent it.

I have heard nothing from Pitt, and suppose I shall not. I am now persuaded that all that I saw of him when I was last in Town was fallacious. He was probably suffering under some tem-

porary disgust and mortification which those who inflicted it have since had the cunning to do away, and he is as much theirs again as ever—perhaps the more so for their having just let him see that they think they can do without him. They may do with him what they will, and they are right to break him in by degrees to bear all their caprices, to keep him out of confidence, and without an invitation to dinner now and then for a week or ten days, during which time he frets and fancies that he can shake off all connection with them, and that he shall shew them presently that they have mistaken their man; and then with the string which they have to his leg to pull him back again, give him a bit to eat, and shew him half a dog's ear of a despatch from L^d Cornwallis. With this discipline he is become as tame as a chaplain, and if upon each recall they have the address to insinuate that they know very well what he has been thinking about during the time that he was away from them, and do this not angrily—no, but kindly and compassionately, and as if they were afraid of his doing *himself* a mischief, not them—I am perfectly satisfied that he begs pardon, gives up his investigators, and feels bonâ fide that every thought of resistance or self-assertion into which he has suffered himself to be betrayed or goaded has been an act of treachery and Lèze-Medicine, which he cannot too much atone for by increased devotion, blind obedience, and self-abasement. And yet this is the Mind that governed the World, and might have saved it! I am heartily ashamed for him, and I am ashamed of myself for having written so much about him before I came to the last part of your Letter, relating to poor Charles,¹ especially as upon that subject I can give you rather a better account than you appear to have received. What you have heard was Vaughan's *first* opinion, pronounced before he had seen Mrs. Ellis, on Charles's representation of her case. He has since seen her, and as Charles tells me in a Letter dated last Monday: "After the minutest enquiry into every symptom, he so far retracted his former opinion as to say that he confidently hoped to be able to subdue the complaint in her Chest, and to make a change of Climate unnecessary." His means are: a very strict regimen, confinement to her apartment, and to an atmosphere to be regulated by the thermometer, etc.; and he assures Charles that if he does not succeed according to his own expectations within a fortnight, he will not take upon himself the responsibility of keeping her in England; but he has the strongest hope of success.

¹ Charles Rose Ellis (1771-1845), Canning's great friend; created Lord Seaford in 1826. Mrs. Ellis died of consumption 21st January, 1803.

This is much more comfortable than your accounts must have been; and this was, fortunately, the first account that I heard of her illness: for though she was not quite well when we were at Claremount, yet as there appeared no apprehension of any serious mischief, and as there were obvious causes for some degree of indisposition, I had not entertained any notion of alarm, nor did Charles seem to feel any.

I hope to hear from him again in a day or two, when, if the accounts are either much better or much worse—so much better as that it would be any comfort to him and not a plague to see one, or so much worse that there seems to be a near prospect of their going abroad—I shall go over to Claremount for a day. Just at present I think one should only be in the way if one were to go there.

How happy this will make —— ! I will not write the name. And it sounds like a bloody-minded sentiment, but it is a true one. Charles unhappy and a prophecy accomplished are together too powerful incitements to self-congratulation to be counter-balanced by a little common humanity.

Adieu, dear Granville. Let me hear from you. Remember me most kindly at Trentham.—Ever most affectionately yours,
G. C.

P.S.—I have nearly concluded my Irish bargain, and I think very satisfactorily, which is the only political transaction that I much care about at present, or at least care enough about to say to any body what I think of it. Else, to be sure, the sailing of the French Fleet before the conclusion of the Definitive Treaty ! and with it of a Spanish Fleet before any Treaty at all, Definitive or Preliminary ! History does not furnish an instance of such profligate, pig-headed infatuation—pig-headed you will agree, and profligate because it sacrifices to what is at the very best a speculation which no man has a right to trust, or to appearances which we have every right to distrust, if not the safety of the Colonies, at least the 'vantage ground of the negotiation.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CHATSWORTH.

The cold makes me suffer so much that I am afraid I shall be ill if it continues, yet I cannot wish it to be over—the skaters seem to enjoy it so much. I wish you could have staid, for I think it would have amus'd and done you good. But I am afraid my wishes for your stay will never appear to you quite disinterested. My Sister is having some sledges and Go carts made to go on the ice and snow. John very near kill'd Ld. B.

to day. He was pushing him on a chair upon the ice, when, in trying to turn it too suddenly, he broke the chair and threw Ld. B. out with great force. He was not hurt, luckily, but I was excessively frighten'd. . . . Did you happen to read the state of parties in Thursday's *Canserie*? I think it very good, especially the description of Addington. You will not approve of the concluding sentence, tho' I think you must allow that either justly or unjustly Mr. Pitt has lost a great deal of his popularity, and with all my love and admiration for Mr. Fox, I should not for his sake wish him to be Minister. But it does seem an extraordinary circumstance with two such Men in the Country, and with many others of great abilities on both sides, to pick out the poor little Negative Administration they have got now. . . . Hare is set out, and says he has many amusing anecdotes to tell us in Politics and other things. I believe I must begin a journal for you like the one I was telling you of *l'other* day. . . . How I miss you every hour! Every moment makes me feel your loss more. I have not power left even to repel impertinence, and I have met with it. Think of that fool Jules¹ saying to me to day, *Allons donc ne soyez pas si triste il reviendra.* . . . Do not break your neck skaiting or hunting, do not drink, and do not flirt.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CHATSWORTH.

. . . The snow is so deep that the post goes out at four and does not come in till the next morning. This is exactly so, but it sounds Irish, as if one was to say dinner was put off till next day. I am very sorry you do not find your Father so well, but there cannot be more trying weather to a person of his age. We find great difficulty in going out at all from the constant fall of snow, which is, I believe, much more frequent in the *Peak* than in any other part of England. But Hare makes us amends for staying at home. He sits ready arm'd in the great chair, book in Hand, with the other extended ready to discuss and pull to pieces any unfortunate Author that falls under his look. I very often attempt arguing with him more for the pleasure of provoking some of his sparkling flashes and of hearing his opinion than to Defend my own. He told me the other day he wish'd I had been born a Man and made a special pleader, that I should have made the fortune of all my Clients, for that I had more shifts and turns and ingenuity in supporting a bad argument than any body he ever met with. I told him that with all my ingenuity I could not find out whether this was

¹ Prince Jules de Polignac.

most abuse or compliment. I know you hate poor Robinson, but I assure you he does very well in the *mêlée*; from being well read in French, and I believe literature, he has more topics of conversation than the common run of foolish men. Indeed, I believe a great many men appear more foolish to women than amongst themselves. They so often think it necessary to use a sort of jargon *adapted* to the level of our capacities, and a little condescending way of talking of trifles and making little compliments, that it quite provokes me; and if the superiority they assume is not perfectly well grounded, makes them appear ridiculous, as well as much more foolish than they are. I very often feel inclin'd to say: dear Sir, pray do not trouble yourself; I had just as lieve not be spoke to. I venture to say all this to you, Dear G., because you know by experience that I never *dispute the superiority* when it really does exist, and am as much pleas'd with the conviction of it as you can be with the claim. . . .

Est ce que tout ce bavardage vous ennuie? I should not wonder. I must tell you before I finish of a most ill natur'd trick play'd to Marsh, I suppose by Ly. Holland, for nobody else knew of his being at Althorp. But the day after he came away a letter was brought for him frank'd by *Horne Tooke*. My Mother very good naturedly got at it before Ly. Spencer had seiz'd on it, but seems to talk of it a little as she would if he was accus'd of dealing with the D——l. And as to Marsh himself, I suppose he would have perform'd as many oblations as Sr. W. Jones recommends if any accident had lead him to touch it. He would reckon it ye most *unelean* of all unclean things, for he abhors H. Tooke almost worse than Bonaparte. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CHATSWORTH

(January 6th).

. . . We have been drawing King and Queen. Ly. Hunlock got Hostess Quickly. There were a few more than were wanted, so I drew for you and got you a brown silk Handkerchief, which will make a very pretty and becoming neckcloth. I put by a Cottage basket and a ribbon at the beginning for Eliza, and as there was a woman prize too much beside, my Sister gave it me to do what I would with in return for Eliza's. It happens to be a little locket, which I mean for H. Pray give me a scrap of your Hair to put into it for her. Frederick was dress'd like a Magician, and with the help of a high cap and shoes was above seven feet tall. He distributed the prizes. Mr. Hare enter'd into all this nonsense with as much good humour, spirit, and childishness as if he was ten years old. I always think it very

sensible in a clever man like him to dare to be foolish and appear pleas'd and occupied with nonsense. He really had taken infinite pains to make Sol draw the name of the ice King, which he destin'd to him. The children, of course, made a good deal of noise, and on Sol's looking very grim, he went up to him and shook him, saying, Come, Soberness, relax a little.

Thursday.

As I do not suppose you are much interested in these details, you will not regret that the post hour is chang'd, and by going at four instead of six puts us all in a hurry. Yet I assure you you lose by it, for I was going to write you out a very good paper of H., supposed to be requests from my Sister to her company. One of them is begging each Lady to confine herself to 20 Volumes at a time, and thanking the Gentlemen for their care of the books, which they kindly abstain from ever opening or looking into at all least they should injure them by their studies. Robinson¹ is arriv'd, with a most perfect wig à la Brutus you ever saw. He says Ld. Brome² gives a melancholy account of Paris—that Buonaparte never dares shew himself or go out, that he joins in no amusement but now and then ye Theatre, and that his being there is only known by his guards, as he is entirely conceal'd in the box by a sort of screen put up before him, and that the constant expectation of attempts upon his life ruins his health and temper (I do not believe a word of all this), that the society in general is very bad, as all the rich people are mauvais ton and the bonne compagnie are too poor to assemble much, that Mad. Buonaparte is very amiable, and that her parties us'd to be pleasant till B. desir'd her to invite all the officers wives, &c., which has spoilt them. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CHATSWORTH

(January)

I have been hearing such lamentation for you. Mr. Hare says that perhaps you might think it was all kindness, for you made him press you so to stay, but that it was in great measure selfishness; that he lik'd you at all times, lik'd your conversation and society, but that after dinner you were absolutely necessary to him; that he had a great regard for Sol, the Duke, and Ld. B., but that, not having made a vow of Dumb shew, he now and then

¹ Hon. Frederick John Robinson (1782-1859), son of second Lord Grantham; entered Lincoln's Inn 1802; politician; was created Viscount Goderich 1827, and Earl of Ripon 1833.

² Charles Lord Brome, afterwards second and last Marquis of Cornwallis (1774-1823).

liked a little conversation, and to meet with somebody who could both understand him and have something to say for themselves, and then describ'd what you so often complain'd of. He ask'd if there was not some song in *Blue Beard* about *Silence reigning*. I said: "*No one speaks, no sentence falls*, and Silence reigns within these walls." Just so, he answer'd. "I turn myself round first to Morpeth, then the Duke, Ld. B., Adair—all in vain. Sometimes by dint of trying I strike out one word from some of them, but, like Brutus's flint, they 'straight arc cold again.' Then in despair I try Jules and Robinson; but one does not understand me, and the other answers me in the moon, and talks to me of Cassandra, Cleopatra, or the siege of Troy." He then told me that to day, after dinner, he had fallen into a reverie that might rival any of Adair's, and that all at once he interrupted a dissertation of Robinson's by slapping his glass on the table, and exclaiming, Why the D——I did Lord Granville go to Trentham? and that he was only made aware of having thought aloud by the dead silence that ensued, and at length Sol's saying he believ'd you had business. Mr. Harc added, I felt like a check'd school boy, said not another word, but slunk away as soon as I could. We were talking of unexpected events, and I ask'd him if he was much surpris'd at the peace. He said this had been a year of surprises: the Peace a great one, Mr. Pitt's going out still greater, but neither of them anything to compare to his astonishment at Mr. Addington's being Minister; that it was so extraordinary he had not yet recover'd it, and scarcely believ'd it now when he thought seriously upon it; that at first he thought it a joke, and that it only meant as Mr. A. was a sober, quiet Man, not much vers'd in Politics, he might be a good, unprejudic'd person to pick out a new administration; but that when it was explain'd to him that he really was Prime Minister, happening to meet Mr. A. soon after threw him into such a fit of laughter that he laugh'd the whole way from the Horse Guards to the Stable Yard, and was oblig'd to sit down on a bench in the park to rest. He said: "I should as soon have thought of myself for a Minister, and I beg my own pardon for the comparison, for I should be much less ridiculous." . . .

Sunday.

. . . I will no longer quarrel with your letters being longer coming than mine, as they come regularly. I have written constantly, so constantly that I was afraid you would have too much of it. I wish you had receiv'd Canning's *pamphlet* here; I should like so to read it, but I suppose you will not send it me? Does he mean to avow open opposition to Mr. Pitt? I know Canning

is reckon'd as one of Pitt's victims, for people who do not think as highly of Mr. P. as you do imagine that, differing very much in plans and opinions from some of his friends, he went out to get rid of them and their entraves without quarrelling with them, which from private attachment to them he wish'd to avoid, and that now he enjoys power enough to gratify his ambition without a responsibility he always dislik'd. To be sure, the present Administration prêtés to such a supposition more than any other could do. You could scarcely find another set of men who would submit to be govern'd either in appearance or reality as they are; but they know their own weakness, and cling to Pitt for support. The Doctor remembers the rules of his profession, and subscribes the prescription of the Physician in most repute without venturing to opine himself, tho' he did make a little unsuccessful attempt to shuffle off his Master and get another prop to lean against. You have such enthusiastie admiration for Mr. P., and I am so inclin'd to give credit to your opinions and to believe in real integrity, that I cannot at all judge of how far these conclusions are just; but even you must allow that there has been something very odd and underhand from the beginning. The confidential friends of an open, frank-minded man could not have been in doubt for a moment as to what his real sentiments and intentions were. Do not be frighten'd and think I am going to emulate Mr. C. and write you 36 pages, which would not be quite so well worth reading as his; but you cannot think how uneasy I feel sometimes as to what your future political conduct is to be—not from any doubt of your judgement, but from the extreme difficulties the strange conduct of your leader has thrown in your way—basta parlar. I shall tire you to death. I hate writing in general, but to you mon babil est intarissable. . . . I hope you are entertain'd with *Ld. Hawksbury's* reprimanding *Mr. Singleton* for abusing *Paris* and speaking slightly of the *French*. Times are strangely alter'd:

"Manners with Fortunes Humours change with climes,
With books, and principles with times."

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,
Sunday (January).

Ever since I got your letter I have been longing to see Mr. Canning's to you. The argument you say he would take up were he to speak might, I should think, be made a great deal of, and I should enjoy it, because I suppose I should agree with him. How will Mr. Pitt settle his conscience concerning the slave trade,

for I hear it is the only thing Mr. Addington ventures to give any strong opinion upon, and he is against the abolition. I own I have great curiosity to know how all this will go on, and what Mr. P. will do. I am writing to you below stairs, *voici le courant de la chambre*—what Willy calls the Geography. Sol and Jules playing at chess, G. and John talking on the couch, Augustus asleep in the corner, Mr. Hare in the great chair reading Dryden and discussing on Alexander's Feast, Bess by the fire reading Chénier, Robinson on the other side of the table grumbling over *Tancrède*, which he will not like as well as *Semiramis*, because he says it is the only one of Voltaire's plays written in alternate verse. I want to look over the other plays, for I am quite sure this cannot be so; and in *Tancrède* it is only in a few scenes. I am writing to you near the fire, and at times disputing with the whole room in turn. The rest of the family are variously dispos'd of; my Sister shut up with Gurdon; the Duke, tho' well, not up (at past five); Ld. B. in his room, and Frederick hard at Euclid. But guess what Hare chose to make me do. He ask'd me to repeat to him, while he wrote it down, some Italian stanzas which I thought nobody knew but me, and how he comes to know I cannot guess. . . . No one ever had such a memory, for in the course of our discussion he repeated almost the whole of Don Felix's¹ part in the *Wonder* by heart, especially the letter, which he says is the model and perfection of a love letter. It is very pretty, certainly. He told us a great many stories of himself, of his extreme jealousy and, as he calls it, credulity. My letters are a little like Boswell's diary, merely a repetition of other people's conversation, but you know you need not read them if they bore you. I am in great anxiety about our stay. Ld. B. seems inclin'd to go to town the beginning of next month, but I find Bess is going to London to Ly. Hervey, which will, I am afraid, make it impossible for me to leave my Sister. My dependance was on her wishing to go to Town to see E., but she has had a letter from G. giving her a hope of his and Mrs. G.'s stopping at Hardwicke the end of Feb. or beginning of March, which of course makes her eager to prolong the Duke's stay, which he is pretty well inclin'd to it already, and they will easily persuade Ld. B. I cannot say a word against it, for on my mentioning a chance of my going, my Sister said, Surely you would not leave me quite alone? and I feel that it would be wrong and unkind to do so if I can help it.

¹ Don Felix, a jealous lover in "The Wonder; or, A Woman keeps a Secret," by Mrs. Centilivre.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,
Sunday (January, 1802).

You did very right not to write to me from Sandon. What can make Ld. Harrowby so over careful of his letters? He has none to hide. I should die of him; pray never go and stay there, and pray never cut short whatever is uppermost in your own mind at the moment you are writing to me, whether it is quarter Sessions, or Hebrew, or any thing the furthest from my understanding; knowing what occupies you at the time, and your *thinking aloud* to me, will always be the most interesting—the most flattering manner in which you can write to me. Besides, I like to know your opinions on all subjects, and I must just say one word in explanation of what I think you misunderstood in my letter. Pray do not imagine from what I said that I look on marriage as so slight a tie . . . that it is merely a matter of choice between dissoluble or indissoluble connections. It is from thinking the solemn vow given before God in Marriage a religious as well as a civil bond, and being so deeply impress'd with the great guilt of breaking it, that made me say I should shrink from pronouncing judgement on any other crime, especially any other of that nature. . . . But if none were to judge others that were not free from vice themselves, it would be harder to find a Justice of the Peace than a Sr. Isaac Newton. So far from thinking breach of Chastity and Morals should go unpunish'd, they ought to be discourag'd in every possible way as much from *compassion* as from justice, for to a woman (especially those of the lower class) the almost constant consequence is sinking into the lowest state of degradation and wretchedness—common prostitution. But the great fault I find in all trials of this sort is the favour men are inclin'd to show to one another, reserving all the severity for the victims—the Mother and the child. Were the punishment very severe for the Man (unless it was prov'd the Girl was an abandon'd one before), and provision made for the child, and some means of employment or possible restoration found for the Mother, it would save many vices in discouraging one; but as it is, the man escapes with a trifling punishment and no disgrace, the poor Girl is expos'd to so much scorn and Taunting, the child so ill taken care of, that one can hardly be surpris'd if the dread of the twofold misery should tempt some poor creatures to destroy their offspring either before or immediately after their coming into the world. I will spare you the rest of the treatise, tho' I have a great deal more to say upon it, but I only meant to justify myself from wishing to encourage vice. . . .

So, Sir, you expect to get off with a little flattery and pay in compliment instead of writing; but it will not do. Your similes are very ingenious and (to use Ld. Chesterfield's expression) laid on pretty thick, but I am not to be so contented. The fact is, dear G. (and I believe you know it), that however pleas'd I should be to think my letters could amuse you, I never wrote one, and never can, that will be to you what one line of any of yours is to me. Could you see the agitation, the eager impatience and delight, with which I devour yours, you would allow this to be true. . . . But do not think I mean by this to complain of you; you have been most kind and good this time in writing so constantly, and indeed I am very thankful, and would on no account have you make it a task; only when you can write without inconvenience to yourself, remember that if ever my letters are the least pleasure to you, yours are to me ten thousand times more delightful; they are a proof to me that you do not forget me, that you like confiding in me, that I am present to your thoughts; in short, they give me life and spirits, which both very often seem sinking from me when I am ill and away from you, and only left to my own sad thoughts. I have great hopes of seeing you sooner than I expected. Bess, I think, will stay on, as Mrs. Ellis is rather better, and probably will not go abroad. My Mother, too, returns Tuesday, so that, as my Sis will no longer be quite alone, Ld. B. will take me with him. He talks of the beginning of February, but we should stop a few days at Milton and be in Town about the 6th or 7th. G. and Ld. Morpeth complain sadly of your not writing, and say they suppose you wish them not to come. I think they are likely not to be able, at any rate, for he has receiv'd some disagreeable accounts from Morpeth.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH

(January).

Hare came to see me today,¹ and told me he would amuse me with reading the *Doctor's* speech, that it might rectify my opinions in politicks, improve my taste in style, and teach me clearness and brevity with epigrammatic point. He paus'd where he came to the Phrase *to doubt is to decide*, and ask'd me what I understood by it, from the foregoing part of the speech. I said that I suppos'd, new circumstances having arisen, he thought it no longer proper to demand the confidence of the House without some explanation, and that having a doubt upon the subject, he thought it necessary to give them full in-

¹ Lady B. was laid up in her room with a bad cough.

formation of all risks. But H. said: "You are too logical; that is a patriotic explanation, but not the Doctor's. Doubts with him are like sudden jolts that jam a thing down faster than it was before. For the future people will say, What a Damned obstinate, determin'd fellow that is! He is so decided that he doubts about every thing; there are no hopes of him"—and that he regretted nobody got up and applied an apt quotation:

"The *Doctor* that deliberates is lost."

That if he had been in the House, he would have sung:

"Oh, forbear thy doubts and fears,
Heart-drawn sighs and melting tears;
Lovely Mourner, cease to grieve,
Thou must speak and we believe."

Monday.

. . ! This sudden thaw has almost overflow'd us. The river really was worth seeing yesterday. They made me go from my room to my Sister's when it first got into motion. It seem'd at first as if the whole solid mass of the river was shaking, and then, after two or three loud cracks, it broke into a number of pieces like a child's dissected map. At the cascade they say it really was beautiful; it pour'd down with great violence, carrying large masses of ice with it, and running foaming along with rapidity enough even to please you. I hope to leave my room today, I am so much better.

G. Canning to G. L. G.

SOUTH HILL,
January 27th (1832).

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—I omitted in answering your Letter yesterday to take notice of your unjust attack upon the Dr.'s glowing expression, "To doubt is to decide." Nothing can be further from the nonsense that you seem to think it. I have endeavoured at an explanation of it in verse, which I hope will be to your satisfaction—but it must be to *yours* only. You must take it as much in confidence as any piece of the dullest political *prose* that I ever sent you. Nobody has seen it (or will) except G. Ellis—not even Pitt.

"TO DOUBT IS TO DECIDE."

Dict. Sap.

I.

Precious the words a wise man speaks.
With reverent zeal Tradition seeks
Thro' many a storied page,
Smart apophthegms, and maxims quaint
Utter'd by poet, cynic, saint,
Grave Judge, or Statesman sage.

2.

"Full little wisdom governs men,
My son, and nine times out of ten
A Minister's a fool."
This truth a Baltic Statesman told
England: thy Addington behold;
And *doubt* the Swedish rule.

3.

Freed from the Wig he went to wear,
Hark! what bold truths *his* lips declare—
"To doubt is to decide."
The wondering Senate pricks its ears,
And deems the daring phrase It hears,
To nonsense near allied.

4.

Not so—Say, Addington, if Franco
Now wrongs inflict, fresh claims advance,
To humble England's pride;
Wilt thou thy Country's rights forego?
Behold he doubts—he does not know—
"To doubt is to decide."

5.

The Budget comes.—The warlike grants
To meet a Nation's peaceful wants,
Canst thou—must Pitt—provide?
That vacant smile I construe well
He doubts—he vows he cannot tell—
"To doubt is to decide."

6.

If Pitt would hear his Country's voice—
Say, would'st *thou* point thy Sovereign's choice
To worth, and talents tried?
Shake not thy empty head at me—
Thy modest doubts too plain I see—
"To doubt is to decide."

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

CHATSWORTH.

. . . My Mother return'd here yesterday, which I hope will do my poor sister good, for she is still dreadfully low at G.'s going, and means to make another attack on Sol. Perhaps we may be ages here, for poor Ld. B. has got the gout. I believe it is in the air of Chatsworth, for Sol has been complaining.

Is your Sister's little boy (the crippled one, I mean) still at Trentham, and are you better friends with him? . . .

. . . Buonaparte has been most excessively civil to Ld. Henry Petty,¹ and invited him to go with him to Lyons, promis-

¹ Lord Henry Petty (1780-1863), second son of first Marquis of Lansdowne, succeeded his brother as third Marquis in 1809.

ing to Lodge him in his own Hotel, all which Ld. H. declin'd, which seems to me very extraordinary. I cannot conceive not trying to see and know as much as one can, and as you do not pledge yourself to approve every thing you witness, I see no reason for not accepting an invitation to what must have been a very curious situation.

Did you know Ld. Lauderdale? They say he cannot live many days. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH

(February).

For this day or two I have been reading some of Swift's Diary. His writing in this manner to Stella and Mrs. Dingley is the most amiable thing I know of him, and I always long to answer *Certainly* to his frequent enquiries of "Do you like this journal way of writing?" But liking a thing does not always procure it one. He abuses Stella as much for her bad spelling as you do me, but, by the list of words he sends her back, with a good deal more reason. I do not know whether my mistakes have the same effect on you that hers had on him, of making him forget how to spell too, for that when he look'd at her strange words, tho' he knew they were wrong, he could not for the life of him tell what was right. The opinions and conjectures on the different works that appear, such as the Spectator, Tattler, and some of Pope's, &c., are very entertaining; the account of the Politics are often applicable to the present times. Do you remember particularly what he says on the peace? I envy Stella a little, for he must have lov'd her very much to write so constantly and so frankly. I mean by frankly, with so much detail, which is delightful from a person one loves. What are you reading now, and what have you lately?—since the Historic Doubt?¹ Poor Ld. B.'s gout looks very threatening; he is quite laid up at present. G. is not quite well, and Sol seems to yield a little, so that I think it likely they will not go on Friday, as they intended. She herself wishes to stay. Harc has got a new subject of attack upon poor me. He said something to me across the table very suddenly (some allusion to Ld. John's constancy and good taste), and having myself spoke to when I was thinking of some thing else, made me colour, on which Sol burst out laughing, and Harc exclaimed: "Heaven be prais'd! Once in my life I have seen a woman blush. I thought it was a poetical fiction, and never could happen in real life." You may suppose this did not put me into countenance again,

¹ "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.," by Horace Walpole, Lord Orford (1717-1797), was published in 1768

and he went on both subjects till, again using the word *taste*, the Duke call'd out: "What has a good taste?" I (to stop the conversation) said "this," offering some of the dish before me, mais mal m'en prit, for Hare went on worse than ever, exclaiming on that invincible presence of mind with which some women were gifted, and which did not forsake them even during blushing or sleep, he believed—that a man might want swords and pistols to defend him, but a woman might pass from one end of the world to the other (by the by, Swift always writes t'other) in perfect safety, arm'd by nature from her birth, and equal to any danger. From that unfortunate moment he is continually turning to me, and aloud, across a dozen people, saying: "Ly. Bth, pray blush."

Thursday.

. . . Poor Ld. B. has pass'd a dreadful night, and is in great pain. How I hate this shocking disorder! However, tho' his head ach's very much, Carrington says his foot is so swell'd and inflam'd that it must carry it all off that way. I have made him come into my room, and am lodg'd in Sally's; his was so very uncomfortable. It is blowing such a hurricane that I really believe the House will come down. Several of the finest trees are torn up by the roots, the barns and part of the stand blown down, and the windows and doors in the Ante-room near Sol's blown in. Poor Caro was coming thro'. The moment she had pass'd the door it shut to with great violence, and that and the only other were bang'd about hanging by one hinge in such a way that she could not pass, whilst the great window, hanging by two ropes only, was swinging into the middle of the room. But in this perilous situation she chose rather to remain till she was wet thro' than venture to take refuge in Sol's room. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH,

Thursday.

I wrote you word of the storm this morning. All the passages are full of water, several windows blown in, numbers of trees down. But we were to suffer from various Elements. I was going down for the first time since my being ill, and found the little stairease on fire. If it had happen'd to break out at night instead of while we were all about, the House must have been burnt. As it is, only part of the stairs are destroy'd, and the wall between that and the still room. You cannot think how well I behav'd in the midst of my terror. I prevented the cry of fire, which would have kill'd G. and my Sister, and made them shut all the doors to keep out the wind. I could scarcely breathe

for fright, but comforted myself all the time with thinking that if you could see me you would not accuse me, as you usually do, of giving way to foolish fears and fine Lady Airs, which always affronts me extremely, as I think I never do. We were oblig'd to dine in the Music room ; the dining room and drawing room were full of water, and the rooms below of smoke.

Ld. B. suffers a good deal, but I think his fit is so sharp that it will be over soon. Hare was in great Spirits to-night, but not in a way that can tell again, tho' he made us laugh very much at the time. Amongst other things, Robinson ask'd in his earnest manner what kind of talents Ld. Hawkesbury's were, and whether he was very much woke up. Hare answer'd talents fit to roast pigeons and the longest neck in England. Robinson went on with the utmost gravity, saying he heard Ld. Hawkesbury look'd very proud and happy when he came to the House as Minister, and to declare Peace. H. said: "He look'd as he always looks—as if he had been on the rack three times, and saw the wheel preparing for a fourth."

Friday.

I have just got your Tuesday's letter, and am delighted with the chance of seeing you. . . . I was stop'd as I wrote the last sentence with a fresh alarm; it has broke out again, but is all safe now and quite out, and they have taken the whole beam away. But it really was frightful. I shall be too late for the post ; this has kept me so. Poor Ld. Guilford's little boy is dying of the dropsy, and Ld. G. himself, besides his illness, almost distracted.

Do you like Sheridan's Speech ? We think it very good. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH
(February).

. . . I have been reading the debates and imagining what you would have answer'd Ld. Hawkesbury; had you been there, you would have had beau jeu, for some of his arguments are very weak, I think. He talks of the return of our Army from Egypt as an equivalent for the Brest fleet sailing. Now, first of all, evacuating a conquer'd place and giving it up to another power is an odd description of acquisition, and if it is merely the encreasing our forces by the addition of the Egyptian army's return, the French have the same additional force by the return of theirs. But the return of troops home after ceding their conquests, or the sailing of a fleet blocked up during the whole war, are very different circumstances. Mr. Hare says he thinks it impossible Buonaparte can be so lost to all integrity as to make any other use of our negligence than what he professes,

but that if he *will*, he may, and that it is to his honour and integrity alone we trust, with this poor Compensation in reserve: that should he be treacherous, we must hang the Doctor and Jenky, who may then plead preescience for the face of woe he so eternally wears. For myself, I always wish political transactions could be put upon the same footing of strict honour and good faith that they were on during Burke's good times of Chivalry, but it seems odd that the very men who loaded Buonaparte with every epithet of abuse should be the first to trust him in the unqualified manner they seem to have done. Ly. Abercorn writes me word that some Mémoires of Mad. de Lamballe are very interesting, but that the account *she gives of her death* is terrible. I am afraid of making her angry if I take notice of this Irishism. Ld. Holland's poor little boy has been very near dying of the croop. Ly. H. is very angry with Sheridan for his attack on Tierney, which I think quite fair. She says she has had a letter from Mad. de Coigny in good spirits, but begging for the honour of England that better Specimens of English Beauty and wit may be sent over than Ld. Arthur Somerset and O'Byrne. She tells her that the Archbishop of Milan dined with Talleyrand, and fell dead upon his shoulder, on which she observes that it cannot be said that he died *en terre Sainte*. (I never heard a more stupid joke.) There is another of Cardinal Caprara's¹ on the Consulships, but too impious for me to repeat to you.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHATSWORTH.

Lord Holland says he has received some very interesting accounts from Paris from a person whose *facts* may be relied on, and of whose judgement he has a high opinion (I conclude from Lord H. Petty). They tell him it is the common opinion that Buonaparte was exasperated at the rejection of part of his civil code, which he wanted to have pass'd at once without alteration or cavil—*with lenity of intention* as he terms it. He was also much irritated on the subject of religion, especially by Volney,² and on the majority of the Council arguing against the Re-establishment of the Roman Catholick religion from the

¹ Jean Baptiste, Cardinal Caprara (1733-1810), son of Count Montecucoli, but took his mother's name; became Cardinal 1792; in 1801 was appointed Legato to the French Government, and on the 18th April (Easter Sunday), 1802, celebrated Mass at Notre Dame in the presence of the Consuls, Ministers, etc., after the Concordat.

² Constantin F. Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney (1757-1820), traveller and writer. This probably alludes to his book "*Les Ruines*" in which he saps the foundations of all religions, particularly Roman Catholicism. This volume and another called "*Les Recherches Nouvelles*" are on the Index.

riots and controversy which they imagin'd it had produc'd in Europe, he sent them word that he too was acquainted with History, and remember'd no country without a Religion, but a great many without a Council of state. He sees a great deal of La Fayette, who deplores the miseries of the time of Robespierre and the death of the King, but seems convinc'd that in spite of all that has happen'd, the Mass of the labouring poor have essentially gain'd by the Revolution, both in point of comfort and instruction. Agriculture is better understood and all France in a much higher state of cultivation than it ever was before, and that even Robespierre's Maximum, so Tyrannical and destructive in itself, acted favourably in some respects by inducing a great Number of Farmers to increase their stock and form new establishments instead of selling to a disadvantage under a regulation which they knew could not last long. Pourtales, one of the Council of state, has asserted upon calculation that not above one-third of the property of France has chang'd hands in the course of the revolution, and that he challenges any one to come forward and disprove this assertion, which he is willing to support with his life. I think I see your contemptuous face and hear you say, "Pooh pooh! nonsense!" when you are reading some of my long Histories which you do not quite agree with. But I assure you it is very good of me to give you all this intelligence, for it was reckon'd very interesting here. . . . Shall I really see you on Tuesday or Wednesday? Write to me again to say exactly what day. How happy it makes me! . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,

Monday (February).

. . . Sir John Mitford¹ is to be the Irish Chancellor, and Abbot² is to succeed him in the Chair of the House of Commons. This last Choice does not give Satisfaction. Abbot only 10 Months ago held a Subordinate Sort of Office in one of the Courts of Law, and there is a great want of Dignity in his Manner and appearance. The most conspicuous points of his Irish administration were his retrenchment of some small Places in Ireland and his offending the Beresfords, and his securing to himself a Sinecure for Life of £1,500 per year which used to be held only during Pleasure. I believe it is not yet determined who is to succeed Abbot as Secretary in Ireland.

¹ The Speaker, Sir John Freeman Mitford (1748-1830), appointed Irish Chancellor on the death of Lord Clair, 9th February, 1802.

² Charles Abbot (1757-1829), elected Speaker 11th February, 1802, which office he held until 1817, when he retired from ill-health, and was created Baron Colchester.

Lady Sarah Fane is looking in great Beauty this year, but I am more inclined than ever to believe that she has a strong Partiality for Villiers, which he endeavours to confirm by much attention. She is not yet presented, but she is generally at the opera with Lady Westmoreland.

I am this day going to Claremont. Mrs. Ellis still continues very ill, tho' they say her cough is somewhat better.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE
(February).

Roehampton looks very pretty and comfortable, and I am very busy with our tragedy. I never intended you should know of this at all if you had not surpris'd it, as you do all my poor little attempts at concealing any thing from you. We began this year at Chatsworth, and did a great deal there. My Sister work'd very hard at it at Hardwick, and now we are going on again, and it is almost done. But hers is much the most considerable part. I suppose you will think it vanité d'auteur or sisterly partiality if I tell you I really do not think it very bad. The two first acts are the tamest. The second is the one I think worst of. You must never mention or hint at it to her on any account. It is the story of Siegendorf in the Canterbury tales.¹ I left my poor Sis. in a sad fuss yesterday. I told you how anxious the Prince was that all those he calls his friends should go down and vote for a committee of inquiry into the justice of his claims. He says they may decide afterwards, but that it is hard to crush it without a hearing. To my Sister's great surprise, Sol seem'd inclin'd to vote for it, and said he thought it not unlikely from some thing he had said that Mr. Canning would, but that he did not yet know Ld. C.'s opinion. You know how sanguine my Sister is in what she wishes. Away she went with all this. To make it sure, wrote first to the Prince to tell it him, and then to Ld. Carlisle to hope he would encourage Sol to vote. But, alas! in doing this she overthrew her own wishes. Ld. Carlisle did not answer her, but sent for Sol yesterday Morning, and I believe means to insist on his voting against the Prince. He has taken up a violent Patriotic fit, and says the constitution is ruin'd and the liberty of the people injur'd by this being brought before the

¹ Count Siegendorf is a character in "Kruitzner," one of the "Canterbury Tales," by Miss Harriet Lee, novelist and dramatist (1757-1851). The story was dramatized by Byron in "Werner," published in 1822. The Hon. F. Leveson Gower always maintained that the drama was written, not by Byron, but by his grandmother, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The above, anyway, proves that the Duchess did write a play on the same subject.

H. of Commons. And my Sister is in despair, as she thinks she has got Sol and herself into a serape. . . . I send you two caricatures, not very good. I hate all the headless bodies in Mr. Windham's, but some of the faces of the Opposition are very like, and the "Ça ira" Monster good. Tierney might have been made a much better; the Dr. should keep more gravity and state.

. . . I long to know you have had no falls.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Undated (probably March).

I never heard you talk much of the Prince's affair, therefore I do not know what your opinion is. But if you do not think his pretensions quite without claim, I wish you would take some means of letting him know about it. He has begg'd my Sister, Ld. Holland, and me to speak to you, Sol, and any others we know, to vote for him, or if they cannot consistently with their opinions, to keep away—at least on this first question which is merely to appoint a committee to enquire what his claims are.¹ And if he does not misrepresent excessively, Mr. Addington has really treated him ill. I rather think Sol is persuaded to vote for him, and Grey, if not to vote for him, at least to keep away. As you cannot be there, you need take no notice of it unless you like it. But as he mention'd you particularly as a person he wish'd to have applied to—"his good friend Levison"—if you had any thoughts of supporting him you might as well take the merit of it and let him know that business oblig'd you to be out of Town. I do not mean by writing to him, but make somebody tell him, or tell him so yourself when you return.

. . . Nothing is more entertaining than looking over old letters. I remember being extremely amus'd at Rochampton with reading to old Ld. B. the letters he had receiv'd formerly from the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, Lord Anson, &c., with all the news of the day and opinions of people and politicks. But as to extraordinary events, our times beat them hollow. Mr. Coxe is publishing a life of Ld. Walpole, brother to Sr. R.² I should think he had exhausted every thing that was to be said on Sr. R. W.'s life, but I hear this prais'd by people who have seen it. Another amusing book just come out is Soulavie's³

¹ With respect to his claims on the amount of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority. The debate in the House of Commons took place on 31st March.

² William Coxe (1747-1828), published his "Memoirs of Horatio, Lord Walpole" in 1802.

³ Abbé Jean Louis Soulavie (1751-1813) wrote memoirs of the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI.

Anecdotes de Louis 16. and one I am just reading and like very much, which I believe you have seen—Robertson's life. You will be glad to hear Ld. Holland spoke very well on Monday, and Ld. Grenville said he had no Idea he could make out so strong an argument on that subject. Mr. Fox also spoke very well except the end of his speech. When he sat down he said to Hare: "What a D—d blockhead I am to have blunder'd so into the Law, but this is what comes of forcing me to speak against my will." Dr. Lawrence¹ did nothing but call Mr. Addington his Rt. Honble. friend, and Mr. Canning says he never despair'd of peace till now, but that Dr. L. must know of some secret article that secured war in three months. Mr. Windham was so feeble he could not move without . . . [End of letter missing.]

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

C. SQ^{RE}

(Postmark, 26th March, 1802).

The Opera was beautiful. I never liked anything so much, and long'd for you. The Duet particularly, and one of Mrs. Billington's songs surpasses anything I ever heard. In short, I was enraptured. Bonti really look'd very well in her Man's dress and exerted herself prodigiously. I agree with Caroline in preferring her recitative; there is a mellowness in some of her tones and strong expression which I think unequal'd. But Mrs. Billington's execution, extent of Voice, taste and knowledge of music, certainly surpass her—at least to-night. But it is hardly fair to judge by this opera, which was compos'd entirely for Mrs. B. How I should like to hear the sounds again; it was quite delightful. I was there when the curtain drew up, and pit, gallery, and boxes were already crowded full. Within two of us—your love Ly. Sarah² and opposite your other love, Ly. Asgill.³ The Prince paid us two visits, but our Chief Company were Hare, Grey, and Sheridan, the latter persecuting me in every pause of the music and telling me he knew such things of you, could give me such incontrovertible proofs of your falsehood, and not only falsehood but treachery to me, that if I had one grain of pride or Spirit left I should fly you. And guess what I answer'd, you who call me jealous. I told him I had such entire reliance on your faith, such Confidence in your truth, that I should doubt my own eyes if they witness'd against

¹ Dr. French Laurence (1757-1809), friend and executor of Burke. Both he and Mr. Windham assisted Cobbett to start his famous weekly paper, the *Political Register*, in 1802.

² Lady Sarah Villiers.

³ Jemima Sophie Ogle, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle; married, in 1790, Sir Charles Asgill, equerry to the Duke of York.

your word. He pitied me, and said, "How are the mighty fallen," and then went on telling me things without end to drive me mad. In talking of the crowd, I should tell you not only the Pit and boxes were all full, but the stage crowded, so that the Singers were oblig'd to struggle thro', and Ladies with Feathers sitting on the stage. The heat was so great that I was oblig'd to go twice into the passage to save myself from fainting.

Friday.

I was not well this Morning, and got up so late that I have pass'd all the day in a hurry. My Brother is but just gone. He says the definitive treaty is sign'd¹ and is expected tomorrow, that he hears Buonaparte has changed his title and styles himself "President Consulaire de la République Française."²

Lord Fauconberg³ has left 6,000 a year to Ly. C. Wynne, 2,400 to Ly. A. Wombwell, and an Estate (in Suffolk, I think) to Ly. Lucan. . . . I am going to the French play, but am not quite well. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

C. SQUARE.

. . . My Sister, all the Girls, and I went to the french play, which, excepting for the heat, was very well worth going to. The plays good and the acting excellent. I made acquaintance there with a friend of yours, Mrs. Wilmot, whom I think quite beautiful, but she frightens me with her abrupt manner of saying *Ma'm* and fixing her black eyes on one. . . .

[Illegible] is just arriv'd from Amiens, where he din'd with Joseph Buonaparte, who told him if he made haste he might be the first person who announced Peace in England. He gave a curious account of Mad. de Ch [illegible] being sent away. She was on some information carried before a tribunal appointed to question her. She complain'd of illness, and was told the air of France did not agree with her, and that she must travel. She ask'd where to, but could obtain no answer excepting that

¹ The preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens, which had been signed 1st October, 1801, were definitely concluded at Amiens 27th March, 1802, by Joseph Bonaparte and Lord Cornwallis.

² Napoleon was named Consul for life, with the right to nominate his successor, 11 Thermidor, an X. (4th August, 1802).

³ Henry Belasyse, second Earl of Fauconberg, died 23rd March, 1802, when the earldom became extinct. He left three daughters and coheirs:

Lady Charlotte, born January, 1767, married Thomas Edward Wynne, who assumed the surname of Belasyse in addition to his own.

Lady Anne, born December, 1760, married Sir George Wombwell, and died July, 1808, to whom was left Newburgh Hall.

Lady Elizabeth, born January, 1770, married, April, 1789, Bernard Howard, Esq. (afterwards 12th Duke of Norfolk), from whom she was divorced in 1794, when she married Richard, second Earl of Lucan.

she should first be convey'd to Holland and then be told where she should go next. Mad. de Vaudreuil had also a message sent her to say that she must travel. Elle ne se le fit pas dire deux fois. The potins concerning Ly. G. Gordon,¹ &c., are going on louder than ever. The Dss. will only ask to her House those whom she calls *orthodox*, and insisted on seeing Ld. Lauderdale dead or alive. She went to him, and they quarrel'd till he almost fainted from the violence of disputing. Meanwhile Ld. John² sends round to all his friends entreating them to contradict the report, and pledging his honour that there never was any engagement either form'd or intended, and insisting that if the letter could be produc'd, *one* must be found from the Duke of Bedford of a very late date declaring his regard and admiration for Ly. Georgiana, but expressly saying he had no intention of marrying and thought it fair to tell her so. Both parties make much too much noise about what can now signify to neither, and it shocks me to hear a subject on which I feel the deepest regret discuss'd and wrangled about with perfect indifference or great ill humour.

I wish you had been with me at the play to night. It really was good, and I was amus'd with one part when a woman comes in crying and saying her lover is "impertinent, infidèle, ingrat, traître et Tyran," tout à la fois. Her friend says, "Vous le laissez donc," and she answers, "Eh, mon Dieu, non; c'est cela dont je pleure, je l'adore et j'enrage."

Saturday.

The report of London today, if it is true, you probably know much more of than I can tell you, but every one is full of Mr. Pitt's joining with the Grenvillites against Mr. Addington. The plan, they say, is to make the King reappoint Mr. Pitt, and if he will not, beat the Ad.'s out by a strong opposition and send the K. to Hanover. This is the Prince's Story, but do not quote him, as people might imagine his wishes made him fancy the report. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Wednesday.

The conversation of London is wholly turned upon the Story of the Duke of Bedford having been engaged to marry Lady Georg. Gordon. The Dutchess of Gordon last night related to me all the Circumstances, and as it appeared to me, embellished and exaggerated many things. I hear from good authority that

¹ With reference to the report of her engagement to the late Duke of Bedford.

² Lord John Russell married, secondly, 23rd June, 1803, Lady Georgiana Gordon, daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon. Lord John's first wife died 11th October, 1801.

the present Duke declares that he was commissioned by his Brother¹ upon his death-Bed to give a message to Lady Georgiana, but that his Brother was under no positive engagement of Marriage. I think myself that a message sent is in itself evidence that he did intend to marry her. The Dutches of G. says that he was not only under a private engagement, but that a few days before his Illness he had sent to the Duke of Manchester declaring that obstacles which had hitherto prevented his Marriage (that is his Connection with a Mrs. Palmer, by whom he has two Children) were at an end, and that he waited only Lady Georgiana's arrival from Scotland to declare it, and from his death bed he sent her a Lock of his Hair as the most precious Legacy he could leave her, and she is on this account to go into Mourning for the Duke. The Conduct of the Dutches is very foolish, for she is going about every where telling her Story, and is furious at the incredulity of the World, which indeed is very general. Lady Georgiana is remaining quietly with her Sister at Culford, oppressed beyond Measure with Grief. My Leg is going on very well. . . .

Mr. Canning to G. L. G.

CLAREMOUNT,

Tuesday, April 6th, 1802.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—I hope you will be able to come here on Thursday, as on Friday it is more than probable that I may have occasion to go to Town.—Ever affectionately yours,

G. C.

I do not know what you think of the Event of yesterday,² nor (what is more important) how it may strike Pitt's mind—but to my mind it appears decisive of his fate. And I think when he woke this morning he must have felt it so. He is like a man who has been haggling at his own throat for a long time with a blunt razor, and at last succeeds in cutting it through, just at the moment when he has begun to question himself whether his purpose was a very wise one, and whether he might not as well let the people at the door come in and save him from the effects of his desperation.

I do not see why the Country, why the City, why any order or persuasion in the Empire should wish to see Pitt in power again,

¹ Francis, Duke of Bedford; died 2nd March, 1802.

² On 5th April the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in his Budget, and announced the repeal of the income tax. Mr. Whitbread approved, and said "that, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer approved in words of the conduct of his predecessor in finding out this solid system of finance, yet by his action in renouncing it he expressed a severe but merited condemnation and sarcasm at the same time."

excepting, of course, the half-a-dozen personal friends (they amount to no more) who wish him in for his own sake—and *their* own, if you please—but theirs (as in most cases I am certain) much less than his.

Addington has managed him with masterly cunning. He has taken enough of his assistance to pledge him, and neglected it just enough to show that he can do without him. He has adopted his suggestions in substance, so that Pitt must support them in public, and altered them in mode and form and bearing, so that he must disown them in private, while the public accuse him of inconsistency, from which he cannot absolve himself, and his friends *pity* him for ill-usage, which he cannot resent, without setting Addington still more free, and giving him a character of still more self-dependance and sufficiency than he is by degrees assuming to himself, and without betraying in a way that will tell back upon the whole of the last twelve months a feeling of mortification and regret which it has been the labour of those twelve months to endeavour to persuade the World and himself that he was incapable of entertaining.

Addington has squeezed him like an orange, and if he still keeps him in his hand or in his pocket, it is only because he thinks he may have occasion to pelt him at the Opposition when they make their last appearance. After that he will be swept off the stage and left in the kennel.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. in Whitehall.

Wednesday Night, May 7, 1802.

I am sorry that I wrote to you last Night, because I think that Letter¹ would make you sorry, and I now write to say that your Letter of this Evening has done away all your Father's Uneasiness. He was so happy to find by it that you are well, he forgot the Anxiety and Mortification he had felt in not hearing from you, and flatters himself that in future we shall have the Satisfaction of hearing frequently from you. I am such a Creature that I had *work'd* myself up to be *quite, quite* wretched, with Fears and dismal Ideas. I cannot tell you how miserable I was lying awake with sad—— I will not say any more, but do, pray do tell me, if you keep good Hours, and if you play much at Tennis—both bad for your Health, and the first bad for Soul and Body. Do you hate me and my Letters? I do believe both are very disagreeable, and yet—but I have done with this Subject, and I will proceed to tell you that my Lord is vastly pleased with Mr. G. Smith being the Person, and he thinks the Borough will like it. I fancy there is not the smallest Chance of an Oppo-

¹ Omitted.

sition. Massey came here this Morning to show my Lord Mr. Booth's Letter, and much surprised he was that my Lord had not heard of it from you. My Lord said you were most likely out of Town for a Day or two, for he thought it better not to name his Apprehension of your being ill. Massey said he did not believe you would have any Opposition in the County; he had not heard anything tending that way.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Friday (28th May, 1802).

Such has been the hurry and bustle in which I have been kept the whole of this week that I have really not had time to write a Line to any Body. This hurry arises from variety of occupation. Balls and Masquerades take place almost every night. The consequence of attending these gaities is the getting up late. My mornings have been almost wholly engaged in attending Meetings of the Stewards to make arrangements for Pitt's Dinner¹ and the business of the House of Commons. We have a most unfortunately hot day for our Grand Dinner; the number of Tickets issued have been 800. There have been applications for many more, but we had not room to accommodate a greater number. Canning made a most excellent Speech yesterday upon the subject of Trinidad.² Pitt seemed highly pleased, and Ryder was very eager in his Support.

If Addington had not given up the Question which was unexpected by Pitt, Charles Ellis intended making a speech in favor of the Motion, which I think would have had a good effect, as it wd. have shewn upon what different grounds the Question stood from that of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. It is generally believed that Parliament will be dissolved between the 20th and 30th of June. I wish Harwood would procure from Mr. Keen at Stafford some list of all the Nobility and Gentry of Staffordshire that I may know to whom to write at the time of the Dissolution. . . .

¹ This dinner, held on 28th May, at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, was got up by Mr. Canning in honour of Mr. Pitt, and to celebrate his birthday, for which occasion Mr. Canning wrote his well-known song, "The Pilot that Weathered the Storm." The intention was to mark that the ignominy of the unpopular Peace should rest on Addington, while, should war break out again, Pitt would be the Pilot called in again.

² The British possession of Trinidad (which had been taken in 1787 by a force under Sir Ralph Abercromby) was confirmed by the Treaty of Amiens. Slaves from Africa were to be employed. The object of Mr. Canning's motion was that grants should be made to the planters on the condition of their not importing slave labour. The motion came to nothing.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Sunday night (May)

. . . I wish I could repeat right what Mr. Swinnerton said this Morning talking of Politics. He said how impossible to exist as a Nation without Mr. Pitt, that he certainly would and must have the Government of this Country; but were he acquainted intimately with him, he would advise him against the Income Tax.¹ He knew very zealous Friends of Mr. Pitt's who were loud against, many who would willingly give more than that Tax would exact, who could not bear the Idea of being liable to infamous Informers, who could not bear the Mortification of exposing their Circumstances, and who would think it reasonable and right to pay an open Tax, such as for Horses, Servants, Carriages, Houses, or to raise the Land Tax. He said: "As for myself, I have a good Deal of Money in the Stocks, and I have not an inconsiderable Property in Land, and I should not only with Satisfaction pay double for them, than what the Income Tax amounted to, but I should think it right, and what every Man of Fortune should desire and expect to help the carrying on the War, and to answer other Exigencies of the State; but it would be hard were there not a Means thought of to make rich Merchants pay." I think a Tax upon every Body that plays at Cards would bring in a great Deal. The Potters and all those Sort of People in this Neighbourhood play regularly such and such Nights in the Week, and I am told so the *lower* Order (I mean Shop Keepers and that Sort) do all over England, and in all the great trading Towns and Manufactories. Good Night! Pray do write, or get some delightful Being to write us all the News of a political Nature.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HOLYWELL,
Tuesday.

Think of me playing at shilling whist with the Mayor and his heir and a St. Albans Beau, and then being made most Loyally to sit down and play God save the King with all the discordant voices in the County for my chorus! I am so different a person here from what I am in London that I do not know myself—up at eight to Prayers, and singing hymns half the morning to teach the Girls, and reading to my Mother or working in the Garden; dining at three, and then, last and worst, being civil to the natives, for they all come down in a body at night to play at bowls in the garden.

Wednesday.—I was too late for the post which, considering

¹ The income tax proposed by Pitt in December, 1793, was repealed in 1802.

the important intelligence of my letter, is a pity. I am just return'd from the Priory, where I found no one but Ld. Hinchinbrooke and Ly. Louisa C., but in a long walk with Anne she told me some things which have again made me furious with Ly. Sarah. I cannot bear her. . . . Ly. Westmoreland goes to the Priory tomorrow. Anne wanted to refuse her, but I advis'd her not. I have just receiv'd a line from my sister. What is this Russian¹ news that Grey and Fox have communicated to Pitt? . . . }

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE

(Postmark, 5th July, 1802).

I dread your being involv'd in the expence and trouble of a contested Election, but I am quite anxious for you to succeed, and also for your making a good Speech to your constituents, and meeting with applause and approbation. You never told me what your Father said to all your proceedings about Newcastle, and whether you have heard from your Brother yet. Ly. Sutherland's Child is still ill, but I have not heard this day or two how it goes on. Mr. Graham continues polling. He offer'd terms yesterday, but upon their not being acceded to, came forward and boasted of having rejected all accommodation. Whenever a good many voters poll against him and his own are slow in coming, he talks of giving up, but the first shout from his side determines him to persevere. Harc says he follows his trade (an Auctioneer), always saying going, going, going, and ought to be knock'd down. Mr. Windham had prepared a fine Chair for his Election. Upon the close of the Poll, when he left the Town, they put a Bull's head into the Chair, and Chair'd that. It is odd enough that what Windham defended as a popular amusement should be one of the objections made against him by the Mob. Mr. Addington has vow'd vengeance against all the Townshend family, for besides Ld. J.'s being oppos'd in his Election by Ministers, Ld. Leicester is turn'd out, and very angry. I suppose it is to make room for Ld. Dartmouth, who gives up the Board of Controul to Ld. Castlereagh. I conclude you hear all news from other people long before I can tell it you, but it is as well to say all one hears, and if it bores you you must thank yourself for charging me to write. I like to hear all details about your election, and any thing from you must give me pleasure, so pray never make speeches about telling me any thing that passes thro' your mind. . . .

¹ Perhaps the meeting of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia at Memel in 1802.

ROE.

. . . I am quite eager for the success of your election;¹ pray continue to tell me all about it. I wish I knew of any body who had interest there to send them to you. Do not make yourself ill with all the nastiness they make you drink. If you do, you know you cannot canvass, and you cannot at this moment have a more powerful threat. I delight in all the people round about you loving you and your Father. You know not what pleasure it is to me to have you lov'd and prais'd as you ought to be; but I really think the circumstances of your Father's great age a very strong one for the success of those he favours. There is a spirit of justice and kindness in an English Mob that will make them revolt at the Idea of vexing an old man whom they have look'd up to so long and may so soon lose—*may hap*, as your friend says. I feel quite sure you will succeed. . . . Ld. Castlereagh is at the head of the Board of Controul, which I think is the only news except Marriages. Charles Stuart, Ld. O's brother, is to marry Ly. Catherine Bligh; Miss Seymour, Ld. Southampton; and Marsh's old Love, Ly. Lucy, marries Capt. Foley immediately, to her great joy, for I never saw any thing like her Anxiety to be *married* n'importe à qui. There are some odious lines in Prior very falsely applied to Emma, but which poor Ly. Lucy always put me in mind of when I saw her tour à tour attacking with equal eagerness Mr. Adderley, Marsh, Ld. Chichester, and Capt. Foley. I dare say you have not escap'd some ogles, but you chill'd them by your dignified indifference. Having publish'd the bans of the Parish, I think I have nothing left to tell you but a bon mot of Mad. de Balbi's, which Lally Tollendal² says est très joli. She was disputing with M. de Liancourt about his return and the disgrace of losing his title. He said: "Après tout on ne pourra pas m'empêcher d'être toujours *Anne de Montmorency*." "Ah, plutôt Zèbre," replied Mad. de Balbi, "car vous êtes rayé." This is a little in the style of the Marquis de Pienne, but for a pun pretty quick. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE,
Monday.

. . . I have been seeing a great deal of fine company to day, the Orleans's and Mr. and Mrs. Windham, and to night Ld. and Ly. Hervey, but I am not much the wiser. Mr. Windham

¹ Parliament was prorogued on the 28th June, and shortly afterwards dissolved by proclamation.

² Trophine Gerard, Marquis de Lally-Tollendal (1751-1830), son of an Irish officer, Count Lally, who entered the French Service. Though a demoerat, he had been obliged to emigrate, but returned when Bonaparte became First Consul. He wrote a defence of the emigrants, and an essay, on the Life of the Earl of Strafford.

always pleases and amuses me when I meet with him, and he always seems so glad to see me, that it made me feel quite ashamed today of having join'd a little in the laugh at his losing his election.¹ To all the fine things he was saying I felt myself answering in a low voice: You are too good. Indeed, I do not deserve it; I have been doing you all the harm I can. He told very entertainingly the story of Mr. Thornton's presentation at Paris, and shewing the great Medallion given him by his Militia. Did you read the account in the Newspapers? Mr. W. pretends that Buonaparte puzzled sometime to recollect what battle *Truth* could allude to, but at length, finding in some dictionary truth and simplicity usually coupled together, he concluded it was a new order of honour establish'd by Mr. Addington. All this will not bear writing, but he went on a long while very comically upon it. Ld. Holland brought me the French papers, in which there is the decree to empower Buonaparte to name his successor. His birth day is also to be, kept *à jamais*, and the order for it is dated *Août* instead of Thermidor for the first time since the change of names. Ld. Holland says he hears Mad. Buonaparte and her family sit (at her parties) in magnificent fauteuils richly ornamented, while the Ambassadors' wives, &c., have only tabourets like the ci devant Dutchesses with the Queen. Do you remember Mad. de Ventadours? "Qu'on le lui donne donc il lui coûte assez cher?" Madame Buonaparte is call'd tout simplement Madame—est ce que Madame y étoit—Madame étoit à l'opéra—so on, and the Brothers' wives Mad. Joseph, Mad. Louis. I do not know their names, but merely the Christian name. Voilà bien de bavardages pour peu de chose, but it is what I had, and I give it you second hand. Do you remember me reading a little story out of the Cabinet des Modes of a parvenu who was walking for an appetite and envied the hungry beggar? Tonight as I was arranging my prints I found it in Pope:

"So Russell did, but could not eat at Night,
Call'd happy dog the Beggar at his door,
And envied Thirst and Hunger to the poor."

Voyez ou l'on va chercher des nouvelles!

I am living a great deal with the Orléans's, and a new acquaintance, a Monsr. de Caumont, which I suppose inspires me with this French mania, else I do not know why I favour you with so much of it; but it comes to the end of my pen, and I slide into it as Pope's enemies did into Rhyme. . . .

(¹ Owing to his condemnation of the Peace of Amiens, he lost his seat for Norwich.)

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE,
Thursday night.

. . . The long day is over, and having seen you at this hour last night seems a dream to me. How the time flies when one wants it to stand still! and then it creeps on so miserably when one wants it to go. This is no very new observation, but to-day seem'd to me endless, and I was not quite well. My Sister din'd here, and says they are going to Ramsgate next week. If they do, I think we shall soon follow them. She wants me very much to go to Town for a day or two, but I had rather stay here. . . .

Friday.—I must tell you a piece of News which, tho' it will not interest you much, occupies all my friends most extremely just now. It is C. Foxes avowing his Marriage with Mrs. Armistead.¹ On going abroad, he desir'd Ld. Robert to direct to Mrs. Fox, as it might be unpleasant to her to pass wherever she went for his Mistress. Ld. R. said he could not see the use of ehanging a name she had borne so long. Mr. F. answer'd: In fact, it is only giving her her real name. He then told him that he thought every history of love or marriage was so ridiculous in old people that he had preferr'd it not being talk'd of, but that eight years ago Mrs. Armistead took it into her head that he was going to marry Fanny Bouverie and forsake her, that she was so miserable, that tho' he felt the ridicule of any one being jealous of him, and the impossibility of his altering towards her, he thought it kinder to take the only means of setting her mind quite at ease on this head; that he was perfectly indifferent even then as to its being known or not, but as it was merely personal to him, it could not be very interesting to the public, and that she, satisfied with security without publicity, made it a point that it should be kept a secret—which it had been most completely till now, when he thought it fair to reward her generosity by declaring it on the first occasion when it could be of any use to her. All his friends are very angry with him. I cannot see any thing but what I always knew of him—that he is kindness and weakness itself to every thing that he loves, and that a woman who has liv'd constantly with a man for sixteen years is his wife to all intents and purposes as far as regards him. The odd thing is that people who were shock'd at the immorality of his having a mistress are still more so at that mistress having been his wife for so long. . . .

¹ Charles Fox announced his marriage before he went abroad at the end of July, 1802.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE

(August).

I agree with you in the folly of the attack upon the English press.¹ The only thing I think we should differ in is, I *would defend*, but not attack. If Buonaparte chuses to go to war for the newspapers—à son loisir—we must fight thro' thick and thin; but do not let us imitate le Moniteur, and *begin* a war because the French Newspapers are impertinent. We have submitted to the degradation of a wretched peace, and giving up every thing for the sake of peace, and if we are to add to that the beginning war again immediately in a worse situation than where we left off, we shall be like Punch in Harlequin Roi, who, having his choice between a hundred chiquenades or a hundred kicks, chose the chiquenades first, but, unable to bear more than ninety, stop'd there, and got the hundred kicks besides. I think one of the most mortifying circumstances of the peace is the having plac'd us in a situation where we must be humble. My Brother entertain'd us very much today with an account of his visit to Ld. Hawkesbury. He does not know, he says, whether Ld. H. was afraid he came to talk Politicks, or whether he imagin'd nobody ever had a House in the country before, but he walk'd him up and down and round about the place and House till my Brother was quite tired, and never allow'd him to speak at all. The only intelligence he reap'd there was a very prosperous account of the state of Finance, as Ld. H. assur'd him he might settle at Althorp in peace, that Parliament would not meet for business till after Christmas, and that they had money enough to go on perfectly without fresh supplies. I was entertain'd with the difference party spirit makes even in the opinions of looks and manners. I remember Ly. Spenceer thinking me an obstinate Jacobin for not allowing that Ld. H. was a handsome man. My Brother today said with the greatest naiveté: It is very odd that in all the time I have known him I never observ'd till today what a very plain and very awkward man he is. In our short walk he tumbled over me three times.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE

(Postmark, 13th August, 1802).

I hope your poor head is better. The heat till today has been so violent I do not wonder that you are ill if you have expos'd

¹ In August, 1802, Monsieur Otto sent Lord Hawkesbury a note of haughty remonstrance, requesting that the attacks of the press on the French Government should be put a stop to, and that the members of the French Royal Family and other distinguished emigrants should be sent out of England (note from Lord Malmesbury's Diaries).

yourself much to it. Pray be careful; there are sad fevers about. We are beset by French here; the D. of O. is gone to Brighton, but little Montémenil, M. de Vaudreuil,¹ and de Jarnac, were here this morning—the two former pleasant enough, but the long stories and awkwardness of the latter were proverbial at Paris, and they are not faults that improve by age. In the eve^s we met Ld. Jersey and Ld. Villiers, Ld. V. looking in great beauty, but very grave, and I thought not so cordial as he us'd to be to me. It would be an odd and very hard consequence of jealousy to you and Ly. Sarah, but possible. I have been reading so much of the *concatenation* of Ideas that it makes me suspect he somehow or other, *concatenates* me with his ill humour as part of his property, which I am sorry for, as I like him when he is not playing at billiards with you. Pray continue to give me an account of what you are reading. I wish your observations on Whitelock,² &c., were sent off to me bit by bit as you write them. I would take care of them for you, or send them back—but it would make it like reading together. I hope you like Ludlow;³ he seems so sincere and honest in all his intentions. I wish King William had not rejected him so crument. Pray, pray keep your resolution, and let study or any sort of reading or useful occupation you like keep you from that ruinous play. You might be anything you pleas'd, and it is more blameable not to *please* than not to have the power of distinguishing one's self. We go to Town for a day tomorrow. I shall keep this open for the chance of hearing something to tell you.

ROEHAMPTON,
Friday.

My Brother has just been here, making exactly the same observations you did on the latitude of the oath to be taken by B.'s successor. I sung him the Highgate oath I told you of (I could not recollect the line yesterday):

“Swear to be civil and keep the King's peace,
Unless you by chance are offended,” &c., &c.

In this instance I agree very much with him, but it would be almost worth while to pretend agreeing, if one did not, to see him look as pleas'd as he does with any joke or circumstance that

¹ Joseph François, Comte de Vaudreuil (1740-1817), soldier, had been a great favourite at the French Court; left France with the Count d'Artois.

² Bulstrode Whitelock (1605-1676), one of the statesmen of the Commonwealth; left two valuable works, “Memorials of the English Affairs,” and “Journal of the Swedish Embassy in 1653 and 1654 from the Commonwealth of England.”

³ Edmund Ludlow (1620-1693), Republican leader; fought at Edgehill, etc., but opposed Cromwell when he was declared Protector; escaped to Switzerland after the Restoration, but returned to England in the hopes of being employed by William III. A proclamation for his arrest being issued, he escaped to Vevay, where he wrote his “Memoirs.”

tallics with his opinion. I never saw any Man enjoy so much having his opinion concurr'd with whose understanding is above being biass'd by others. (What a glorious sentence for *b's!*) . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE

(August).

What a kind letter I have just receiv'd from you! I cannot tell you how well bestow'd it is on me nor how gratefully I thank you for it. Le séjour de la campagne m'est propice, and I delight in your quiet wholesome life; but, really and truly, do you look back with pleasure on the time we have spent together? Remember I look upon you as *truth* itself. What from others would appear to me mere words of course, from you I receive as the real sentiments and feelings of your heart, and as such they give me joy or pain. . . . This is a great deal for one poor little kind sentence. Is it that I am very humble or you very sparing in anything complimentary to me? How glad I am you agree with me in my admiration of Mad. de Sévigné. I think her letters Delightful, and read them this year till I thought I knew her, and cried over her death as for a friend. By the by, I like her the better for sharing some of my weaknesses and hate Mad. de Grignan's stiff Philosophy. There is no expression of love and regret she uses towards her Daughter that I have not felt a thousand times. . . . I can apply every word. How often I have wanted to say: "Je supplie votre raison de pardonner à ma faiblesse par égard à la tendresse infinie que je vous porte." As to quoting, there is no end. I can do nothing else, and sometimes think it would be shorter to send you a whole letter or volume; it would be only what I feel still more strongly, in better words than I can say it. Your nasty simile (how could you make such a one?) only confirms my constant opinion of the weakness of my understanding; it is a proof the more, for I am always full of whatever I am reading, and quote it without mercy à tous bouts de changes, almost whether I will or no, which is encore Mad. de Sévigné. Do you remember where she says: "Dites moi donc ce que c'est que cela" (some observation she has made) "l'ai je lu, l'ai je rêvé, l'ai je imaginé? Je l'ai trouvée toute rangée dans ma tête et au bout de ma langue mais je ne sais où je l'ai pris." I will not give you any more now, but do you remember how we mark'd Mrs. Godwin? . . . Frederick¹ tells me Mad. de Genlis has a large pension allow'd her, and the use of a public Library, where she has also apartments, Buonaparte looking on her works as a National *benefit and honour*. (Mad. Gay will not

¹ Her second son, Frederick, was in Paris with the Hollands.

approve.) Ly. Holland says that Menou¹ married a Mahometan to flatter Buonaparte, who prais'd Mahometanism so much in Egypt. He has brought his wife over.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

C. SQUARE,

Saturday (August).

. . . Notwithstanding the visit to the *excessively* pretty Lady, I laugh'd at your description of my company, but I assure you I can add to the variety of the list, for besides the ex War and present Peace Ministers and Emigrant Princes, besides "Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place," I have seen celebrated Painters, witty Parsons, female sculptors, rich Jews, ex financiers, and a little of the old Leaven of Jacobinism that you abuse me for. I reckon Ld. Amherst, who came to Town the other day, as one of my "Chiefs out of war," in common with all reducé'd Captains of Militia and Volunteer Corps. Then I have seen Lawrence² and Day³, who came to look at Roe, Mr. Ireland (your Mr. Gifford's friend, who wrote in the *Maeviad*), Mrs. Damer, our high born Mr. Goldsmid, Calonne, just returned from Paris, and Hare, Fitzpatriek, and Ld. J. T. Voilà une belle et bonne compagnie, as Mad. de Sévigné would say. Calonne⁴ was very entertaining, tho' mortified at not having seen Buonaparte,⁵ but the account he gives of him is very interesting. "C'est un Dieu que eet homme là," he says, "jamais il ne consulte personne, jamais il ne se confie—jamais—même ses plus proches ne peuvent, influencer ou soupçonner ses intentions—seul, renfermé dans son Cabinet, il invente, il crée, il ordonne, il se voit obéi d'un bout de la France jusqu'à l'autre avec un Zèle et un respect religieux." I have told it to you as near as I can recollect in Calonne's words, as I thought them very expressive. He says it is the most extraordinary Government at this moment, the most powerful that was ever heard or read of; that Buonaparte has taken a vast possession of the minds of the people that has something almost supernatural in it. He is extremely angry at present (Buonaparte, I mean) at the abuse of him in the papers, particularly in the *Ambigu*, which you saw in my room. (By the by, did you read the *Morning Post* yesterday on this subject? I thought it very spirited and very good.) Buonaparte's life, by Calonne's

¹ General Jaques François, Baron de Menou (1750-1810).

² Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830).

³ Perhaps Alexander Day (1773-1841), painter and art dealer.

⁴ Charles Alexandre de Calonne (1734-1802) had been for many years Minister of Finance; was disgraced in favour of Necker; emigrated to England; returned to Paris in September, 1802, where he died the following October.

⁵ Had just been elected Consul for life.

account, is as extraordinary as all the rest. He bathes every Morning for an hour, during which time a man chose for that purpose translates the English Papers to him. When there is any thing he dislikes he frowns very much, and knocks the side of the bath with the rope he has to get in by, faster or slower in proportion to his anger, but never speaks, except once that, on some strong assertion about him, he call'd out very loud: "Il en a menti!" He devotes twelve hours to *travail*—that is; to being lock'd up in his room quite alone, where he forms new constructions, new laws, and settles every thing he intends and wishes. He issues out orders from thence written on little slips of paper, which he pushes thro' the door without speaking, only ringing to make the people in waiting take notice. Three hours he allows for meals and exercise, two for amusement, and six for sleep. Calonne adds: "Et il a Madame Buonaparte pardessus le Marché." C'est bien de la besogne. Can all this fatras of nonsense divert you? It is your own fault if it bores you for encouraging me to write you these long histories. I will not enter into a discussion on party spirit, tho' I think I could defend myself, and make even you allow that it was better to have an opinion than to change with every wind that blows, and one day think one thing, the next another. What makes me observe this more just now is seeing a person whose understanding I think highly of, certainly lessen the value of their praise or censure, and appear to have less *Mind* than they really have, from shifting all their sentiments backwards and forwards according to the society they are living most with. After saying all this I recollect that you reckon it ridiculous for a woman to pretend to have *any opinion* at all. Ces pauvres femmes. Comme elles sont traitées. Il est vrai que le cœur influe terriblement sur l'esprit, et je ne jurerois pas de ne pas croire que le Noir est du blanc si vous me l'assurissiez bien sérieusement. How sorry I am your quiet party is breaking up! Your Sister was such a comfort to you, and your life so pleasant, wholesome, and useful, you will miss her sadly. That is one reason why I am sorry, and then perhaps you may be tempted to seek consolation in visiting Mrs. Sneyd and her pretty Sister, or possibly that Mrs. Wolsley or Ly. Lawley. Dio sa chi. I like you much better reading Clarendon and Whitelock, and talking to those who have generosity and Candour enough to allow for failings they are themselves incapable of. There are very few people who feel their superiority without wishing to make others less fortunate feel it too. . . . I am returning to Roe to-day, mean to take a house at Ramsgate from the 1st of next month, and I am in hopes if we go abroad it will not be till the middle of October.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

We came to Town, as I told you yesterday, to take leave of the Devonshires, who have again put off their Journey, so we stay till tomorrow (like the children, *to see them go*). Hare was uncommonly pleasant at dinner, but it was sudden flashes and strings of fanciful images which are very good at the moment, but will not bear repeating, Chiefly, I think, on the notion that if Buonaparte prosecuted the printers for abusing him, Ld. Hawkesbury and Mr. Addington should prosecute also for the abuse on them, and then inventing a letter from Ld. Hawkesbury to Buonaparte condoling with him on their joint sufferings—that it was the fate of greatness like theirs to be envied and calumniated, that being abused and being sore upon it was the constitutional malady of office from time immemorial, but that his friend and colleague Mr. Addington was searching amongst his Father's old receipts in hopes of finding a specific for this disorder, &c., and a great deal more Nonsense in the same style. He told us a story, too, of Ld. Liverpool¹, who upon Mr. Fox rattling away (without much meaning as Hare says) upon secret influence—and “an evil spirit that pervaded the K. Councils,” &c., &c., and happening to look at Ld. L. (Mr. Jenkinson then), he got up in a great passion and quite gravely assur'd the House that he “was no Spirit. I have nothing to do with Spirits. I am a Member of Parliament, Sir” (and after a pause added), “nor famous in any respect whatsoever,” and then sat down again. If Hare does not mend the story, I think the application of the *any respect*, &c., remarkably good there and very ridiculous when told, but it is spoilt in writing.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

August 23.

Here I am quite alone in C. Square. We came Saturday as I told you, and staid on to see my Sister set out. I was oblig'd to stay for a Christening, and as Ld. B. was engag'd to dine and sleep at Mortlake, I remain to do some commissions for my Sister. I din'd at Ly. Melbourne's, but would not go with her to the play and Vauxhall as she wanted; but came quietly home regretting that I had nothing to expect . . . no carriage to watch for, no rap at the door . . . and alas! no chance of hearing your Step upon the stair. . . . Whilst I was regretting all this, suddenly the knock did come, to my utter astonishment. I ran to the stair, and in a moment heard Sheridan's Voice. I do not know why,

¹ Charles Jenkinson, created Earl of Liverpool in 1796 (born 1727, died 1808), father of the future Prime Minister; had held various offices.

but I took a horror of seeing him, and hurried Sally down to say I was out. I heard him answer: "Tell her I call'd twice this morning and want particularly to see her, for I know she is at home." Sally protested I was out, and S. answer'd: "Then I shall walk up and down before the door till she comes in," and there he is walking sure enough. It is partly all the nonsense he talk'd all this year and the hating to see any one, when I cannot see you, that makes me dislike letting him in so much. There was a time when I was not afraid of him; he amus'd me, and I could laugh at his manner, as I do at Hare's or any one's, but now I feel the justice of some of his attacks. . . .

I left off writing that I might not make a lamentation de Jérémie, and weary you with it. S. call'd again after walking up and down for near an hour, and I sent down word I was sorry I could not see him, but that I was not well. I am not in a humour to be flatter'd or abus'd, frighten'd or complimented, and he is in one—I know by what he said to my Sister and Hare—to torment me instead of amusing me, which he can do if he pleases. I wonder how long Sheridan, Ld. John, and Fitzpatrick will think it necessary to make love to me whenever we chance to meet, cela ne sied ni à leur âge ni au mien; and if they mean it for flattery, it has quite the contrary effect, and troubles me more than the worst abuse could. Were I much younger I should be asham'd and provok'd, but *now*, if it were not that they expose themselves more than me, I should think it was to laugh at me. I have another letter from Frederick. The Buonapartes have been very civil to Ld. Holland and Ly. Holland. Holle¹ likes Joseph the best. Frederick says all the busts and pictures are like, but not *very*; that his countenance is much better, not near so stern, but has a good-natur'd expression; that he talks and laughs with the few he speaks at all to, and that his manner is remarkably simple and unaffected. Adair is there, and passes for an English Philosopher. When he puts himself in an Attitude they say, "Ne lui dites rien, c'est qu'il pense"; but Fred says he is quite gay and in a new Style since he came to Paris, where he rather gives it out that he is chef de l'opposition in England, but unambitious like the Abbé Sieyès,² contenting himself with the consciousness of dictating and leading every thing, without being talk'd of like his creatures, Fox, Grey, and Sheridan—in short, that Mr. Pitt Prompts and directs Mr. Addington while he instructs Mr. Fox, &c. Poor Opposition! This is a bad account of it. I think we are not quite come to that yet. The illumina-

¹ Lord Holland.

² The Abbé Sieyès (1745-1836), one of the three Consuls in 1799 (Bonaparte Sieyès, and Roger Ducos).

tion on Buonaparte's birthday was beautiful, Fred says. Ld. Robert¹ and Fitzpatrick are arriv'd, and Mr. and Mrs. Fox expected that day.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

August, 1802.

. . . As to Sheridan, in the morning I purposely staid in my room till the time of our setting out, and only saw him as I was getting in to the earriage, so had nothing more to tell. I imagine S. fears me, because often when no body else could stop him one word or one look from me has done so at once, which I believ'd to be *conscience*, that knowing how much he has injur'd me made him feel something like shame in my presence; but this does not always hold good when he is in his ways. You say I am not angry enough. I am provok'd, vex'd, and asham'd. To feel more deeply I must care for the person who offends me. . . . You us'd to say at Chatsworth it was my being too Harsh to Lord J. that made him so violent. . . . Were they really *in Love* with me they would dread offending me, and be easily silenc'd . . . but as probably with Fitzpatrick it is antiquated Gallantry, in Lord J. madness, and in S. obstinacy, as possibly, too—having all of them lik'd me formerly without success—it would gratify their vanity still, tho' their loving is over, and as I am older and more humble, they think, perhaps, there is a better chance now than formerly, and do not much care whether in the trial they offend me or not. What makes me tire you with this long history is lest you should suspect me of the foolish vanity of fancying people in Love with me (foolish at all ages and ridiculous at mine), and I began the History of Sheridan both because I never conceal anything from you, and because I wish'd you to see by this how easily stories might be made on such equipées as this. . . .

I have a letter from Fred. Mr. Fox was evidently applauded at the Théâtre Français and very much distress'd by it. Madme. de Flahault is married to M. de Souza. I heard it before, but did not believe it. . . .

I shall end as a little Quaker woman I know at St. Albans does to me when we part: "May thy Spirit dwell in Gladness wherever thou goest, my Heart honoureth thee."

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE, Saturday (August).

. . . My writing to you is thinking aloud, or rather thinking on paper, and your saying you like it is great happiness to me, as it is a proof my company is not disagreeable to you. Your

¹ Third son of third Duke of Marlborough; died 1831.

reading in the detail you do is the only profitable and entertaining way of reading, so do not regret its slow progress. People who take only the outline of History, &c., may skim over a longer Period in a much shorter time; but the consequence is it makes little impression, and they confuse or forget most of what they read. I believe the cause of so many people having a smattering of everything, and knowing nothing à fond, is the endeavour of facilitating knowledge too much. The quantity of Dictionaries, Abridgements, and *Beauties*, by preventing study, teach people to learn things superficially, but Botany and Astronomy will never be learnt upon fans, nor History and Chronology on fire Screens. Alas! I fear it is ordain'd that toil, anxiety, and pain are the price that must be paid by Human frailty for every acquisition or enjoyment. I am just call'd away to see the Eclipse of the Moon, and to prove my words, for there is no seeing even this without shivering on the cold Pier at the risk of one's life.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham

RAMSGATE,
Monday.

. . . I have been reading a variety of Letters from Paris from Ld. Holland, Adair, and from Hare, who has seen Ld. Robert since his return. He seems much amus'd with every thing, but thinks it more a place to see from curiosity than live at for pleasure. He says Buonaparte's countenance and manner are very striking. Bonté made a sort of set Speech to Mr. Fox on his presentation. Hare says, "I think not in very good taste," that there were but two Nations in the world, the Eastern and the Western, that Europe ought to be consider'd as one Nation. (I do not believe he enter'd enough into the detail of his New Map to say whether he would alter the name of Europe and have it called France.) He said he had long respected Mr. Fox's talents and Philanthropy, &c., &c. He sent Duroc to invite him to dinner the same day (a very unusual compliment) with two hundred people—some women and Mad. Buonaparte, with whom Mr. F. had a good deal of conversation after dinner, and liked her very much. Buonaparte also talk'd a good deal to him, and he thought ingeniously and pleasantly, but in much too Princely a style, and seeming to dislike any difference of Opinion, he was startled and seem'd surpris'd and displeas'd at Mr. Fox's answering rather abruptly to his lamentations on the necessity of keeping up a great Military establishment, un grand établissement Militaire est toujours odieux et doit l'être, car tout Gouvernement qui n'existe que par la force est oppresif et mauvais. (Mr. F. told Ld. Robert he spoke bad French to soften it; that he meant

Tyranique, but thought it was too harsh to say.) B. did not answer for some time, then chang'd the subject, and said that in the East Indies it was right to allow a Man several wives, and it would be right to allow it in the West Indies too, on account of the variety of persons—Blacks, Mulatoes, and Mystis. (Mr. F. says he does not see the meaning of the Consular System of Matrimony.) He talk'd a great deal of ye English News papers, and upon Mr. F.'s saying that it was a necessary evil, and that in England people did not mind being abused in the News Papers, he answer'd, "*C'est tout autre chose ici*," and seem'd to dislike the remedy of prosecuting in a Court of Justice. He was very civil to Ld. Robt, prais'd the Great D. of Marlborough extremely as one of the greatest Generals that ever liv'd, and ask'd Lord Robert if Blenheim belong'd to him !

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Castle Howard.

RAMSGATE,
Monday (Sep^r 13th).

... Here are some more Paris stories. Mrs. Fox din'd at Talleyrand's with Mad. Grand,¹ who paid her great attention. The Pss. Santa Croce, Mad. Lucchesini,² and Mad. Galbo also din'd there, and the Dss. of Cumberland came after dinner. I wonder what my Niece Catherine did with her Prudery meanwhile. Marriage must have liberalis'd her Ideas furieusement, and wrought a prodigious change if she can stand Mrs. F.'s being receiv'd as she really is, like any Mrs. Fox of the first family or character. Amongst various other topics in the conversation I was describing to you this Morning, Buonaparte

¹ The beautiful East Indian Madame Grand (*née* Worléc). Talleyrand married her in 1801, Bonaparte having refused to receive her unless he did so. The Pope refused to recognize the marriage or to see her when he came to Paris to crown the Emperor.

The following is Talleyrand's letter to Barras respecting the arrest of Madamo Grand on their arrival in Paris from Hamburg:

"CITOYEN DIRECTEUR,

"On vient d'arrêter Madame Grand comme conspiratrice. C'est la personne d'Europe la plus éloignée et la plus incapable de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une Indienne, bien belle, bien paresseuse, la plus désoccupée de toutes les femmes que j'aie jamais rencontrée. Je vous demande intérêt pour elle; je suis sûr qu'on ne lui trouvera pas l'ombre de prétexte pour ne pas terminer cette petite affaire à laquelle je serais bien fâché qu'on mit de l'éclat. Je l'aime: et je vous atteste à vous, d'homme à homme, que de sa vie elle ne s'est mêlée et n'est on état de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une véritable Indienne, et vous savez à quel degré cette espèce de femme est loin de toute intrigue. Salut et attachement.

"CH. M. TALLEYRAND.

"3 *Germinal*, an IV. (1796)."

² Wife of Girolamo, Marquis de Lucchesini (1762-1824), who had been a great friend of Frederick the Great, now Prussian Ambassador in France.

question'd Mr. Fox concerning Windham, saying he understood his talents were mediocre, and that he was an unfeeling, unprincipled Man. Mr. F. interrupted him, and said: "On vous a trompé. Il n'y a pas sur la terre un être plus noble, plus humain, plus rempli d'honneur et de talents que Mons^r Windham, intègre jusqu'au scrupule, jamais sa conduite ne dément ses sentiments, j'ai le malheur de ne pas m'accorder avec lui sur tous les points, mais je l'estime et le révère." B. did not like it, but after a little frown and pause, said: "C'est très bien pour vous qui n'avez que quelques démêlés publics. Mais pour moi je le déteste, lui et ce Pitt qui ont tout deux attenté à ma vie." Mr. Fox stared. Bte went on saying he would have forgiven open enemies in the Cabinet or the field, but not cowardly attempts to destroy him, such as *suborning* his own Guards and setting on foot the Infernal Machine. Mr. F. again with great warmth assur'd him he was Deceiv'd, that Mr. Pitt and Windham, like every other Englishman, would shrink with horror from the Idea of secret assassination. "Vous ne connaissez pas ce Pitt," said Buonaparte. "Oui je le connais," replied Mr. F., "assez du moins pour savoir qu'il est incapable d'une pareil action et je risquerois ma tête sur cette croyance," Buonaparte after a moment walk'd away in silence, and so they parted. What pass'd before so many people cannot be a great secret, but yet, as Ld. Robert makes it one, I had rather you would not say it—I mean all this about Mr. Windham and Pitt and the Machine infernale. Ld. Robert was near and heard it, but when Mrs. Fox ask'd Charles Fox what the first consul was saying to him, he only answer'd, "Oh, he was very civil," and immediately ask'd where she left off in the Novel they were reading. Pray tell me if all this detail bores you, for from knowing and loving Mr. Fox as I do, every little circumstance is interesting to me; but it may be quite the reverse to you, who do neither, and you may be tired to death with my intarissable Babil.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

RAMSGATE,

Tuesday night.

. . . Every creature great and small of our family is gone to the ball, excepting me, but I cannot see why I should do here less pleasantly what I refuse in London, where there is more temptation. We do not see a great deal of company, only the Melbournes (they have but one Son here, George) and Ly. Asgill and Mrs. Wilmot, who, tho' they live at Margate, come very often. I like the latter extremely. I do not know what to make of the former. Sometimes I am inclin'd to like her partly from her

coaxing manners, and because I have great respect for your taste, but every now and then she puts me quite out of patience with her coquetry and affectation, and seems to me quite a fool. This is when I see her twist herself into ten thousand shapes, affect childishness and naïveté, and take as much pains to turn the heads and secure the Hearts of *Ld. Colleraine* and *Mr. Graham* as she would to attach you or the most delightful creature that ever liv'd. I must tell you I am writing in a bad moment, because she provok'd me first by Playing twenty tricks this morning, and when I determin'd to get over that, and was beginning to like her again, she ask'd me very seriously whether I did not think *Adair* a man of extraordinary talents and great eloquence and capacity. I look'd up to see if she was in Earnest, and she really was. A propos of *Adair*, you would never suspect that I wish'd you to be like him, but I have been reading many of his letters to *Ly. Mel.* They are all complaints of her rigours and confessions that, after every endeavour to forget her and even taking this journey for no other purpose, he despair'd of being cured. I was looking at *Ly. Mel.* from time to time, and she certainly is fatter even than me, and a good deal older, and tho' very Clever, yet she treats him with disdain instead of love—*peut-être voilà le mot de l'énigme*, and, like *Mrs. Jordan's* song, "that brings no consolation to me."

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Wednesday night

(Postmark, September, 1802).

. . . We have been calling on the *Dss. of Newcastle*,¹ who is a very old acquaintance of mine. Nothing can exceed her tenderness and attention to *Col. Crawford*; it is like the sort of attendance your Mother pays *Ld. Stafford*—never leaving him, and doing every thing for him herself. Every body here admires and pities her. I join in the admiration, but feel inclin'd to mix some envy with my compassion. How seldom it happens that the fondest affection can *prove* all that it feels, all its professions to be true, and what happiness it must be to know beyond all doubt that you bring comfort and relief to the object you doat on, that you are everything to them, and to be certain that your presence is pleasure, your absence pain. . . .

Thursday.—My Sister has just had a letter from *Farquhar*.²

¹ Anne Maria, youngest daughter of the second Earl of Harrington, and widow of the third Duke of Newcastle. After the latter's death in 1795 she married, in 1800, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Crauford. She died 1834. Though severely wounded in 1796, and unable to take active service again, he became M.P. for Retford in 1806, and died in 1821.

² Sir Walter Farquhar (1738-1819), the fashionable doctor.

You know he went to Town to Ld. Luean, and was to return here to-day, but you probably will have heard already that he was sent for yesterday to Walmer to Mr. Pitt. He only says he believes it is nothing material. If he should come here before the post goes out I will tell you what he says, but I hope it is not of consequence. Ld. Cowper and Mr. Luttrell are just arriv'd.

I shall direct again tomorrow to Trentham, after that to Castle Howard, unless I have fresh directions from you.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Castle Howard.

RAMSGATE,

Saturday night.

. . . Mr. Graham went to Walmer this morning and found Mr. Pitt, tho' still weak, looking well and in good spirits. Farquhar has taken his leave; he says Mr. Pitt's great occupation at present is planting fruit trees against his fortification walls, and clearing out the trenches, &c., for Potagers, and that he is quite eager in it.

Sunday.

. . . Your comfortable letter today does me good. If a man was to wait behind me while I breakfast I should throw the tea cup at him, run out of the room, or get under the table. I wonder G. and Sol's influence have not alter'd all this. I am glad you have your books, and am impatient to know your opinion of Ludlow. There is a great air of truth in his simple style, and I think him the honestest of the Republicans. One's constant change of opinion in reading all that time is inevitable, and must be in all Histories where both sides commit great faults and injustices, and on both great hardships are suffer'd or great virtues shown.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

DOVER,

Saturday (Postmark 20th September, 1802).

We came here today to take leave of the Ellises, but as usual came just too late. I am afraid she is very ill, and goes with little chance of return. It is painful to see a young and beautiful creature like her torn from happiness in the bloom of life, and dreadful to her friends, but I am grown to think early death a great blessing to those on whom it befalls. . . . Yet this little woman is married to a man she loves, and has every prospect of happiness. God grant she may recover. Mr. Pitt is much better, but Farquhar thought him in such danger that a few hours more in the same state must have been fatal. Mr. Pitt told Farquhar he believ'd all his resources were exhausted, but

Farquhar said he would not despair, tho' in his own mind he had little hope. Farquhar returns to us tomorrow night, and I will tell you all he says, though, as Mr. Canning is at Walmer, it is perfectly useless, as he will tell you all you wish to know. I had no letter to day, and feel low and nervous. Poor old Mr. Smith is here, Mr. Sidney's Father. I was shock'd at seeing him, for I knew him very well—a stout healthy man—a few years ago. He is fallen into childishness. He stared at me for a long time, saying, "I should know that face." He repeated this several times, and I did not know what to do. He then ask'd me if I was married, and took my hand to feel if I had a ring on. I told him I was, and nam'd Lord B. to him, on which he burst into violent Crying and sobbing. "I was sure I knew you. You are a blessed Angel that was kind to me when I was poor and ill." I cannot tell you how much I was affected. Oh, G., what a dreadful thing it is to live to be old!

Sunday.

To-day is a good post. I have two letters from you, Thursday and Friday, and such kind ones that I must thank you for them. . . . I perfectly agree with you. Marriage (that is, union of hearts, not of persons only) is the happiest state for man or woman that can be found—a state when duty is pleasure, and not deviating from it is rewarded with respect and peace on earth and eternal happiness hereafter. It is what I think you particularly form'd for. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Castle Howard.

RAMSGATE,

Sunday (Postmark 21st September, 1802).

They were singing *Lady fair* all last night at the next house with a Mr. Maedonald, whose low base notes in "a weary wanderer," &c., put me so in mind of the time we us'd to sing it together, and of Chiswick when you did with the Girls, that it almost brought the tears. . . . I can write but very little today, for I was late last night seeing some excellent imitations by Mr. Maedonald. He was a school fellow of John's and Frederick's, but it is really no Caricature, but Kemble,¹ Mr. Cooke,² Pope,³ Jack Fawcett,⁴ Sheridan, &c., themselves. To day I bath'd, and am going to sail with Id. B. and the Duke to the Downs and back. Bess takes Clifford to town on Tuesday to join his ship. Ly. Jersey, I told you, was at Margate, where she has

¹ John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), brother of Mrs. Siddons.

² George Frederick Cooke (1756-1871), actor.

³ Alexander Pope (1763-1835), actor and painter.

⁴ John Fawcett (1768-1837), actor and dramatist.

made a new conquest and a most violent one—John Ponsonby,¹ who, strange as it may seem, has his head completely turn'd by her. And as Ly. Jersey's system always is having no happiness without a rival to trouble and torment, she has the pleasure of knowing that poor Ly. Conyngham is expecting John every day at Spa. This last sentence is very ill natur'd. It is Mrs. Wihnot's and not mine; but I admit the truth of it, for it was what gave me a worse opinion of her even at the time I knew more of her than all her lovers. . . . Give me an account of your life and society at Castle Howard. Is your poor reading quite given up? "Avez vous eu le courage d'abandonner ee pauvre Germanieus au beau milieu de ses Gaulois." Have you left *Ld. Strafford* with his head cutting off, and Charles and his Parliament to fight it out as well as they can? Like *Mad. de Sévigné*, I shall beg you to tell me where you left off that I may finish it for you. You do not even know whether *Ld. Dorset* was right in his conjecture whether his good Lady produce'd a boy or a Girl.

Sunday Night.

The Duchess of Newcastle and poor Mr. Craufurd sailed this morning; he is very ill. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

RAMSGATE.

I must make amende honorable to Ly. Jersey, to whom I (in common with every one here) have been very unjust. John Ponsonby says he was in love with her, which occasion'd his acquaintance with the family, but so far from treating him with eouquetry, as people said, she behav'd perfectly well, put an entire stop to it, and his passion has taken a more natural course. Her Daughter he has proposed for, and is to marry Ly. Frances. This is a secret, as Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby's answer is not arriv'd. I am a little in a fuss on another account. She has set her mind on marrying Duncannon to Ly. Elizabeth, and John certainly seems extremely struck with her and flatter'd by her notice, for Ly. E. is very pretty and a good deal of a flirt. Ly. Jersey told me yesterday she hoped I should not disapprove. I should extremely, for I should not like the connection, and think John too young and too Boyish for his age to marry. . . .

¹ John Ponsonby, eldest son of William, first Lord Ponsonby, of Imokilly, and grandson of John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He married, in January, 1803, Lady Frances Villiers, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Castle Howard.

Thursday (Postmark, 24th September, 1802).

I conclude your being on your road Monday prevented your writing, for I had no letter today. I receiv'd one from Frederick and Ly. H. They were to leave Paris the 15 of this month. Frederick says Ld. and Ly. Oxford¹ are there, but that they see very little of them, as Ld. H. and Mr. Fox dislike Arthur O'Connor, who lives with them. This does not exactly tally with Cobbett's account of Mr. Fox's Friendship for O'Connor. The fact is, Mr. Fox never lik'd him, and always thought him a fool and disagreeable, but defended him from believing him to be unjustly accus'd. I have a worse opinion of O'Connor for his cowardice, and dislike him more for it than for his treason. As an Englishwoman and as an interested person, I must rejoice at Ireland's being subdued; but had I been an Irishwoman and proud of my Country, I should possibly have thought a struggle for independance more glorious than submission, as I should do were I a Swiss. Do not be angry, for while I am saying this there is scarcely any oppression I should not think preferable to the horrors of civil war. But only that as long as we treated and spoke of Ireland as a conquer'd Country we left them the right of treating us like conquerors—that is, watching every opportunity of throwing off the yoke. A present c'est tout autre chose, as Buonaparte says about the News papers, tho' I am not clear I should like even this were I Irish born. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE,

Tuesday night (Postmark, 30th September, 1802).

I have lost my Voice, Dear G. I do not mean mere hoarseness, but so that I can only speak in a whisper, and that with such effort that it makes me cough whenever I attempt it. Sr. Walter is return'd, and left Mr. Pitt recover'd but extremely weaken'd. He has order'd him to Bath. You will be sorry to hear that poor Hare was taken ill with Asthma the day he arriv'd at Paris, and has been confin'd ever since; but there is always something comical in his letters, perhaps more in the tournure than the thing itself. He says Mr. Fox seems very busy with his history, and of course very happy, as he is passing his Honeymoon at Paris; that Mrs. Fox is so well receiv'd that her head must be better than he thinks it not to be turn'd, and he fears it will induce her to do a thousand absurd things in Eng-

¹ Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford (1773-1848), married Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. John Scott, Rector of Ithen.

land and expose herself to mortifications. Mr. Fox, he says, is reckon'd very proud from not being delighted with the fine speeches made him, and only answering them by his little short bows, which look more like nods of approbation than any thing else. He describes a curious conversation between Mr. F. and Talleyrand. The latter ask'd him if he approv'd of the Peace. Mr. F. said he lik'd Peace better than war, but that he could not conceive a worse than what we had made. Talleyrand told him it was lucky for France that England gave way, for that Bonaparte had declared repeatedly that he must have given up the chief Points in dispute had they been persisted in, especially before the sailing of the Brest fleet. This is a secret, Mr. H. says, and moreover very possibly not true, as Talleyrand is, I believe, a great flourisher—I mean not true as to B.'s saying it, for I have no doubt the fact is so. Andreossi¹ has taken Ld. Shaftsbury's House in Portland Place, and is to have £10,000 a year. The present Hitch is suppos'd to be on a point of Etiquette whose Ambassador shall set out first. Après avoir tout cédé vaut il la peine de se quereller pour cela, ce seroit la goutte de trop qui fait verser le Verre. . . .

Wednesday.

I know I run great risks in bordering on any thing like a political discussion with you. It is one of the few subjects on which you are harsh to me, and it is only with fear and trembling that I ever venture an opinion. Yet the odd thing is that, take away party prejudice on *both* sides and place the same circumstances in other times and different people, and we usually agree. Par exemple, suppose it possible that Mr. Windham or Mr. Pitt could be arraign'd in a public Court of justice for setting on foot the infernal machine, and suppose that, knowing their private opinion, Mr. Fox had declar'd they call'd upon him to repeat that opinion on oath at the bar, could he decline it? And would you not reckon him dishonourable if he did? Yet supposing afterwards that it really prov'd true that they had done this thing, would you argue from thence that Mr. Fox approv'd of the infernal Machine and supported all their Measures both previous to and since their conviction? But the other day you told me in praise of Mr. Pitt that he would equally repel what he thought an unjust accusation, tho' in other respect he might dislike the man and disapprove of his general conduct. Why should what would be praiseworthy in Mr. Pitt be blameable in Mr. Fox? As to the terms of conquer'd country I us'd towards Ireland, indeed I have not the merit of inventing that expression. It was Ld. Pelham's,

¹ Antoine François Andreossi (1761-1828), General of Artillery, had been appointed French Ambassador to London in June.

who us'd no other in talking on the subject. It is still Ld. Henry's, and was repeatedly, if not us'd in words (which I rather think it was), at least express'd in sense in the House of Lords. Alas! I am cut short in my career just as I was entering upon the Irish Rebellion (on which I think we should agree much better than you imagine, and from which you might hope for at least six folios). Sr. Walter is arriv'd with Mr. Bayham the Apothecary to bleed me. This is a sad downfall. You may trust my anxiety about John;¹ it is of all others the Match I should most dislike. I hope to persuade him to drive Willy into Herefordshire in the beginning of October. He cannot go abroad yet. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

RAMSGATE,

Thursday (Postmark, 1st October, 1802).

. . . I will give you some more Paris commérage, which possibly, as you do not care about Mr. Fox, may be very tiresome to you. . . . Mad. Cabarrus² sent Mr. Fox hundreds of messages to beg him to come to her. For some time he did not mind it; but he heard so much of her beauty that his curiosity was rais'd, and he went to dine there. The moment he came into the room a black looking, oldish man ran up to him with open arms and kiss'd him. (This put poor Charles Fox completely out; you know he is never very much at his ease in company.) To add to it Mad. Cabarrus came up and said: "J'ai bien droit de m'en orgueillir en voyant le plus grand orateur et le premier Génie de son siècle daigner honorer ma table." The man was the famous Chevalier de Boufflers.³ Ségur also was there, Lally Tollendal, M. de Narbonne, and old Mad. de Boufflers. Mr. Fox said that at first he look'd round to see if he could jump out of window or run down stairs again, but that thinking so large a body attempting quick motion might throw the company into confusion, he sat down resign'd to ennui and embarrasement; but to his great surprise, after a few moments the conversation became so extremely amusing, so brilliant and clever (especcially Ségur's), Mad. Cabarrus look'd so handsome and was so good humour'd, that he was delighted,

¹ Her eldest son, Lord Duneannon.

² Thérèse Cabarrus, daughter of a Spanish banker. Married, first, at the age of fourteen and a half, M. Devin de Fontenay (later Count); divorced by him in April, 1793, she married Tallien, who divorced her 8th April, 1802 (aged twenty-eight); she married, thirdly, August, 1805, François J. P. Régent, Comte de Caraman and Prince de Chimay. She died 1835. Napoleon refused to receive her at his Court. She had helped Josephine during the Terror.

³ The Marquis Stanislas de Boufflers (1737-1812), long known as the Chevalier de Boufflers, soldier, wit, and writer. His mother was an intimate friend of Stanislas, King of Poland.

staid the whole evening, and has return'd several times since. He says he had no Idea Frenchmen could be so pleasant as these were. The Hollands and Fred. left Paris the 19th, and are going towards Spain. . . . Ly. H. meanwhile is frighten'd out of her wits with stories of thieves, Storms, and Ferries, her three horrors. Andreossi is coming with such letters of recommendation to us all that you must expect him to live with us. He has been particularly civil to Frederick. His manners are describ'd as very rough and Soldier like, but that once got over, he is clever and pleasant, they say. Mad. Récamier has been giving breakfasts at Cligny which she calls à la Chiswick. Genl Moreau is paying her great attention, but they say she reverses old Mad. de Staël's account of herself, *et qu'elle n'est Galante que du Buste*. I am afraid this is very bad. Don't be shock'd, but hide your face when you read it, as I have for an hour since I wrote it. Kemble is extremely fêté and delighted with the comic part of the French stage. He does not like Talma (*jalousie de métier*, I suppose), but says the new débutante, Mad. Duchesnois, plays passion so well that you forget in the agitation she creates that she is hideous and has a screaming, ugly voice. The Duke of Richmond has written to Adair and Mr. Fox to endeavour, thro' Talleyrand, to recover some fine Pictures from D'Aubigny for him. This is a pretty handsome gazette. I shall write "Mirror of Fashion" at the top of my letters if I go on so. When Ly. Asgill saw your letter the other day, she said: "What beautiful writing that is! I have seen it before, but I am not so fortunate as you, for it was never address'd to me." . . .

If you read the lists of Company at the Balls and breakfasts and plays at Margate, and believe them, you must think me the greatest *liar* that ever liv'd. But notwithstanding the exact account of ye order of procession in which we go to all these gaieties, I assure you I have never been at any one of them, except for a few Moments with the Duke to the ball I told you of, where, by the by, I was extremely flatter'd by being ask'd to dance by three different people. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE,

Saturday Night (Postmark, 4th October, 1802).

. . . You cannot think what troubles I have been in about Duncannon and Ly. Elizabeth Villiers. She is so very pretty and her manner so pleasing that Ly. Jersey need not take half the pains she does to make poor John in love with her. By the by, I understand perfectly why Ly. Fanny may be like Ld. G.;

but what can make Ly. E. like Lady Carlisle, or rather like your Sister Ly. Worcester? She really is extremely so, and beautiful, I think. John admires her, and is of course flatter'd with the fuss they make with him, but I am sure has not a thought further than liking to talk to a very pretty Girl who marks a strong preference for him, and fear of Ly. Jersey laughing at him and telling him he is in leading strings if he refuses any supper or party she asks him to. She carries this so far that, seeing him at the play one night with Mr. Duff and the Dss. of St. Albans, she beckon'd him to her, and ask'd him whether my Sister and I had appointed the Manners family in Miss Trimmer's¹ place to take care of him. She has, besides, a talent at ridicule (the most powerful one with a very young man) greater than any one I ever knew. Indeed, I don't know why I specify very young men; it is what hardly any man at any age withstands. On this head you are all much weaker than women. What I dread for John is all this going on till he is really seriously in love with the Girl, who is very loveable, or till it is so much talk'd of, and he has made his attentions so particular, that Ly. J. will have a right to complain if it goes no further.

Sunday.

I shall not be sorry when you leave Castle H. Trentham is more favourable to me. Surely there is something cold in the air of the former that conveys itself to your letters and shortens and chills them. No letter Thursday, Friday 12 lines, no letter Saturday, Sunday 10 lines, and these lines not making two of mine. How I wish our letters were in better proportion! Tomorrow, alas! no post. You say Ramsgate is a sad Idle place for our Children. As a place of amusement I grant you; but it is not for amusement, but health, we are here; and notwithstanding the detail of the Morning Post, I never go, and my Sister seldom, to the gaieties you see describ'd. We are particularly amus'd today with the account of a ball at Margate and a supper at Mrs. Duff's—who all the Girls danc'd with, who my Sister talk'd to, and at what time I came in to the room, when it so happen'd that not one of us, not even Duncannon, were there. I was confin'd to my room and my Sister in bed with a head ache. The cause of our staying is that from being in a state of real danger the Duke is quite recover'd, and that as Bess is going so soon to Paris and bathing agrees so well with Caroline, it would be doubly wrong to carry her away and leave my Sister in the lurch, even if it depended on me only. . . . We have our house for three weeks longer. We shall then probably go to Roe or London for a short time, and about the

¹ Governess at Devonshire House, sister-in-law of Mrs. Trimmer, the authoress.

middle of November, I think, probably go abroad. Heaven grant not for long. . . .

Bess has receiv'd melancholy accounts from Ly. Hervey. I fear poor Eliza cannot recover. Harc is very ill at Paris. Ly. Oxford exposing herself sadly in forcing O'Connor into company. She brought him uninvited to dinner at Mad. Cabarrus's the other day when Mr. Fox was there, and introduc'd him as a Gentleman travelling with Ld. O. and herself. Mad. Cabarrus ask'd Mr. Fox if he was son *ami*. Mr. F. answer'd: "Je connois Monsieur, mais je ne puis donner le nom d'*ami* à toutes mes connoissances." Do not over fatigue yourself with the new passion for shooting.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE,
Wednesday.

I conclude . . . you arriv'd too late for the post at Tren., as I do not hear today. What a heap of letters you will find there. I cannot tell you how much I dislike your having such Volumes to wade thro' at once; it must quite sicken you, and discourages me from writing. Poor Mr. Heathcote,¹ is not dead yet, but the details are shocking beyond measure. It was owing to the pin coming out of the bar. He was thrown out between the wheels and the Horses and dragg'd a great way. Oh, G., be careful! I hate seeing you drive standing up as you do, when the least jolt must make you lose your equilibrium. I must tell you how much reason I have to be pleas'd with Duncannon. Having to combat all Ly. Jersey's wit and Ly. E. V.'s beauty was trying my influence high, but on my representing to him the impropriety of his attentions if he meant nothing by them, and the danger at his age of mistaking a fantaisie for real affection, he answer'd: "Use a better argument, and say you dislike it and wish me to avoid her." I told him I certainly did, and gave him my reasons. He answer'd nothing then, has looked very grave this day or two, and kept quite away; and to day told me he had taken his determination, and would go to London tomorrow, and from thence to some friends of his where he is invited, and where he shall stay till he goes abroad. What he did not tell me, and which adds to it, was that the Lambs chose to make the greatest joke of my disliking it, which they found out from Ly. Mel., and told him if they were him they would talk to and marry who they liked and when they liked, and not be kept under tutelage by their Mother. Foster says John only

¹ Mr. John Heathcote, brother of Sir Gilbert, died 7th October. He was driving a curriole.

laugh'd, and replied he agreed perfectly with the principle of doing what he liked, but that if mine was tutelage it was very pleasant tutelage, and he did not wish to throw it off. Pray allow this requir'd some courage. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE

(October).

. . . If you were with me at this moment and many other hours in the day you would go mad. On one side I have a boarding school, where various instruments and Voices are playing and solfègeing so loud that it makes perfect discord; on the other side Harriet¹ is practising on the Harp with Mlle Menel, Corisande² on the piano forte, Caroline St. Jules on the Guitar, and my Caro up stairs on the Piano forte—all different music, all loud, and all discordant. It requires great good temper (like mine) to bear it. Hare has been extremely ill, and is just recover'd. Bess has an entertaining letter from him, but without any thing very particuar. He says Erskine is indulging his incredible Vanity and astonishing all Paris by incessant talking and Eternal Egotism. Mais c'est toujours de lui qu'il parle, toutes ees louanges sont pour lui. He is outrageous with Mr. M [illegible], who introduc'd him (in the only way he could) as Mr. Erskine, Avocat et Chancelier du Prince de Galles. Buonaparte said nothing to him but "Vous êtes, Légiste, Monsieur, et vos lois sont Normandes." Mr. Erskine was to set out the next day, but he put off his journey a whole Month for a second day of Audience in hopes the first Consul will mend his manners à son égard, which if he does not is not for want of information, as Erskine takes care to explain who he is, et tous ses faits et dits, to whoever comes near him. Craufurd³ is arriv'd at Paris (the Fish), very angry at being thought to look well and be in health, complaining of the fatigue and difficulties of travelling as if he came from Petersburg, but delighted at being mistaken (or he says he was) for the English Ambassador—determin'd, Hare says, to be taken for an Emperor incog. next time, for having now two carriages which he cannot fill, he is taking a third to go into the south of France, merely for the sake of receiving greater honours on account of his

¹ Lady Harriet Cavendish.

² Mademoiselle de Gramont.

³ Quintin Craufurd (1743-1819), writer; had made a large fortune in the East India Company's service; returned to Europe, 1780, and settled at Paris; made great friends with Marie Antoinette, and assisted the Royal Family in their attempts to escape. He returned to Paris after the Peace of Amiens, where he devoted himself to forming collections of pictures, prints, etc.

Suite. Hare is quite sure that if he meets with Ld. Cholmondely, who has five carriages, Craufurd will instantly increase his to six, at the risk of sleeping on the pavé for want of room. Do you know a Mr. Green, a Member of Parliament? Berthier gave a great dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Fitzpatrick, and a number of other English, amongst which was this man. On his being announç'd, Berthier walk'd up to him, and in the most animated Manner began complimenting him sur ses talents, son éloquence connus de L'Europe entière, and congratulating himself on having two such Men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Green in his house at the same time. They imagine he mistook him for Grey, but it was very distressing, as the poor man was extremely out of countenance, not knowing what to answer to the tide of compliments, and nobody daring to explain it. I went out yesterday for the first time for some time past, and pray admire my courage, which you so often disparage. My Horse trod on a Stone and hurt its foot so much that I thought it cruel to ride it on. And on John's telling me his horse was tolerably quiet, and he would ride the groom's, I had my saddle put upon it, and rode it all the way, tho' it had never carried a woman before and seem'd in great astonishment at the mode of riding and the petticoats. . . .

Poor John is gone to Town and carried Willy with him. I think I have more chance of seeing you. It is not impossible we may be in Town or at Roe towards the end of this month—that is, soon after the 20th—and probably we shall go to Paris some time in November. . . . I do not think the Duke and my Sister will go.

Is "God preserve Empr Francis" pretty that you class it with Lady Fair? Poor man! he stands in great need of Heavenly protection certainly.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

RAMSGATE,

Wednesday (Postmark, 14th October, 1802).

I shall quarrel with chess if it prevents my hearing from you, or at least shortens your letters so much. But I flatter myself we shall meet soon. We cannot stop in London, as the House smells of paint. . . . I think our going to Paris is nearly fix'd for as soon as possible after the 6th of November, on which day both Lord B. and John must be in England.

Why do you hate and abuse the poor Swiss so much? I do not know that they were a very polish'd and amiable people, but they certainly were the most hospitable and the happiest of any I ever saw. In eight Months that I pass'd in Switzerland I do not think I ever met with real poverty. All their chalets

were comfortable, and you who like good ménages must have approv'd had you given yourself time to mix much with them. Shall not we even agree on this little spot of land? I shall reverse the entreaties of the King of Israel who carries the Prophet into a high mountain and, shewing him different Tribes, begs him to join with him in cursing some one of them: "Nay, I pray thee, let us *bless* these together." Is this very profane? I am afraid so. There goes another commandment. Is it not very odd that I cannot pass quietly along the day without committing some great sin or other? My Sister had a letter from Cha. today from Brussels; they are, like all the world, on their way to Paris. (I must tell you, by the by, that were it not for the good of John and the hope of being where you are, the flocks that go to Paris would take off very much from my inclination.) Cha. says Ly. G. Gordon is consoling herself with Ld. Hinchinbroke, and danc'd at the Salon in her Weeds (this is the disadvantage of proclaiming too much sorrow; real deep grief does not want publicity, but les grands éclats undertake more than they can keep up too). I would not, however, take my opinion of any one from Cha.'s painting, for, friend or foe, Charles Greville never can resist a coup de pattes, and Cha. repeats his cuts and adopts his opinions. The D. of Richmond was driving his housekeeper from Titensor hitch'd upon a Waggon and was overturn'd, but luckily the Lady was fat, fell out first, and receiv'd him on her bosom, by which means he escap'd unhurt and she only a little bruiz'd. I hope this will be an argument for taking me in your Curricule. See how useful it is to chuse a plump companion that may prove a soft Cushion in case of accidents. Were you driving Ly. Asgill, you might fall on a sharp Angle little better than the road itself. . . . Do not be angry at all this nonsense. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
Nov^{ber} 22^d, 1802.

. . . Mr. Pitt does not attend the Meeting of Parliament,¹ and it is with great pleasure that I can tell you that he is not kept at Bath by ill health. He is remarkably well, and the Waters agree with him perfectly. We, who are anxious for his return to Power, rejoice at his absence, and are sanguine in our hopes upon this Subject.²

¹ Parliament met on the 16th November, and the King's Speech was read on the 23rd.

² During the autumn Canning, Lord G. L. G., and Mr. Sturges Bourne had been trying to persuade Pitt to return to office. He refused, on the plea that he was pledged to advise and support the Addington Ministry, and that the first move in that direction must come from Addington.

Mr. Trench, an Irishman, moves the address in the House of Commons, and is seconded by young Robt. Curzon. In the House of Lords I believe the Govt. had at two o'clock to day not secured a Mover. No one seems to know at all what course the Debate will take to morrow. Fox means to attend, and it is said will urge the preservation of Peace and recommend low Establishments. Sheridan is inclined to be Warlike, so is Tierney; but there never before existed such a confusion in the State of Parties. The only thing which is palpably apparent is a want of confidence in the present Ministers, and there is no possible way of establishing a Strong Government and reconciling different feelings but by Pitt being again Prime Minister. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
November 25th, 1802.

The Debates in Parliament such as you have read them in the Newspapers will very naturally have excited very much of your attention, and I think some account of them from me will not be unacceptable. I believe in a former Letter I informed you of Pitt's intention not to be present at the opening of the Session. I then rejoiced at his absence, because I was afraid that though he disapproved of the low Tone in which the Government were acting towards France, he might be induced, if they were much pressed by those who opposed them, to undertake their Defence and give a Sanction to their Pusillanimity. But now that I find that, though vigorously attacked by the Grenville Party, they have had in Fox a most able and warm advocate, now that I find that Fox has preached a Doctrine of humility and deprecated attempts at Continental alliance, and that these Recommendations have been listened to with Complacency by the Members of Administration, and even cheered by some of their Supporters, I cannot but Regret that Pitt was not in the House to answer these most dangerous opinions of Fox, and to enforce by his Eloquence the necessity of a more vigorous Line of Conduct. In the Debate of last night Fox made a most eloquent and entertaining Speech, but one inculcating the necessity of giving no possible ground of offence to Bonaparte, exhorting Ministers not to think of Looking for a Continental alliance for fear of displeasing the first Consul, recommending low Establishments because Commercial Rivalry was the only Contest in which France was likely to engage with us. And to all this language of unconditional Submission not one word of answer was given by any one Minister. Mr. Addington's Speech was wholly in answer to Mr. Windham,

with a little Episode of attack upon those who had made the projet at Lisle. If Morpeth had not taken up the Cudgels in favour of our Lisle Negotiation I must have said something in its defence. Morpeth was answered with some warmth by Hawsbury,¹ Hawsbury by Canning, who, provoked at the manner in which Govt. received the support of Fox, and feeling that it was unfair in the present Ministers to attack the Negotiations of the former Govt., said that he left it to the House to consider well of the generosity of those Gentlemen who defended their own Measures by throwing imputation upon the conduct of their Predecessors. This called up Bragge, who in a great passion accused Canning of endeavouring to sow dissention between Addington and Pitt, and thus ended the Debate. I cannot but think that Pitt's absence at this moment has made Addington think it possible he may want the assistance of Fox and that he is courting his Protection. . . .

Right Hon. William Pitt to G. L. G.

WALMER CASTLE,
December 6th, 1803.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am very much obliged to you for the Information which you have kindly taken the trouble to send me. It would be very much my wish to be present in the House on Friday, but my engagements here unavoidably detain me till the End of the Week. I imagine that if there is much discipline on Friday the Report will probably not be received till Monday, by which time I hope to be in Town.—I am, My dear Lord, Yours very sincerely,

W. PITT.

¹ Lord Hawkesbury.

CHAPTER X

1802-1803

LADY BESSBOROUGH—LETTERS FROM PARIS

EARLY in December Lord and Lady Bessborough went to Paris. The following are a selection from the daily letters she wrote, giving detailed accounts of all that they saw and heard during the two months and a half they spent there:

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

MONTREUIL,
Saturday (probably 10th December, 1802).

I write a line by way of good example, for I am tired and stupid, and have little to say. I always thought this road remarkably dull and ugly except the entrance to this town, which is picturesque, and more so now from the ruins, *quel dégât!* We have found the postillions and people all the way extremely civil, and M. Mengaud,¹ whom I am afraid I behav'd ill to, as I declin'd, what he particularly likes, seeking acquaintance with him; but my head ach'd, and I was tir'd to death. Did you stop at this place in your way to or from Paris? If you did, did you remark a very pretty girl here who waits? I never saw a more interesting countenance or a prettier manner, dress'd en Paysanne, but with *ringlets*. . . . Lord and Ly. Bradford² met us just as we set out, and as the wind is contrary there will be quite a party at Calais. *Quel impitoyable voyage*, what a distance, and what a time without hearing from you! Reading the debates amus'd me extremely. I like Sheridan's Speech³ of all things; what did you think of

¹ M. Mengaud, diplomatic agent, was appointed in 1801 "Commissaire" of the ports of the Straits of Dover and the Channel. So many complaints were made against him that he was withdrawn in 1804.

² Orlando, first Earl of Bradford (1762-1825), married, 1788, the Hon. Lucy Elizabeth Byng, daughter and coheir of the fourth Viscount Torrington.

³ Probably Sheridan's speech on the Army Estimates, which, while pretending to defend Ministers, was really a cutting and witty attack on them.

Mr. Fox's ? I was amus'd with Sheridan's expression of grumbling patience; it is very good. Addio. . . .

AMIENS,
Tuesday.

We arriv'd about an hour ago into this city of Peace, which, if the meeting here had no other good effect, had at least that of making an excellent Inn which it did not formerly possess. I fancy the House we are in must have been ye private property of some poor Emigrants; the rooms are quite pretty, and furnish'd with commodos, ormolu ornaments, and beautiful Sèvres china, and I do not wonder at Mr. Robinson's raptures all the way, as gourmandise (his chief passion) may be fully gratified. I fancy a great change has taken place in the way of treating Sunday—we have seen nothing but people coming from or going to Mass all to-day; they told us they could not do something we wanted to the carriage, "*parceque c'est jour de fête et on ne travaille pas aujourd'hui.*" At a miserable cabaret I got out at, I found a book on the table which was "*Pratique du vrai Chrétien,*" and at Abbeville the Mistress of the Inn was singing a Cantique with all her family to her son's flute; it was rather pretty, and I made them repeat it. I suppose, as all things are extreme, especially here, that they will grow Bigotedly devout. I was quite sorry to meet Ld. Pembroke¹ going back to-day; he would have been a great resource to me, and I have a regard for him. What a stupid letter I am writing to you ! I must do so till I can hear; I can only live in one atmosphere.

PARIS,
Dec. 13.

. . . We went to day to look at the ruin of poor Chantilly; it made me quite melancholy, but I never heard any thing like the general regret and affection express'd for ye Pr. of Condé.² The fine Stables are still entire and fill'd with a corps of Chasseurs. I was surpris'd to see the Horses of all sizes and colours, and had a great deal of conversation with a fine-looking officer, whom I half expected to eat me. He ask'd me whether the Horses in the English Cavalry were oblig'd to be uniform, and said they only looked to strength and hardiness—that their horses were kept as I saw without litter, and often oblig'd to stand whole nights in the open air to make them fit for use when the occasion came. I ask'd if it never hurt them. He said sometimes, but that those

¹ George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke (1759-1827); married, first, 1787, Elizabeth, daughter of Topham and Lady Diana Beaulere, who died 1793, leaving one son and one daughter; he married, secondly, 1808, Catharine, only daughter of Simon, Count Woronzow; she died 1856.

² Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé (1736-1815), served with distinction during the Seven Years' War; was one of the first to emigrate, and formed in 1789 the Army of the Emigrés. He retired to England in 1800.

were not fit to keep. In coming into Paris, I met Ly. E. Monck, looking amazingly well; but I could only speak to her as we pass'd, and have seen no one yet but Monck, who devancé'd us to our Hotel. My Apartment is very pretty and comfortable. . . . I saw Hare a moment, looking better than I expected, and al habito killing me with laughing. Mad. Récamier¹ gave a ball last night—Mr. H. says on purpose that the English might see how an *undress'd* (that was not the word) French woman look'd in bed, for she literally went to bed in the midst of the ball, and let anybody come and look at her.

There has been a piece of work the Gov^t have had concerning the conscripts, and some fighting for a few minutes; a woman set it going by saying—*ainsi donc le fruit de douze Ans de trouble et de bruit est que chaque Garçon* (I cannot write the whole phrase from its coarseness) *est soldat né.*" This was heard by some bystanders, who in consequence made a great riot, but all is quite quiet again now.

PARIS,

Dec. 14 (*Wednesday*).

I must write a journal to you, for I am so bewilder'd with seeing sights and people that I hardly know what I am doing; but I hope this hurry will not last. I feel as if I had millions of things to say to you, but when I write or when I see you I forget them all. Mr. Hare came to me early this morning to know all that had happen'd in England for months past; he told me a thousand little circumstances concerning il primo here² (whom he does not like more than you do) that entertain'd me very much, but that agree very ill with the greatness of mind that even in crimes should accompany a Hero. I think, like Elvira in Pizarro,³ "if you do not always act justly, act always greatly"; but Hare says his soreness is so great on the subject of rank that in the new Almanacks and accounts of Foreign Courts he has forbid the *Queen's* name being put in, because in the English Almanack Madame B.'s is not mention'd, and in the Calendar poor St. Roch is scratch'd out and *St. Napoleone* put in his room. Paris is en grande rumeur (at least the ladies) at the Dss. of Dorset's⁴ reception. I believe it was more awkwardness than intention,

¹ Mademoiselle Bernard, daughter of a notary at Lyons (1779-1849); married at fifteen J. R. Récamier, a rich banker, forty-three years old. At this time she was the acknowledged Queen of Beauty, and her house became a centre of attraction. She had no political ambitions, and later refused Fouché's offer of an appointment in the Empress's household.

² The First Consul Bonaparte.

³ Sheridan's drama, taken from the one by Kotzebue.

⁴ Arabella Diana, daughter of Sir Charles Cope; married, first, the Duke of Dorset, and secondly, in April, 1801, his great friend, Charles, Lord Whitworth, who was appointed Ambassador to Paris after the Peace of Amiens, in September, 1802.

but some how or other Madame Buonaparte kept her waiting some time, and then spoke to her last of any woman in the room (I am pouring out my whole budget of *comméragé* to you). But Mr. H.'s great anger is for the reception of the Swiss deputation. In a speech of an hour long he tells them first how they may cover themselves with glory (*viz.*, by becoming a Department of France; but this he does not *advise*, only mentions). He advises them to form a Federal Republic, with a chief who must be a Foreigner; then describes a man of great activity, tried courage, and whose rank and situation may give them weight in other nations, but adds that as to himself *he* has too much already on his hands, and cannot undertake it. I was going on, but Ly. Elizabeth Monck is just come, and I must go to her. I am also expecting M. de Narbonne¹ and Camille Jordan.² The latter has written a very fine Pamphlet against the Consulship for life; it is suppress'd, but he has promis'd to shew it me. How natural it is for me to slide into opposition wherever I am! . . . This goes by Lord Cavan.³ I shall begin keeping a journal to you to-morrow.

No. 6.

Dec. 15 (*Thursday*).

I am afraid I wrote you an unintelligible letter last night; I collected all the *comméragé* I could pick up to amuse you, but Ld. Cavan's Servant was waiting for my letter, which I was hurrying to write in a room full of people, with the worst pen and paper, in addition to my usual griffonage, that could be imagin'd. In the morning I was beset with tradespeople and visitors—Mad. D'Aguesseau,⁴ M. de Choiseul,⁵ the Moncks, Mad. De

¹ Louis, Comte de Narbonne (1755-1813); educated at the Court of Louis XV., a friend of Lauzun's, fled to Switzerland in 1792; returned to Paris with other Royalists after the 18th Brumaire, when he offered his services to Napoleon; brilliant in conversation; was an intimate friend of Madame de Staël's.

² Camille Jordan (1771-1821) had been an *émigré*. Liberal in his views, he lived a retired life at Lyons until the return of the Monarchy. A character of great simplicity and charm. He left no work of any importance except his Speeches.

³ Richard, seventh Earl of Cavan (1763-1837), a General who commanded a division in Egypt in 1800, under Sir Ralph Abercromby.

⁴ The Marquise d'Aguesseau. Her husband, Henry Cardin, Marquis d'Aguesseau (1746-1826), was a grandson of the Chancellor; a man of insignificant character; was appointed President of the Court of Appeal in Paris in 1800, and sent as Minister to Copenhagen in 1803.

⁵ Comte de Choiseul, or Choiseul Gouffier, owing to his marriage with the heiress of that name (1752-1817); traveller and writer, and member of the Academy. Fled to Russia during the Revolution, when the Emperor Paul appointed him Director of the Academy of Fine Arts. Returned to France after the revocation of the edict against the *émigrés*, and led a retired life, surrounded by a small circle of friends. He married, secondly, Princess Hélène de Beauvremont. Wrote "*Voyage pittoresque en Grèce.*"

Simiane,¹ and the Pss. de Poix,² and two old friends of my Mother's. I went out late to make visits, and tho' I am amus'd and pleas'd with what I have seen of Paris, as much as I can be anywhere at a distance from you, yet I cannot tell you comme j'ai le cœur serré in seeing the Hôtels of people I have known, destroy'd, or made public Lodgings of. Then that shocking Place de la Concorde, with ye remains of the Guillotine and the Madeleine Church, make my blood run cold whenever I pass them. I was too late to go to the Dss. of Dorset, din'd at home, and in the eve^s the Moncks, Ld. Boringdon, Camille Jordan, and Chauvelin³ came. I like the first of these two very much, tho' they both vex me by saying Mr. Fox is too gentle in his way of talking of France, &c. M. Chauvelin seems terrified and afraid of answering a common question; the other ends every sentence with "pauvres esclaves que nous sommes." I must try to get you a pamphlet he has written which Mr. Hare says is excellent. I was delighted to see Ld. Bor., and shew'd it so much that I was attack'd for l'émotion que l'arrivée de Mylord me causoit. You will differ extremely with him in Politicks—he seems won by the charms of Paris, and the affability of the 1st Consul, and Mr. Ryder's story of "not abusing a man whom one dines with" will apply still better to him than to Mr. Fox. In English Politicks in many things I should agree with him better than you would. In some I think him absurd, and too partial to the Doctor and Co., but sans préjudice to your Idol—that is, like many other people, he reasons one way and concludes another, directly in opposition to what all his arguments tend to praise—but that is the fault of the times. He says if *Mister Bonoparte* chuses to make this or that addition to his dominion, what is that to us? And why are we to conclude he means to make war with us—unless he takes these additions from our property? I am sorry to say Ld. Bor. also ventures to speak treason against the Negotiation at Lisle, saying it would have made a worse peace (if successful) than the present one; but with all his Paradoxes, all his déraisonnements, all his *Mister Bonopartes*, he is the best and most friendly of human beings, and I love him dearly.

¹ Marie Adelaide de Damas d'Aubigny (1761-1835); married, 1779, Charles François, Comte de Simiane.

² Princesse de Poix, daughter of the Prince de Beauvau; married, 1769, Philippe, Prince de Poix (born 1752, died 1819). They had been in England during the Emigration. Their son was Charles, Due de Mouehy.

³ François Bernard, Comte de Chauvelin (1766-1832); married Mademoiselle de Boulogne, heiress of the Abbaye of Cîteaux; had been Ambassador in London in 1792, when he was accompanied by Talleyrand, who was the real chief; had not long returned to Paris, where he was at first inclined to oppose the First Consul, but soon rallied to the Emperor.

I must do so for his love to you, and I flatter myself he returns it to me; so do not say anything to make him angry with me. You were to have given me a letter for him. You have no notion of the state kept up here: the Dss. of Gordon¹ has invited Monsieur Bonaparte, &c., to her ball, but instead of a common eard she borrow'd the Ambassador's carriage and servants to send with the message, which is the proper *Étiquette* when it goes to any of the Consular family. Ld. Whitworth² said that it was a report believed in Paris to-night, that next week he was to take the Title of Sa Majesté Consulaire—the other two Consuls to be Altesse—and Joseph,³ Lucien,⁴ Kellerman,⁵ and two others, to be made Princes. I write you all these reports because they make the general topik of conversation, and that I think it interesting to watch the continual little steps towards Royalty. Do tell me why so many great men enjoying unbounded sway and every honour that slavery could pay to despotism, have yet appear'd uneasy and anxious to obtain the Empty Title of King or Emperor, Cæsar, Cromwell, every one you ever read of et demandez moi pourquoi. This morning I went to the Gallery; the sun shone so bright that we saw the pictures well, but the cross light is unfavourable, and it must often be dark. Nothing can be more striking than the first coup d'œil, and the collection is glorious; but they are too crowded, and I should enjoy ten times more seeing a few of the fine ones separate than in the bewildering manner in which they are plac'd. We only pass'd thro' the statues—but how I long'd for you! I am certain you would enjoy them, and I should tenfold more from seeing them with you. I must tell you, tho', a nasty and an indelicate story, how distress'd I was at Mad. Récamier's. We went there and

¹ Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith; married Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. She died 11th April, 1812, leaving two sons and five daughters.

² Sir Charles, created Lord Whitworth in 1800 (1752-1825), had been Minister in Poland and Ambassador in St. Petersburg, where he remained twelve years; appointed Ambassador to Paris, 1802. He was very handsome, and with a pleasing, ingratiating manner, which found favour with Marie Antoinette in 1783. He showed great discretion and dignity through often very trying scenes with Napoleon.

³ Joseph Bonaparte (1768-1844), elder brother of Napoleon; married a daughter of the banker Clari; afterwards Ambassador to the Pope, and in 1806 proclaimed King of Naples and Sicily. Here he reigned until 1808, when he was appointed King of Spain.

⁴ Lucien Bonaparte (1775-1840), later Prince of Canino; after Napoleon, the ablest of the family. When Napoleon was elected First Consul he was made Minister of the Interior. He married, first, the daughter of an innkeeper, and, secondly, the widow of a stockbroker, which gave great offence to his brother.

⁵ François Christophe Kellermann (1735-1820), a brilliant soldier of fortune under both the Monarchy and the Revolution; victor at Valmy, 1792; elected President of the Senate, 1801; Marshal, 1804; Duc de Valmy, 1806.

found her in bed—that beautiful bed you saw prints of—muslin and gold curtains, great looking glasses at the side, incense pots, &c., and muslin sheets trimm'd with lace, and beautiful white Shoulders expos'd perfectly uncover'd to view—in short, completely undress'd and in bed. The room was full of men—M. de Narbonne, M. de Ségur,¹ Camille Jordan, and others. After some conversation, knowing she had been in bed at her ball, and yesterday, I asked her if she was incommodée. She answer'd, quite aloud and very shortly, “Oh, non seulement,” and then explain'd to the whole company that she was not with child. We din'd early, and went to the play to see ye “Orphelin de La Chine.”² Madlle George³ (l'amie de Lucien B.) is a favourite Débutante; she promises well, for she is very Handsome, very young, and certainly acts with feeling, and received the most enthusiastic applause. Talma⁴ was Gengis Khan; he said some things well, but in general I thought his manner too forc'd. The play seems to have been written now; one might make applications from every line. Some were made and prodigiously applauded—one when Gengis Khan orders all the five Monuments to be preserv'd with care, and gives for reason that they will add to his glory, and “qu'ils occupent le peuple et le rend plus docile;” another when he describes his returning to reign, with the world at his feet, to that very spot where some years before he came a stranger—

“Inconnu, méprisé demandant un asilo,”

but when Idamé says she will go among the people with the rejetton of their Kings—

“Comme un présent des Dieux—dernier sang de leur Rois,”

¹ Louis Philippe, Comte de Ségur (1753-1832), eldest son of Marshal Ségur; soldier, diplomatist, and author; married, 1777, Antoinette Marie Elizabeth d'Aguesseau (she died in Paris, 1818, at the age of seventy-two). Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1785, where he found favour with the Empress Catherine; returned to France, 1789; put on the list of *émigrés*, but, owing to powerful friends in the revolutionary party, was allowed to remain quietly in his country-house near Seeaux, where he occupied himself with literary work. Later he became Master of the Ceremonies to the Emperor Napoleon. He published his “Mémoires” in 1824.

² Play by Voltaire. Gengis Khan (Jinghiz) was the Tartar Chief.

³ Marguerite Josephine Weimer (or Weymer), known as Mademoiselle George (1787-1867), a famous French actress, made her début at the age of fifteen, 20th November, 1802, at the Comédie Française. She was taught by Mademoiselle Raucourt, who discovered her at Amiens. Later she begged to be allowed to follow Napoleon to St. Helena.

⁴ François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), the great tragic actor; married, in 1791, “Julie” Carreau, whom he divorced in 1801, and married, secondly (16th January, 1807), Charlotte Vanhove, a distinguished actress of the Théâtre Français. See also earlier note, p. 135.

the applause lasted for five minutes. After the play Madlle George was call'd, and Madlle Raucourt¹ as the institutrice. . . .

I believe I am not to be presented. I do not intend it unless I find it a point of Etiquette that every body is expected to conform to. Mr. Hare rather advises me not, both from my particular acquaintance with the poor Quen, and from the doubtful state in which Mad. B. is at present, and in which she receives Ladies. He says it is neither a Court nor an assembly. You would delight in him, but he is very violent against the Chief here, *our 1st Consul*, as *Ld. Cholmondely*² and the *Dss. of Gordon* call him. Think of her saying to Moreau:³ "Je suis charmée de voir la General qui a fait tant de mal aux Anglois." You accuse me sometimes of not being English enough and proud; you would find no fault with me here, for I do not know how it is, but I feel ten times more proud and more indignant at any thing that looks like slight to England than I ever do at home.

Dcc. 17. Night.

I dined with our ordinaire and staid at home. Mad. D'Aguesseau, Mad. de Coigny and her daughter, M. de Narbonne, Camille Jordan, the Vic. de Ségur,⁴ M. de Mun,⁵ and M. de Chauvelin, and some English, all came and staid till one, when, to my great consternation, on asking for some supper, the *Traiteur* was gone to bed, and we could not get even a morsel of bread. All these French men amuse me very much; M. de Narbonne is clever, but so insufferable a flatterer que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. The chief conversation at present is Mad. de Staël's new Novel *Delphine*; I am just beginning it, and daresay I shall like it, as, in spite of jargon, I do all her works; but there is no difference more striking between Frenchmen and Englishmen than the importance the former place in every trifle of this sort; you would

¹ Mademoiselle Françoise Marie H. J. S. Raucourt (1756-1815), well-known tragic actress at the Théâtre Français. She lived in a beautiful house, called "La Chaumière" in l'Allée des Veuves, which had belonged to Madame Tallien.

² George James, fourth Earl (first Marquis, 1815) of Cholmondeley (1749-1827); married, 1791, Georgiana Charlotte, second daughter of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster; was Lord Steward of the Household.

³ General Jean Victor Moreau (1763-1813), in 1796, was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine, and after Bonaparte's return from Egypt and becoming First Consul, was appointed to the command of the armies of the Danube and Rhine. Subsequently convicted of being concerned in the Piehegru Royalist conspiracy, he retired to North America, where he remained until he joined the Allies in 1813; was mortally wounded at the battle before Dresden, 1st September, 1813.

⁴ Joseph Alexandre, Vicomte de Ségur (1755-1805), second son of the Marshal Ségur; soldier and writer of novels, plays, and verses; very popular in society, especially with women; witty and agreeable in conversation.

⁵ Adrien, Marquis de Mun (1793-1843); married, 1805, Henriette d'Ursel, daughter of the Due d'Ursel and the Duchesse, née d'Areberg.

think some great event had happen'd by the sensation this book causes.

Sunday.—I miss'd seeing the first Consul to-day, to my great disappointment. I did not know his coming was announç'd by firing of Cannon, and wonder'd what occasion'd it, when, driving very peaceably on, we saw the carriages at a distance, and his suite; he had been at the Invalides, and, had we known it in time, we might have heard his speech and seen him present his Picture. In coming back, I saw groups of people round all the Churches, and found on inquiry that the Police officers were taking down the Cap of Liberty from the Churches, and replacing the Crucifix in its stead—*peu à peu, tout reprendra place.* But my English spirit is continually revolted with the system of Espionage and the dread of talking. It is with the greatest caution any of the people we see venture a word, and always adding, “*Vous ne savez pas qui peut se trouver dans l'antichambre.*” Mad. Visconti said:¹ “*Il a l'oreille par tout, je erois qu'il espionne les pensées.*” I long to see him notwithstanding, but if what I was told to-day is true, that 18 poor blacks are to be Guillotined next Monday, every remains of Admiration will be turn'd into Abhorrence, and he deserves whatever may happen. I got up late to day with a head ache, and otherwise not quite well, I believe owing to the water, as Caro and all the servants are the same. It grew so fine that I took the Girls to walk in the Tuileries; Ld. Whitworth and Robinson join'd us. No news, but still strong reports of la Majesté Consulaire. I call'd on Mad. D'Aguesseau, who shew'd me Georgiana; she is grown, but less like her Father than she us'd to be. Mr. Foster² and Robinson din'd at Cambacérés',³ the rest of us at home. In the ev'g Mad. D'Aguesseau came to accompany us to Mad. de Montesson's,⁴ who gave us a curious account of her imprisonment and deliverance in the time of the Massacres and of Robespierre. She is a little weak old woman, seeming hardly able to support herself, and it is very odd to hear her talk in the softest voice and gentlest manner of L'échafaud et la Mort, and of walking miles surrounded by Poissardes and Assassins thro' the streets of Paris. . . .

¹ Madame Visconti, a very handsome Italian; was an intimate friend of Berthier's.

² Frederick Foster, eldest son of Lady Elizabeth.

³ Jean Jacques Regis de Cambacérés (afterwards Duke of Parma), 1783-1824, was at the time Second Consul; became a special favourite of Napoleon.

⁴ Jeanne Béraud de la Haie de Riou, Marquise de Montesson (1737-1806); married, first, the Marquis de Montesson, who died soon after. Louis Philippe, fourth Duke of Orleans (grandson of the Regent), fell desperately in love with her, and they were secretly married in 1777. He died in 1785. She published in 1782 a book called “*Œuvres Anonymes,*” containing dramas, comedies, verses, etc. She was well treated by Bonaparte.

I am delighted with what I have read of Delphine; it is full of little traits that must have been *felt*. But there are great parties concerning it, some people thinking it has an immoral tendency. M. de Narbonne en Loyal chevalier defends it stoutly. I was agreeing with him, but could not resist saying: "Elle a dû bien souffrir dans sa vie, elle peint trop bien l'injustice des hommes pour ne pas l'avoir senti, on n'imagine pas ces traits là." He bow'd first as applying it to himself, and said immediately: "Je vous assure qu'elle n'avoit nul droit raisonnable de plaintes, mais Mad. de Staël est une de ces êtres qui aiment le malheur et va le chercher même ou il n'existe pas." You know the story of her asking him which he would try to save if she and Mad. de Contat¹ were drowning! He answer'd: "Oh, Madame, vous savez nager." I am looking forward to a sad week of dinners and balls. Adieu. Write for pity's sake, and tell me whether these gossip letters do not tire and provoke you. . . .

Monday, 19.

My eyes are swell'd out of my head with crying over Delphine, and I have but just got thro' the 1st Vol. Pray read it if you have time and *mark*.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.

. . . Mad. de Coigny carried me round pour faire la revue et passer la baguette, as she calls it, which is being presented to all the Generals and their wives, Mesdames les Générales. Mad. Maedonald² and Mad. Marmont³ are very pretty. The Husband of the latter gave me an entertaining account of their Voyage from Egypt, from whence he came with Buonaparte. I try all I can to conquer my Shyness, and talk to and question all the remarkable people I am presented to. Ly. Holland does this famously; I always feel afraid. The Dss. of Gordon (why I know not) chose on my arrival to declare herself extremely angry with me, would not return my visit, abus'd me like a piekpoeket, and was so rude to me the only time I met her, that it almost made a scene. I was beginning to be very indignant, but luckily somebody told me she was so obstinate in her dislikes they defied me to conquer her. This piequed my spirit of enterprize, and being by chance seated near her last night at Ly. Ch., I talk'd away comme si de rien n'étoit, and before I left the house got so completely the better of her that I could hardly make her

¹ Louise Centat (1760-1813), a pupil of Madame Prévillo, made her appearance on the stage at sixteen. Her first great success was in the part of Suzanne in Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figare," in 1784; a distinguished performer at the Théâtre Français. She became an immense size.

² Wife of Jacques Etienne Maedonald (1765-1840), afterwards Marshal of France and Duc de Tarante.

³ Was the daughter of Jean Frederick Perregaux, Senator, and President of the Bank at Paris; married Auguste F. L. V. de Marmont (1774-1852), afterwards Marshal of France and Duc de Raguse.

leave me, and she was here this morning waiting till I was dress'd, and for near two hours afterwards consulting me on all her difficulties, and pressing me to share her box at the Opera. Je faisais la fière à mon tour, but there is nothing I enjoy more than conquering a determin'd quarrel without appearing to intend it.

Thursday, Dec. 23rd.

I think my Brother's speech reads well. Opposition is a wonderful improver of Eloquence. The Doctor's¹ Budget is very much admir'd here, but my new acquaintances say: "C'est trop bon pour sortir de cette boutique là, l'on y reconnoit la main du Maître." It is the common opinion both of French and English here that the financial arrangements are too good to have been made in London.² Camille Jordan applies the old French expression to the Doctor: Il n'aura jamais eut l'esprit, de trouver cela tout seul. If not it argues a great degree of *friendship*. I never heard of Ld. Bor.'s going to Madrid till you mention'd it, but on questioning him I find it is so, and I believe from the cause you assign. He always will contrive by some singularity to make himself an object of ridicule; he wears his hair long and flowing, and they say of him: "Il est abbé en cheveux, Abbé en Physionomie, Abbé en Ésprit." They were going on, but I dislik'd it, and cut the conversation short by saying: Avec tout cela il est très aimable et mon ami intime. On the other hand, two people ask'd me yesterday: qui étoit ce bel Anglois. What would they say to you? . . . Yesterday Morning I went to a secours des aveugles, which is an excellent establishment and very extraordinary, as a great many trades and occupations have been invented and taught them, by which they may get a very tolerable livelihood, such as printing and various other works. From thence I went to Cuviers, where Ld. B. bought some Bronzes. The things are beautiful. I look'd in at the Gallery, return'd home, and found Hare, who sat with me and entertain'd me till I was almost too late to dress for Talleyrand's³ dinner. We arriv'd, however, in good time. I met Ld. Whitworth, who handed us in, and I was announced Ambassadrice D'Angleterre, which for a long time I could not rectify. I never saw anything so magnificent—the apartments beautiful, all perfum'd with frankincense (cela sent L'Evêque)—and as soon as *seventy eight* people (of which the company consisted) sat down an immense glass at the end of the room slid away by degrees, and soft and beautiful music began to play in the midst of the

¹ Mr. Addington.

² Mr. Pitt was at Bath, and believed by many to be still advising Ministers.

³ Charles Maurice de Perigord, Bishop of Autun and Marquis de Talleyrand (1754-1838), at this time Minister of Foreign Affairs.

jingle of glasses and Vaisselle. The dinner was, I believe, excellent, but from some awkwardness in the arrangement it was very difficult to get any thing to eat. Mad. Talleyrand is like the Dss. of Cumberland, and perfectly justifies the reason he gave for marrying her: "Qu'elle emporte le prix de la bêtise." We waited a long while for dinner after we arriv'd, and I contriv'd meanwhile to get acquainted with Denon¹ (who wrote the travels in Egypt). His conversation is like his book, very Natural and very Interesting. I desir'd him to sit by me at dinner, which he contriv'd to do, and amus'd me extremely. I am to go and see his drawings and the Cachette he made in the time of Robespierre to save himself after he was eondemn'd. I saw Genl Fox, who was delighted to meet with anybody he knew. We went home as soon as coffee was done, which was not till ten, to rest a little before the Dss. of Gordon's ball, and found Mr. Green just arriv'd with heaps of letters and Newspapers, to our great joy. I had forestall'd the pleasure of your letter some days before, but still was half in hopes of another. My Caroline made her début in public at the Dss. of Gordon's, where there was some beautiful dancing, but quite like the stage. The best by far were Madlle de Coigny (Fannie), Ly. G. Gordon, and Bessy Monck, who look'd beautiful. Our Girls would not let me come away till past four, but Bess and I retir'd into a little boudoir at the end of the apartment, where M. de Ségur, Lally Tollendal, Camille, M. de Noailles, and Montmoreney² came and sat with us, en petit comité. They read us Verses, and discussions on Delphine, and told us so many anecdotes and bon mots, that we were amus'd and not near so much tired as I expected. I got up late this morning and with a headache, sat in my room, and read Delphine till Mr. Green, Hare, the two Noailles, and M. de Mun call'd on me. As the day was fine they persuaded me to walk with them down the Boulevards to the Angoulême china manufactory. The china is finish'd like enamel, and almost as dear. I had only time to rest a little before Bess sent to say it was time to dress for Berthier's dinner. We found there *the staff*, male and female. Mesdames les Générales are very pretty, particularly Mad.

¹ Dominique V., Baron de Denon (1747-1835); accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt in 1798, and on his return was appointed Director-General of the Museums. His chief work is the "Travels in Upper Egypt during the Campaigns of General Bonaparte."

² Adrien Pierre, Prince de Montmoreney (1768-1837), second of the four sons of the Duc de Laval, whom he succeeded; originally destined for the Church, became a soldier on the death of his elder brother; emigrated to England, where he became a friend of the Prince of Wales. Protected by Talleyrand, he returned to France, 1802; sent Ambassador to Spain, 1814, and later to Rome and London. Married the sister of the Duke Charles de Luxembourg.

Marmont, Macdonald, Moreau, and Valence.¹ We were introduced to them all and their Husbands. Berthier² is a little sharp looking man, very Gallant. He told me Andreossi³ had praised me so much to him that he was impatient to be acquainted with me. He wanted to persuade Bess and me to let him take us to Versailles. We declined, and on his pressing us for a reason, told him the true one. This led to a very interesting conversation. He called Genl Valence, and said both of them, La Fayette⁴ and Moreau, were determined to save the King and Queen, and had bound themselves to each other for that purpose, but that it was impossible: “Cette âme de Miel et de lait ou plutôt cette nullité invincible du Roi et la Méfiance de la Reine nous déjouaient toujours.” They had at one time gained the troops so completely that if they could have persuaded Louis to head them, “il n’y auroit eut plus rien à craindre que le trop de pouvoir qu’il auroit regagné,” but that when all was ready the poor K. refused to go, first from a dread of bloodshed, and afterwards from fearing some trap was laid for him. Even as late as the 10th of August he said it might have succeeded. Berthier also said that he had fought with and admired the English his whole life through, and that, like most other Frenchmen, he took his first lessons of Liberty in America. He questioned us extremely on the opinions and characters of the different Speakers in England, and said: “Pourquoi tous ces débats politiques—ne vaudroit il pas bien mieux s’accorder et partager”—“votre Nation règne sur la Mer—accordez nous la terre et tout est dit, il n’y aura plus que la France et l’Angleterre au Monde.” I did not observe upon the *justice* of this proceeding. He said nearly the same to Mr. Green afterwards, and added: “C’est l’Angleterre qui l’a voulu; elle nous a forcé à chercher ce que nous pouvions faire, nous avons 500 mille hommes sur pieds actuellement, nous pouvons en avoir un million dans un clin d’œil. L’Angleterre ne peut pas lutter contre nos forces de terres et jamais nous ne pouvons rien contre

¹ Cyrus Marie de Timburne, Comte de Valence (1757-1822); served under Dumouriez; retired to England, but returned to France after the 18 Brumaire; married a daughter of Madame de Genlis.

² Alexandre Berthier (1753-1851); had served with Lavalette in the American War of Independence; was the companion of Napoleon in all his expeditions and campaigns; later created Marshal and Vice-Constable of France, and Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram; married, in 1806, Princess Elizabeth Marie of Bavaria Birkenfeld.

³ Antoine François, Comte d’Andreossi (1761-1828), a distinguished French officer; had been appointed Ambassador to London early in 1802.

⁴ Marie P. J. G. de Motier, Marquis de La Fayette (1757-1834), one of the most conspicuous characters in France during the Revolution; was married at sixteen to a daughter of the Duc d’Ayen. In 1777 took part in the American War of Independence, when he raised a body of men at his own expense; had been burnt in effigy in 1792, when suspected of having connived at the escape of Louis XVI. Fought always on the side of Liberty.

sa Marine." I told this to M. de Narbonne, who said: "Effective-
ment c'est comme Canova¹ qui veut toujours Peindre, et David²
qui veut sculpter." At dinner I sat between M. de Chauvelin
and Genl Macdonald. I was a little afraid of him at first, he
look'd so fierce, but afterwards he grew gentle, and talk'd a great
deal about Buonaparte. He gave an account of the condemna-
tion of Ed. C. "C'étoit un moment de colère car après tout
la pièce étoit bonne, il n'y avoit que six lignes à retrancher qu'on
appliqua malheureusement." They talk'd of Talleyrand, and
said Mad. de Staël meant the Character of Mad. de Vernon in
Delphine for him, and thus had with great ingenuity told him
that if he was unhappy or dying she would still forgive him. He
was her great friend, and she, at his desire, us'd all her influence,
all her cleverness, and all her Zeal to make him Minister. She
succeeded, and from that moment he never went near her again,
but us'd all the power she had obtained for him to drive her out
of Paris. On Buonaparte asking "Quelle femme c'étoit?"
"Une Intrigante," said Talld: "et à tel point que c'est par
elle que je me trouve ici." "Elle est du moins bonne amie,"
ans'd B. "Amie, elle jeteroit ses amis à la rivière pour les
repêcher après à la ligne." You have probably heard this
before, as I did in England, but I am not sure, and it is very
good; but he persisted till she was order'd out of Paris. Genl
Macdonald said: "Il n'a jamais voulu bien, que quatre choses en
sa vie, il les a obtenus, il vouloit être Evêque, il vouloit être
Ministre, il vouloit être *Milliard* (have a Million) et il vouloit
se Marier à une Sotte—il a réussi en tout." M. de Chauvelin
said: "On dit qu'il chancelle." General Macdonald shrugg'd up
his shoulders, knew nothing, but added: "Pour un homme tel
que lui gare la chute." B. is suppos'd to have a very bad opinion
of him but to find him useful, as he does things no one else would
venture. The dinner at Berthier's was like a diner de Caserne,
one Course and a mixture of great magnificence and Vulgarité, but
yet the people either pleasant or from circumstances piquing
one's curiosity. Moreau has a good countenance, but is remark-
ably simple in his dress and manners. He was the only person
out of full dress, and the only Genl out of Uniform. I ask'd
G^r M. why, and I do not understand his answer: "L'uniforme de
Moreau c'est de n'en point porter." Me: "Je ne comprends
pas." Genl M.: "Quand on fixe le soleil on ne pense pas aux
Mouchérons." I leave it to your Genius to make out. After
dinner I talk'd to Moreau. He affects speaking of nothing but

¹ Antoine Canova, the sculptor (1747-1822).

² Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), the painter, had joined the Jacobin Club, and been a Deputy to the Convention.

literature and knowing nothing that is going on, was delighted with my understanding Italian and liking Alfieri. Told me Mercier's¹ Agamemnon was merely a translation, and insisted on taking me to the new play, Yseult, that was to be perform'd at night, that all Paris was going to it, and that it occupies as much as if the fate of Europe depended on its success. We were engag'd to the Viete de Ségur at the Vaudeville, but M. de Chauvelin join'd and offer'd his carriage and box. Berthier, too, told us in English it would be so *unfashionable* not to go that we ended by consenting, when to my astonishment Berthier kiss'd my Arm up above my Elbow. Directly opposite us we saw Mad. Buonaparte, who protects the Author Mercier. Her box is fitted up like the Royal one in London, blue velvet and Gold. Mad. Louis and Mad. Baciocchi² (B.'s sister) were with her, a Lady of the Bed Chamber, Mad. Lauriston, sitting, and the Prefect of Police standing behind her. The next box holds her Ladies; the box under, done up with sereens and curtains, B. generally goes to incog., but sometimes sits forward with Mad. B., and is applauded, and bows on coming and going like other Princes. Notwithstanding the exertions of Lafont,³ Talma, and the best actors, the piece fell at the third act. It was hardly possible to hear from the excessive noise. Soldiers with drawn sabres came into the House, and Mereier, in a fit of despair, ran to the Prompter, snatch'd the Manuscript from him, and tore it to Pieces, as an actor came forward and announ'e'd. I am very glad I went, and we contriv'd to keep our engagement at the Vaudeville in tolerable time besides. It is very curious to see the Opposition naissante which is beginning to form here. It is now only in whispers, but seems numerous; instead of our honest English violence, this is all en petits mots, en épigramme, en Persiflage, but very entertaining. . . .

Sunday evening we went to the rue Feydaux where Mad. du Gazon⁴ acted delightfully in the Caliph de Bagdad.⁵ From there I went to the Viete de Ségur, who gave a supper for me; we had

¹ Louis Sebastien Mercier (1740-1824), French miscellaneous writer. He had attacked the reputation of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire in his "Essai sur l'Art Dramatique." He had been a member of the Convention.

² Marie Ann Elize Bonaparte (1777-1820), Napoleon's eldest sister; married, in 1797, M. Baciocchi; afterwards (1805) Princess of Piombino and Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

³ Charles Pierre Lafont (1776-1839), celebrated violinist; learnt singing from Garat, and performed as a singer at the famous Feydeau Concerts, 1797 and 1798; after which he returned to his violin, and had a great success at the opera and at the Rue Chanterraine. He then went to St. Petersburg until 1814, when he returned to Paris. His talent was more suited to a drawing-room than a theatre.

⁴ Louise Rosalie Lefèvre Dugazon (1755-1820), a celebrated actress of the Opéra Comique. She married the comedian Dugazon.

⁵ "Le Calife de Bagdad," by Adrian Boissdieu, published 1799.

some singing and a great many beaux esprits. He repeated some very pretty verses on the occasion, and on Bess's and my friendship. I flatter'd myself they were inpromptu, but Mad. de Coigny said: "Ne vous flattez pas, ce n'est qu'un vieux Vaudeville reblanchi."

I will not visit Mad. Cabarrus, tho' I hope to *see her* tomorrow. Your natural sense of justice makes you place Mad. Talleyrand in the same line, but power and marriage make so great a difference here that not visiting the latter would be reckon'd a ridicule. . . . The Dss. of Dorset and every English woman here has done it. Tonight we went to La Harpe's;¹ he apes Voltaire, and dresses like his picture. He is a little shrivell'd old man sitting in a great Chair in a room much like a Garret. He told us some curious anecdotes and recited some verses. I was introduc'd by him to the famous Miss Edgeworth² and her Brother (Castle Rackrent, &c. By the by, I am surc she wrote it all herself, for the brother seems a fool and a coxcomb; she very ugly, but delightful). I am glad I went, but in general hate the kind of thing, and am quite unfit for it, as the mere knowing I *must* praise makes me dumb even to what I should otherwise admire, and no praise, however gross, could satisfy this old man's insatiable vanity.

Jan. 2, 1803.

Yesterday I was amus'd with the Ceremony of Étrennes, which I have not seen since I was a girl. A number of strange looking things, logs of wood, bundles of matches, or worsted imitations of cakes or fruit, are sent to you by your *Société*. When you open them they are filled with bonbons and Mottoes and little presents, such as rings, or fans, or caps, &c. I did not go out last night. Messrs. Narbonne, Chauvelin, and Montmorency came, and Mr. Adderley, Mr. Sturges, Ld. Bor., Lord Carrington, Mr. Hill, &c., all supp'd with us. M. de Narbonne was very entertaining, and describ'd an interesting scene that pass'd between him and the poor King the eve of the 10th of August. He had often told the King, "Il n'y a point de milieu, il faut mettre l'épée à la main ou le bonnet rouge sur la tête," but at that moment, when with Berthier, la Fayette, and some of the other generals, they had prepar'd every thing for a stout defence, M. de Narbonne threw himself at his feet, and implor'd him "aux noms de ceux

¹ J. François de la Harpe (1739-1803), dramatic poet and critic; originally in favour of the Revolution, but having been imprisoned in spite of his opinions in 1794, changed them, and attacked with violence all revolutionary doctrines.

² Maria Edgeworth (1756-1849), who had begun her career as a novelist about 1800. Her famous essay on Irish bulls, the joint production of herself and her father, was published in 1801.

de vos sujets qui vous restent fidèle, au nom de l'honneur de vos enfants. de votre patrie, mettez vous à la tête de vos Soldats, je vous répons sur ma tête du succès." The King was much agitated, and at length agreed to it; the other generals were call'd in, the plans form'd, and every thing promising success, during which time poor Louis 16 was walking up and down lost in thought. At length he call'd M. de Narbonne aside, and said: "Jurez moi sur votre honneur et sur Dieu, qu'il ne mourra personne." N. answer'd: "Quelques uns périront pour le salut de tous." The K. immediately said: "Non, non, jamais je ne veux causer la mort de personne, j'aime mieux tout perdre." Narbonne went to the Queen, who was in deep affliction. She rose, he said, "et comme Semiramis auroit pu dire. Elle me répondit: 'Menez moi au front de nos soldats que les piques ennemis s'engloutissent dans mon sein: vous ne me verrez ni reculer ni fremir. Mais après la malheureuse affaire de Varennes, après avoir vu la vie du Roi et mes enfants en danger par mes conseils je n'ose plus donner d'avis sur rien.'" M. de N. also told me of a letter just come from old Maréchal Broglie¹ to Buonaparte, asking leave to return to France. It begins: "Si le Roi Mon Maître avoit daigné suivre mes conseils en l'an 1789 je n'aurois pas maintenant l'honneur de vous éerire pour vous supplier de permettre à un vieillard octogénaire et avcugle de revenir mourir dans son Pays." It is supposed the leave will be granted. The Senatus Consulte is ended; the Senators are to have portions of land allotted to them to give them greater consideration in the Country, and two new offices, one of Preator, the other Grand Consciller, to be created. Something of additional titles to the 1st Consul and his family was also hinted at, it is said, but reciev'd in profound silenece. Lueien is suppos'd not to approve of it, et l'on tâte encore le terrain avant de rien decider. . . .

Evening, Jan. 2.

The eldest Ségur was here to-night, the historian, who is just made Conseilleur d'état. He was told it by his son and all his friends, but . . . tho' he has seen the giver repeatedly, he never could find out whether he was appointed or not till to-day. When going to pay his usual visit, and being ask'd some trifling question, Buonaparte immediately added: "Conseillez moi car désormais c'est votre placee." The two Ségurs have very different merits; it is better to *read* the Eldest than listen to him, and better to listen to the youngest than read his words—tho' this is

¹ Vietor François, Due de Broglie (1718-1804); fought successsfully in Germany, 1758-1760; created Princee of the Empire, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Germany, and Marshal at the age of forty-two. He emigrated, and died at Munster.

hardly fair, for he has written many very pretty things, but of a much lighter nature than the Comte. L'un est la prose, l'autre le Vaudeville. Mrs. Villiers was here tonight and a few more English, as I am found great fault with for living too much with foreigners. If you have not read Denon I think you would like it. . . .

Jany. 3rd, 1803.

Yesterday I drove about with Lord B., Dun., and Mr. Stuart seeing sights. I found Mr. Sturges at home; he and Mr. Adderley came in the car^{ge} to go with us to Mad. Récamier's. I gave Mr. Sturges Camille Jordan's Pamphlet to read, which he lik'd extremely. Ld. B. din'd at the Salon, Mr. Hare and Mr. Green with us. As we were preparing to go to Mad. de Souza's,¹ Denon, M. Chauvelin, and the two Noailles arriv'd, and soon after them Mr. Adderley and Sturges. Denon was so amusing, shewing us his drawings and talking over his travels, that it was too late for Diplomatique forms, and we went streight to Mad. Récamier's. Her House is not large but beautifully furnish'd. In the middle of one of the rooms a large tray fill'd with Bonbons and Mottoes is plac'd, which every body crowds round with as much eagerness as if their life depended on it. We came home late and tired, for I am still terribly weak. Denon quite adored Dessaix;² he thought him superior both in war and peace to Buonaparte, and he is the only man the latter ever shew'd real affection to. Car il n'a rien de doux ou de tendre dans le caractère, they say, but to Dessaix he was always sending some little present or soulagement by every opportunity. Sometimes a Tent, sometimes carpets to sleep upon, or provisions not to be had in the part of the country he was in. Somebody told Murat they thought that Dessaix had the greatest curiosity to see him. He answer'd: "Il me l'a 'bien témoigné' par les avances qu'il me faisoit, car jamais on ne s'est plus obstiné à poursuivre quelqu'un." Did I tell you the account Denon and Genl Marmont gave me of their return, and of B.'s saying on perceiving the English fleet (after having been congratulated on their safety, for they were within sight of the shore). "Eh bien tout est perdu, il falloit essayer, une pareille entreprise en valait bien la peine—"

¹ Adelaide Marie Filleul (1761-1836); married at eighteen to the old Comte de Flahault. After his death on the scaffold she supported herself and her son by her pen, having emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. She returned to France in 1795, and married the Marquis de Souza-Botilho, Portuguese Minister in Paris, in 1802. Had been an intimate friend of Talleyrand's.

² L. Ch. A. Desaix (1768-1850); fought under Marshal Broglie in Germany, 1796; with Bonaparte in Egypt, 1798; received the command of two divisions of the army of Italy in 1800; and was killed at the Battle of Marengo, 14th June, 1800.

on ne fait rien de grand sans beaucoup risquer." He refus'd going back to Corsica, but order'd the boat to be got ready, and bid the Captain fire a broad side on being hail'd by the English, and that he would endeavour to row to shore favour'd by the smoke. Did I tell you this before? I believe I did, when I heard of it from Gen^l Marmont, then Denon told it again last night a little differently, only in words, tho'. I am tired to death to day and so stupid I can hardly write. I went to the Gallery and the Palais Royal in the morning, both tiring things. The great picture by Paul Veronese from St. Georgio is hung up, of the Marriage of Cana and the Transfiguration, very fine. To night I went with Mad. Récamier to see the Débutante Mdle. George act Didon; she rants too much at the end, but she is very handsome, and does some parts well, particularly when Æneas is coldly enumerating all his selfish reasons for being oblig'd to leave her, and she answers:

"N'avois je rien à perdre quand je vous ai suivi?"

and afterwards:

"Avis, craintes, remords, j'ai tout bravé pour vous."

Her best part is in dumb show, while she is listening to the story of the battle fought to save her, when, suddenly changing from a look of Triumph at the Victory to one of despair on hearing that he is gone, she sinks down at once, and only repeats: "Parti." . . .

Tuesday, 4th.

Ld. Bor. supp'd here to night and was in one of his grandest ways, translating all his old stories, and standing up for the superior convenience of ye New Calendrier in preference to the old, because you may talk of jours pairs et impairs, and that it is much casier to say la poste part les jours impairs, than tous les deux jours. I believe we shall return in about three weeks. I wish you could have heard what a fine character and description I gave of *Sally*¹ last night (yours, I mean) upon a less favourable one having been given. *You* could not have prais'd her more. I did not get proper credit for it. M. de Mun said: "Vous la connaissez beaucoup?" I answer'd: "Non"; but Giambone, who was in the room, whisper'd me: "Vous la craignez et cela revient au même." I suppose he thought it necessary to sweeten this with a compliment, and added: "Les femelettes décrient ce qu'elles craignent, les âmes fortes louent."

¹ Lady Sarah Fane.

Jan'y. 5, 1803.

Mr. Sturges and M. de Chauvelin came for us by half after ten to-day to take us to the Louvre to see the Parade. We got an excellent window, and the coup d'œil was magnificent and beautiful beyond measure, and what adds to the interest is knowing that most of the men like those in the bataillon of the incomparables have distinguish'd themselves in some celebrated action, and that none can be admitted that have not serv'd six campaigns and receiv'd a wound. Buonaparte rides and looks well on horse back. I could not, of course, remark his countenance much in that short time and from the distance of a window, but he seem'd to me like his bust, and not unlike Sr. F. Burdett. He rides on a fine old white Horse of the late King's! (What is the line in Richard the 2d when he asks the groom if Roan Barbary look'd grandly under Bolingbroke; it haunted me all the time). One of the prettiest parts of the shew were the Arabian horses led by Mamelouks, one of them caparison'd entirely in gold, and eight or ten fine Cushions with arms on them, all presents from the Dey of Algiers. There can be no moment so favourable to see B. in as the Parade. When you view that whole immense place of the Carrousel crowded with his troops after so many victories, himself surrounded with all the Pomp and Splendour of Royalty, and half the Nations of the world seeming to do Homage to him, and reflect what he was a few years past, what the mere force of Genius, Valour, and successful Ambition have rais'd him to, it is impossible not to look with some astonishment at a Man who unites so many great and so many little qualities; but his glory fades the moment he passes his own troops. I cannot tell you how much I was struck with the dead *morne* Silence with which he was receiv'd by the populace, not one acclamation, but an evident appearance of discontent—

“ Not loud but deep-
Mouth honour which the poor heart
Would fain deny, but dares not.”

His despotism, his restless ambition, his jealousy of every thing that comes near him, the heavy taxes impos'd upon the people, and the oppressive plan of the Conscript, all combine to make him dreaded and dislik'd, and they all naturally seem to turn to Moreau. A few nights ago, on Moreau coming into the Theatre, he was applauded. Cambacérés got up and bow'd, taking it to himself. The whole Theatre cried out *À bas Perruque!* to shew him what they meant. “ *Il s'auroient bien voulu dire autre chose* ” is the general opinion. Yet by all I hear nobody reckons Moreau equal to Buonaparte, equal in any way good or bad. They say, “ *Si B. tombe, Moreau sera premier Consul, mais cela*

ne durera pas trois mois," tho' the disapprobation the proposal of a title met with seems to suspend it for the present. Every thing, I think, marks the intention. Upon every question of Etiquette he always orders: "Qu'on fasse comme on feroit pour les derniers Chefs du Gouvernement François." M. de Narbonne says: "C'est si facile de ehangcr cela en, qu'on dise comme on disoit aux derniers chefs, &c. Vous verrez qu'il se trompera du mot un jour et puis c'est une affaire faite." . . .

Jan^y 6, 1803.

The Parade was beautiful. We were plac'd on a Balcon in the palace, from which we had a perfect view of the Carrousel, which was filled with troops, the marches and different bands extremely pretty. Almost all the Mamelouks were employ'd in leading about some Arabian horses, a present from the Dey of Algiers. About twelve, Roustant, his favourite Mamelouk, ran forward and jump'd on his horse. At this signal the Colours were lower'd, the drums beat along the line, and the bands play'd what I suppose answers to God save the King, in the midst of which B. came out and mounted a fine old white Horse of poor Louis 16. Berthier, Genls. Marmont, Maedonald, Massena,¹ Augereau,² Duroc,³ and Junot,⁴ all dress'd extremely fine, accompanied him. His distinction, like what Moreau affected, is extreme simplicity—a hat without any lace, and plain blue uniform, and on the whole the look of a Sea Captain in Undress. He pass'd slowly along the line, stopping and talking to many of the Soldiers. I do not know whether it was to save time, or from any apprehension of danger, but I observ'd that as he came to the end of the line near where the people stood, he set his horse at speed till he came within the 2d line, and so on the whole way. It certainly was particuilar, for on my mentioning it to Mr. Sturges, he said he had remark'd it too, and on enquiry we found he always docs so. At the gate he was stopp'd by a erowd of petitions; he reads all those that concern the Soldiers and no others. He repeats the same Ceremony with the line of Cavalry, then Gallops

¹ André Masséna (1758-1817), General; later created Prince of Essling and Duc de Rivoli; a great favourite of Napoleon, who called him "L'enfant de la Victoire."

² Pierre F. Ch. Augereau (1757-1816); created later Duc de Castiglioni and Marshal of France.

³ Christophe Michel Duroc (1772-1813), later Duc de Friuli and Marshal of France; followed Napoleon through all his campaigns, and was killed at the Battle of Bautzen.

⁴ General Andoche Junot (1771-1813); later Marshal and Duc d'Abrantès. He was "Commandant de la Place de Paris" from July, 1800, to February, 1804, and it was he who was shortly to be put in charge of the measures taken against the English at the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Was a great collector of books.

back and places himself in the midst of his Generals close to the Gate of the Palace, and all the troops pass by. L'Artillerie Légère is the prettiest thing I ever saw: flying Cannon that go with four Horses full as quick and with as much facility in turning, &c., as a *Curricule*. It really is beautiful, but in general the Cavalry is ill mounted. When the Parade was over Ld. B., Dun., and most of the English here were presented. He ask'd Ld. B. whether he was a Peer, whether he had taken his seat in this Parliament, how many Children he had, and whether Duncannon was also a Peer. I was very much tir'd, and return'd home thro' the Tuileries. At night we went to Mad. Divoff's and Mad. Montesson. Mr. Adderley told me of a violent quarrel between the Dss. of Gordon and Ly. Conyngham,¹ the former attacking Ly. C. very brutally at Duroc's, and telling her that if she intruded where she had no right to come she must expect a cool reception. Ly. C. almost cried, and Ld. C., on applying to the servant, found Duroc's windows were allowed by him to be let for the benefit of his servants. Ly. Conyngham told me her story, and I advis'd her not to quarrel, but they all tell her this is mean spirited, so that it is becoming a *tracasserie* in which all Paris is engag'd. At Mad. Divoff's² my English Pride was near involving me in a quarrel with the Russian Ambassador Markoff.³ He sat down by me, repeating several times, "Les Angloises, les Angloises"—I thought impertinently, and look'd up surpris'd. He said: "Madame, votre Ambassadrice ne vous ressemble pas." He then told us Ld. W. and the Dss. were half an hour too late for dinner at the 1st Consul's. I said: "Je la plains, c'est bien embarrassant"; he went on: "Point du tout, jamais je n'ai vue de ma vie plus de sang froid ni plus d'assurance." I stared at this word. He said: "Oui, d'assurance, pour ne rien dire de plus. Elle s'est placée de la manière la plus extraordinaire. Certainement sans le moindre embarras, auprès du premier Consul." Tho' I think the thing was absurd, I felt affronted for the English, and said very haughtily: "Apparemment elle savoit que la première place étoit réservée pour elle." He exclaim'd: "Voilà, voilà, la fierté Angloise même dans les plus

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of John Denison, Esq.; married, 1794, Henry, third Baron, and later first Marquis of Conyngham, an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. She died 1861.

² Née Countess Boutourlin; died 8th March, 1813. "Il y a ce soir une grande fête chez Mme. Divoff pour son jour de naissance, que la bonne dame célèbre comme étant encore dans son printemps, mais elle en a sûrement beaucoup plus que les roses; les roses n'en ont qu'un, et l'on dit qu'elle en a cinquante et peut-être cinquante et un." (In a letter from the Marquise de Coigny to Lady E. Forster, 12th July, 1803.)

³ Arcadi Ivanovitch Markoff, a favourite of the Empress Catherine II.; was appointed Ambassador to Paris in 1801. He was not well treated by Napoleon.

doüees. Milady, on le souffre de votre part, mais de celle de votre nation—non, il faut bien songer un peu que les autres en ont aussi.” The sad thing is whether from System or neglect that Ld. Whitworth and ye Dutchess do every thing to offend and shew every slight in their power, and this neglect extends to the English here as well as to the Government, and makes them very unpopular. From something he said I cannot help suspecting their orders are to shew slights to the government here, and that is a true Addington plan. The Dr. and his Colleagues will shrink and tremble if Buonaparte frowns, and give up any point of importance he demands peremptorily, and then revenge themselves by little slights, by pecking and kicking where it can be of no use, and only ridiculous and offensive. As long as we have an Ambassador here it would be much more dignified to have him correct in Etiquette, magnificent and splendid in appearance, obliging in all trifles, and firm and decided in all important cases. The direct reverse of this are Ld. W.’s orders, or I am much mistaken.

Jan^y 8, 1803.

The Morpeth’s are come and very well, but tired. Sol débuté’d very graciously in my Société tonight, and let me present him to Camille, Denon, Ségur, &c., &c., and he seems inclin’d to like them. . . . Thursday my cold was so bad I could not stir all morning. In the evening we had a number of children to draw K. and Queen with Étrennes in the French way. The success was perfect, as it washed away a multitude of omissions I had been guilty of, and reinstated me in the favour of some of the English who are offended at my staying at home sometimes without asking all the English at Paris. When the children were gone we had some music, and a supper of about twenty.

Friday.—Mr. Hare sat with me greatest part of the morning, and was unusually pleasant. Ségur came in and told us a number of stories of Russia—amongst others, what he swears to be true, as a proof of the coarseness of their manners, that Potemkin, on succeeding with our poor friend Pss. Dolgorouki, after a long *siège*, order’d the battery of Cannon to fire to announce his happiness to the whole garrison. We were observing the Magnificence of her Diamonds, and he also declares that Potemkin sent her a Diamond for every Cannon that was fir’d at the siege of Belgrade. Hare was, of course, full of jokes upon what one should say to her when she displays her Diamonds, which she is very fond of. “Ah, Madame, quel furieuse Batterie vous avez en Russie.” Talleyrand lent me his box at the Opera, where I heard from the Dss. of Gordon all the history of the quarrel over again her way. M. de Narbonne, Adrien,¹ and Berthier came to me,

¹ See note 2, page 382.

and a good many English. On my return home, I found Denon, Chauvelin, and old Ségur. Bess was gone to bed, but told them I was coming home, and they waited for me, and were very pleasant, and told me several anecdotes of different times, chiefly of Buonaparte. When Chauvelin was sent into Italy, B. told him: "Surtout décriez les Anglois." Ch. excus'd himself by saying he lik'd England, and had receiv'd great civilities. B. frown'd at him, and said: "Donc vous n'êtes bon à rien; ne voyez vous pas qu'il me faut une raison pour cette levée de 60 mille hommes ?"

Saturday.—Lord Cholmondeley took up half my morning with a long complaint against Ld. Whitworth. I went afterwards with Hare to the Hôtel de Choiseul, the Palais Royal, and some sights. Hare din'd with us. In the eveg I went to the Cercle at Berthier's, where I was extremely put out by the Algerian Ambassador taking a fancy to me; it must be for my size. I had but just recover'd Berthier's meeting me in the Ante room, and Handing me as Ld. Salisbury does the Queen thro' all the apartments, and was talking to him, Denon, and Caffarelli,¹ when Berthier said: *Que nous veut eet Algérien ?* I look'd, and saw a very handsome man in a Turkish dress smiling at us. One of his Interpreters ask'd Berthier if I belong'd to him. I did not hear the answer, but it gave rise to many compliments, of course. The Interpreter then came to me, and told me in Italian his master begg'd I would oblige him with allowing him to look at me. I cannot describe to you how foolish it made me feel and Look, and especially when he march'd up so close to me as to touch me as I sat. I got up to go, and he bid the Interpreter ask what country I was of, and then whether English women were asham'd of shewing their faces, like Africans; but on being told that I dislik'd it and wish'd to go, I never saw anything so graceful as his manner of retiring. He kiss'd his hand and laid it on my knee, and then went backwards crossing his hands on his bosom, and making three bows; it is so much the prettiest bow I ever saw I shall quite hold a common one cheap. I was provok'd at having had this scene, and the more so as Caffarelli and Berthier were amusing me very much with anecdotes of Buonaparte in his Interior. Caffarelli is the person suppos'd to be most in his confidence of anybody, I believe; no one is quite, for he is the closest and most suspicious of men. I was also introduc'd to Masséna and Augereau, and afterwards La Clos,² author of the

¹ Charles Ambroise, Baron de Caffarelli (1758-1826); had been a priest before the Revolution; was three times Préfet under the Empire. His brother, General Louis, was killed at St. Jean d'Acre in 1799.

² P. A. Choderlos de La Clos (1741-1803), an artillery officer; had been secretary to the Duke of Orleans; "*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*" was published in 1784.

Liaisons Dangereuses, whom I always imagin'd to have been guillotin'd. I felt a horror of him; a man must have a very bad heart who could invent two such Characters as Valmont and Mad. de Merteuil. After Berthier's I went to Ly. Cholmondeley's, where I found Moreau and his wife, and had a good deal of conversation with them both. His countenance has the strongest expression of goodness and humanity, but certainly not that penetrating look of Genius that belongs to his rival, who en revanche has not the expression of bonhomie and goodness so remarkable in Moreau. Mad. Buonaparte's Cercle was put off on account of Genl. Le Clerc's¹ death; at first B. said it was to go on, as his private misfortunes were not to affect the public, but since le premier Consul se ravise, and it is even doubtful whether a Mourning will not be order'd as at other Courts.

Sunday.—Sol and G. arriv'd, and in the evening we had some people. I am sorry to find the Roman I had made up to myself about Mad. Le Clerc is all wrong. I imagin'd she had follow'd her Husband from love, and devoted herself to him, mais point du tout. She is very pretty, had many lovers, and at length an actor, in consequence of which her Brother order'd her to St. Domingo and made her remain there. Le Clerc, they say, behav'd very ill there, oppressing the black friends and foes by every species of extortion; she is return'd with his body and his riches. They say elle a deux vaisseaux, dans l'un elle rapporte les dépouilles de son Mari, dans l'autre celle des colonies. Camille also told us that Moreau was soliciting the recall of Pichegru,²

¹ Victor Emmanuel Le Clerc (1772-1802), General and great friend of Bonaparte's. In 1802 had been placed in command of an expedition to the Island of St. Domingo against the negro General Toussaint-L'Ouverture, and died there in November, 1802, his army being decimated by yellow fever. He married Bonaparte's sister Pauline, afterwards Princesse Borghèse.

² H. Pichegru (1761-1804), General, had been in command of the armies of the Rhine and Moselle in 1793, and afterwards in Holland, but, tempted by offers of the Prince de Condé, he consented to serve the Royalist cause, and allowed the Austrians to gain some successes over his troops. Suspected by the Directory, he was suspended, and remained for two years in retreat at Arbois; again suspected of plotting against the Government, he escaped to England, returning thence secretly with Georges Cadoudal* in 1804. He was caught and imprisoned in the Temple, where he committed suicide a few days later.

* Georges Cadoudal (1769-1804), son of a miller. One of the foremost of the Vendéens, with his friend Lemercier, who took the name of "La Vendée." He took refuge in England, and Bonaparte asked for his extradition through M. Otto, but was refused. Pichegru and Georges then concerted measures for the overthrow of Bonaparte's Government, and sent over some of their agents in January, 1803. Georges arrived in Paris in August of that year, and lived in hiding, and it was only in March, 1804, that he was seized. On the 11th May he was tried, with eleven of his officers, on the accusation of having attempted the life of Bonaparte, and condemned to death. He was executed on the 25th June, 1804.

which I am glad to hear, as I cannot get over his conduct to him, or think it answers to the Character of greatness and generosity he is suppos'd to possess. I am bound to like and praise Morcau, for he has been very flattering to me, and told Camille he must bring him to me often, for that he had never met with any one whom he wish'd more to be acquainted with from what he had seen of me, and many other fine things, that I united suavité et intelligence. Are you not afraid that my head will be turn'd? I am sure you will when I tell you Buonaparte himself has express'd a wish to be acquainted with me, and told Caffarelli so; but, alas! I do not know how to set about it, for I will not go, as I said I would not.

Monday, 9th.—The Court mourning is announc'd in the Moniteur, and I assure you it is a great event at Paris, as, except for Kings, no private relationships are ever mourn'd for by the public. Sol, G., Ld. B., Ly. E. Monck, Bess, and I went to the Gallery. Sol seem'd to be extremely pleased with it. There is no news, I think, and no letters. B.'s anxiety about this foolish etiquette of mourning is incredible; he has talk'd of nothing else, but doubted whether he might venture signing; at length he decided to send out the same formula that us'd to be formerly. If a Brother of his was to die, would the K. of England mourn?

Monday, 10th Jan^y.

Your letter of the 2d is just come; . . . thank you for it. There is not much danger of my thinking any society in which you are join'd *fade* or stupid, and you know it but too well; but if you mean for the general run of conversation that one meets at assemblies here, or assemblies in London, I should certainly reckon those at Paris most interesting, both because most of the people are either celebrated themselves or have gone thro' interesting scenes, which gives a greater variety to their Conversation, and probably creates a greater number of Ideas even in people of moderate abilities; but, besides the events of the revolution, the manners in France and the general character of Frenchmen make this more likely at all times to be the case; in England it rarely happens that very clever or very celebrated men deign to mix in common society or talk on trifling subjects; they are usually wrap'd up in some pursuit, and live entirely with one another or in their families, &c. I might move Heaven and Earth before I could get three words from Mr. Pitt; and Mr. Fox, whom I know and Love, I see perhaps two or three times in a year; yet I am an unfair example, for I reckon I live without exception in the *best society* in London. But clever men in England are too much superior to women; there is too great a

distance between them to allow of *much* conversation; they make them their amusement and sometimes their friends, but seldom their society. In France, from the Generals to the Savants, everything goes about, and if you go to the right places you are as sure of finding Denon, Berthier, Moreau, &c., as you would be Mr. Manners or any of the assembly going beaus in England. At the same time, they always prefer a small society if they can get it, and the letting them come to my House is what has enabled me to know so many of them. I do not believe the plan of two great Nations is much admired here in general; it is only B. and his friends.

Ld. B. din'd at Markoff's today, and was there when the announce came to all the Foreign Ministers that the 1st Consul would receive their compliments of condolence this evening at the Louvre, and that they were all to come in Mourning. Sol¹ does not seem half to like going into Mourning for General le Clerc. As he and G. were tired, I would not go out, but staid with them, tho' I was dress'd for a ball, for which Sol very ungratefully never ceases accusing me of caprice. I do not approve of B., but I cannot quite agree with Sol, who says he prefers Robespierre, and had rather have the Jacobins apparemment and all the Massacres renew'd than the continuance of his life and reign.

Wed., 12.

This was written the day before yesterday, but I thought it would not go by the post. Yesterday it was so dreadfully cold that I would not go out in the morning. I saw Pougens² in his Dress'd Coat from Cambacérès, Mr. Adderley, M. de Chauvelin, Ad. de Montmorency, Ld. Lauderdale,³ and Ld. Boringdon and M. de Ségur; and as Caroline was dancing with Vestris,⁴ I was oblig'd to receive them all in my bed room (do not be shock'd, for it is very pretty). M. de Chauvelin gave us an account of

¹ Lord Morpeth.

² Mario Charles Joseph Pougens (1755-1833), an illegitimate son of the Prince de Conti, diplomatist and writer; lost his sight in 1779, owing to small-pox. Ruined by the Revolution, he became a printer and librarian, and was successful. He married, in 1805, Miss Sayer, niece of Admiral Boscawen; wound up his business in 1808, and retired to Vauxbuin, near Soissons, where he devoted himself to literature. His principal works are "Trésors des Origines" and "L'Archéologie Française ou Vocabulaire des Mots Anciens Tombés en Désuétude."

³ James Maitland, eighth Earl of Lauderdale (1759-1839), a follower of Fox and a partisan of the French Revolution; married, 1782, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Thomas Todd.

⁴ Mario Augusto Vestris, called Vestris II. (1760-1842), illegitimate son of the celebrated Gaetano Vestris (1729-1808), called "Le Dieu de la Danse," who retired in 1781. He was a nephew of Madame Vestris (*née* Marie Rose Dugazon), the well-known tragic actress (1746-1804). Like his father, he was considered the best dancer of his time.

poor Toussaint's¹ death. M. de Ségur said: "C'est comme une mort de Roman, on s'y attendoit dès le commencement." I ask'd if he died a natural death. M. de Narbonne said: "La mort naturelle d'un chef trop estimé, prisonnier, chez un despote jaloux." But they do not suppose him actually murder'd, but as bad, being treated with every sort of rigour; he capitulated, and was to be well treated, and there seem'd to be no pretence. Ld. Lauderdale delighted all the Frenchmen by saying: "Il faut que votre premier Consul soit bien paresseux, c'est la première fois qu'on punit un conspirateur, sans se donner la peine d'inventer une conspiration. C'est une petite coquetterie d'usage si facile que c'est impardonnable de la négliger." This has been proné'd all over Paris, and I expect to hear of Ld. Lauderdale in the Temple, especially as he adds to it that if he must mourn he supposes he may have his choice between General Le Clerc or General Toussaint. This death gives me a horror of B., and there are very touching accounts of Toussaint that make it worse; but I know I hear the worst side too in general, for Caffarelli and Denon assure me there is a great deal of good mix'd with the bad. Denon and Camille came at four, and persuaded me to go for a moment to the Institute. The Salon is a noble one, and the uniform, tho' ridiculous singly, looks well all together. I saw Duval² receive his prize, and heard Sicard³ and C [illegible]. I sat by a little man I do not know, who talk'd a great deal to me and very well; but it is wonderful how constantly you hear cuts and slights of B. wherever you go. I ask'd my friend if he ever came. He answered: "Formerly quand il n'étoit que premier Consul de France." I ask'd why not now. "Il est trop grand Maintenant, notre Salon ne contiendrait pas le premier Consul de

¹ Toussaint L'Ouverture, a negro, born at St. Domingo, 1743. When the rising of the blacks took place, Toussaint's courage and abilities soon raised him to the foremost place. He succeeded in expelling the French, reducing the Spanish part of the island, and restoring peace and order in the colony. The Central Assembly of St. Domingo voted him President for life. Everything was proceeding most prosperously, when, in 1801, Bonaparte, anxious to recover so valuable a colony, sent General Le Clerc with a fleet and army. A desperate contest ensued, and after a brave but short resistance Toussaint was overcome. He was sent a prisoner to France, and died in the fortress of Joux, near Besançon, in 1803. Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on his fall.

² Jean Pierre Duval (d. 1819), a lawyer; became a Minister under the Republic, a member of the Corps Législatif, and one of its Presidents during the Consulate. In 1803 he accepted the post of Head of the Police at Nantes.

³ L'Abbé Sicard, Roeh Ambroise Cucurron (1742-1822), a Jesuit, teacher of the deaf and dumb. On the death of l'Abbé de l'Épée, in 1789, l'Abbé Sicard was called to Paris to succeed him in the direction of the establishment there. He was sent to prison in 1792, but obtained his liberty. In 1796 he took part in compiling the "Annales Catholiques," for which he was sentenced to transportation, but escaped. He returned to Paris after the 18th Brumaire, and resumed his work as teacher of the deaf and dumb in 1799.

tant d'Empires." And he will not go there till some alteration has taken place, as now there is no place appropriate for him in State, and he cannot stir without it. In the eveng we went to Gen^l Marmont's, a circle that terrified me, for you have no Idea of the forms and ceremony. We saw there La Place,¹ Thibaudeau,² Augereau, the Ministre de Marine, and a great many Generals—Noms de Gazettes, as M. de Narbonne calls them. From there we went to a magnificent ball at Pss. Dolgorouki's after taking up Sol, G., and the Girls; we staid till past five, and I am quite knock'd up, and have not stir'd all day. Mad. de Vaudémont came to me in the morning, and to-night M. Ségur, with the Author of [illegible], Camille, M. de Chauvelin, M. Montmorency, and Ld. Lauderdale. Sol. and G. are going to the bal Masqué at the Salon, but I am too much tired. M. de Ségur says that B. often starts up in a passion on hearing some abuse of himself, and writes a paragraph in the *Moniteur*, which he sends off without telling any body. It was thus the proclamation to the Swiss was written and sent, to the great astonishment of the Ministers; and the attack the other day on the Grenvilles and Windhams, &c., is supposed to have been the same. . . .

Jany. 16.

I am so tired and so hurried I can write but a line, for after sitting up till past five this morning I had promis'd Sol to be up early to go out with him, and grimpé'd three pair of stairs high to see Denon's original drawings and the fragments he brought with him from Egypt; it is curious, too, to hear the details of the battles, &c., which, looking them over with him, leads him into telling; but he made me shudder more than once, especially describing the cries of the wounded they were oblig'd to leave to Perish in the desert. He chang'd colour as he spoke, and said the sound would be always present to him of the shrieks that follow'd the order for marching. I am dressing at this moment to go to the beginning of *Sémiramis*,³ in which Madelle George débutées to-night. The eagerness on this subject (tho' I like a little of it) is ridiculous to the length they carry it. You will have heard probably of the new acts of Tyranny, the D. de

¹ Pierre Simon, Marquis de La Place (1749-1827), son of a farmer in Normandy; mathematician and astronomer. His "*Exposition du Système du Monde*" was published in 1796, and in 1799 he was made Minister of the Interior by Bonaparte, and afterwards removed to the Presidency of the Conservative Senate. He was created a Count by the Emperor, and Marquis by Louis XVIII.

² Ant. Claire Thibaudeau (1765-1854), a lawyer and a member of the "*Assemblée Constituante*"; in 1792 was a Member of the Convention; after the 18th Brumaire was a Conseiller d'Etat, and later under the Empire Préfet of the Gironde, and was created a Count. He was proscribed under Louis XVIII., and settled at Prague, returning to France after the Revolution of 1830.

³ Tragedy by Voltaire.

Choiseul's and the D. de Laval's¹ Banishment; the latter hopes to gain a sursit, as he had a fortnight given him; the former is already gone. But what alarms people almost more than the thing itself is the manner of it: till now it was only done by a private *avis* to remove, but this time B. wrote to the grand judge in these words: "C'est *la Volonté* du premier Consul que le Duc de Choiseul, &c., soit exilé à quarante lieues de Paris—Veillez à l'exécution de cet ordre," with no time specified, no reason given but that Despotic *Volonté*—the D. de Laval to Bordeaux. The first, it is suppos'd, is for having applauded some lines in a box opposite to B., which he imagin'd applied to him—the latter from a Notion that he receives the Emigrant's allowance from England, which I happen to know is not true; for when my Sister applied for the D. de P. to the Doctor, in the course of conversation the D. de Laval was mention'd as never having receiv'd any traitements from Government; his family and he himself are in great consternation. Another bad thing is, I was commission'd by a great friend of B.'s to give secretly a warning to some of my Société—that they were observ'd closely, that le ciel est ménaçant, and that symptoms of an ouragan qui se prépare have been perceiv'd; two or three particularly of those whom I have nam'd to you as living a great deal with us are suppos'd to be in danger. I cannot tell you how sorry I should be, and shall be very glad if the circumstance of my knowing people on both sides enables me to be of use to them. Sol is hurrying me for the play. . . .

Jan. 18, ½ past five o'clock.

Je n'y tiens pas, c'est une vie de chien que nous menons. Out all morning to see Sights, and up all night with ye Girls at balls without end. Last night I was at the play where I told you I was going. Madelle George acted delightfully. I went with Mad. de Chauvelin. We open'd the door of the box a moment to speak to the Pss. Dolgorouki and Mad. de Vaudémont, and instantly M. de Narbonne, Ségur, Montmorency, M. de Mun, Noailles, Ld. Lauderdale, and Gen^l Klync crowded round the box to speak to us, to the great amusement of Mad. de Vaudémont, who tells me I am très coquette, and cannot move without a regiment of Generals and beaux esprits à mes troussees. She was coming to sup with me, and I ask'd what she call'd la Galerie and Lord Bor., whom I met on the stairs. The consequence was that, tho' dying with sleep, they would not let me go to bed till near three. This Morning I went a moment to the Gallery and Pougens, then return'd to dress most Loyally fine to dine at Ld. Whitworth's for the Queen's birthday, and all the English

¹ Father of the Adrien de Montmorency, so often mentioned.

(Peers and Peers' sons or Husbands to Lady's) din'd there, amongst them poor Genl. Craufurd, who look'd *beautiful* and so interesting that it quite affected me to see him, and Ld. Lauderdale said I spoke and look'd at him as if I was in love with him. We return'd to drink tea—Sol, G., and I, and found Harc and Bess ready for the ball at the Dss. of G.'s, where we went with the Girls, and from which I am just return'd at half past five in the morning. I am accus'd of having flirted unmercifully with Moreau, and M. de Ségur says he shall never speak to me again puisqu'il ne faut rien moins que vingt batailles pour me plaire. I certainly had a great deal of very interesting conversation with him for near an hour, and I was surpris'd and pleas'd at his talking so much and so freely with me. . . .

Jan^y 20th, 1803.

. . . Ld. B. talks of our going in little more than a week. . . . I wrote to you on my return from the Dss. of Gordon's ball, but had not time to tell you half my conversation with Moreau. I like him extremely, but think him grown lately less courteous than he us'd to be. I do not blame him for expressing freely his indignation at the arbitrary banishments, but he is great enough not to be too much flatter'd by the "homage" paid him. He talk'd to me a great deal of England, and puzzled me sometimes with his questions on our laws and government. He spoke with enthusiastie admiration of Mr. Fox, and said it was a great pity that when two such extraordinary men existed as Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt they should be rivals toujours en lutte instead of friends uniting their great talents for the good of their country. I answer'd that there were few instances of two men of very superior abilities in the same country not being rivals. He smil'd. "Ce n'est souvent ni leur choix ni leur faute." I ask'd if he meant to come to England. He shook his head and said: "C'est le Pays du monde le plus difficile à atteindre pour moi." I expect him and his wife¹ tonight, . . . and he was quite pleas'd with my telling him I would come and see his little boy. Yesterday morning I went to Pougens to see some very fine books. He is himself a sight—a savant and stone blind. I then went with a great party to dine at Roberts. The dinner was of course excellent, but instead of exciting my gourmandise the immense profusion of eatables that were crowded on the table, the coming there purposely to *taste* things, the conversation, and the efforts to *stuff* that I saw all round me, quite disgusted me. I think it is a very nasty thing to do—at least for women. In the evg I went to Mad. Divoff's and

¹ General Moreau married a daughter of General Hulot d'Osery, a Creole and friend of Josephine.

Pss. de Vaudémont. At the former we saw Genl. Colli,¹ who told us he had (with the support of Lueien) tried to soften B. with regard to Arehambaud de Perigord,² but ineffectually. They then applied to Madame. She follow'd B. into the other Salon, but they soon heard a great stamp and "occupez vous de vos chiffons et cessez de vous mêler de ee qui ne vous regarde pas." She came baek directly, and said: "Ce n'est pas un bon moment, il faut laisser passer l'orage." On the other hand, Colli said B. had been very generous to the K. of Sardinia's officers and servants, is giving them all Pensions. There is a report here (I do not know with what foundation) that Ld. Whitworth had had an audience to inform B. of our annexing Sardinia to our possessions; that B. immediately acquiesc'd, saying: "Vous avez bien raison. Je l'ai toujours dit et je suis echarmé qu'enfin L'Angleterre ouvre ses yeux sur ses vrais intérêts et cesse de me blâmer pour m'imiter." I believe Ld. Whitworth has seen B., but I think this speech is ben trovato piu che vero. God bless you. . . . I was at Sieard's all morning, and have a party to night, and Mr. Hunter is just setting out. I do believe here is Moreau come and I am not dress'd.

Jan^y 20, 1803.

My party went off very well, and my company are but just gone (past three). I lik'd it from Moreau's happening to come before any body else and talking to me so much. His first appearance marks only extreme simplicity, a look of great sweetness and bonhomie, and perhaps a little Heaviness; but when he talks on subjects that interest him (which he does very freely) his countenance animates, his eyes sparkle, and he is quite a different creature. I shall try to write down some of our conversation while I remember it, as I thought it very interesting at the time. It began on the difference of the bal masqué here and in England, the company that went, and my regretting not having known Mad. Tallien to talk to. He said few women had had it in their power to do so much good, or seiz'd so eagerly every opportunity of doing it as she had, and that none almost of men or women had met with more ingratitude. I told him I should prefer a thousand times seeing Mad. Cabarrus³ to

¹ General Baron de Colli (1760-1812), originally in the service of the King of Sardinia, then of the Pope, after the Treaty of Tolentino, without employment, and supposed to have been of considerable secret service to Bonaparte, from whom he received a pension. He was of a very dissipated character. He married, when very young, a sister of the poet Alfieri. His son entered the service of Napoleon.

² Arehambaud de Talleyrand Périgord (b. 1762), a younger brother of Talleyrand's. One of his descendants was created Due de Montmorency by Napoleon III. in 1864.

³ Madame Cabarrus, the lately divorced Madame Tallien.

Mad. de Talleyrand, yet that she was courted while the other was shunn'd. He said neither would have been proper companions for me at any time, but l'étiquette oblige de voir l'une tandis que L'Autorité a écrasé l'autre, tho' the latter had sav'd Buonaparte's life, and Mad. Buonaparte was once on the footing of her humble companion, and ow'd her every thing. I blam'd Mad. B.'s forsaking her under such circumstances. "Que voulez vous," he answer'd, "elle est bonne femme mais elle ne peut rien. C'est une esclave tremblante devant un Maître sévère ou pour micux dire c'est la première Esclave de son Pays car nous le sommes tous. Elle a bien de la peine à se soutenir elle même." That at the time he was friends with Buonaparte she often used to apply to him (Moreau) for any trifle she wanted done. That when he ask'd, B. always answered: "Comment est ce que, ce que vous me demandez, peut vous regarder, je gage que c'est ma femme qui vous en a prié." And if he could not persuade him to the contrary, the thing never was done. That while he was in Egypt Joseph B., who does not like her, and would like B. to be divorce'd, kept her so poor, in hopes of her committing some sottise qui la feroi disgracier, that she has still debts unpaid that she incurr'd at that time, and that once when Lucien declar'd his intention of urging his Brother to part with her, M. told him: "C'est un Mauvais Caleul que vous faite là. Votre belle Sœur est, douee et bonne, vous n'en trouverez pas la pareille. Mais si votre frère épouse une jeune femme Ambitieuse qui aura des enfants, en serez vous plus près de régner?" Moreau added: "J'eus à peine dit ce mot que toute la figure de Lucien se renversa. Il rêva quelque temps profondément puis me dit. 'Je n'ai nul ambition de régner aussi il ne s'agit pas de cela. Mais je erois que vous avez raison, Mad. B. convient à mon frère, il pouvoit ehoisir plus mal.'" And from that time it is Lucien who constantly opposes the divorcee. "Ce divorcee que le Pape seul peut accorder aujourd'hui, et qu'il accordera facilement sans doute, à son bon Maître le Consul très Chrétien." I tell you in French, because I am trying to recollect as nearly as I can his expressions and what led to the different things he told me. The reason they wish'd to part him from Mad. B. was for great alliances pour ennoblir la famille. I ask'd if B. cared much about family and title. "C'est une petitessc qu'il a appris de sa grandeur. L'on conçoit à peine que le même Génie puisse embrasser le gouvernement d'un Empire et celui des *Almanachs*." I ask'd what he meant. "Maret m'a avoué que c'étoit de l'ordre exprès de Buonaparte que St. Napoléone fut mit, à la place de St. Roeh et nulle Reine nommée puisque sa femme ne pouvoit l'être,

c'est avec tout cela qu'il retrécit son génie et mine son pouvoir."

In talking of the unnecessary acts of oppression, and my wondering he did not try more to make himself belov'd, Moreau said:

"Il ne le désire seulement pas, il n'oublie jamais qu'il est Corse, que la Corse a été asservie par la France, et je puis vous assurer qu'il n'y a rien qu'il déteste au monde plus que les François, votre Nation seule exceptée. Car pour les Anglois c'est bien radicalement du cœur qu'il les hait." (Me): "Rivalité de pouvoir apparemment." (M.): "Point du tout Madame, je

sais ce que peu de personnes savent, les vraies raisons de sa haine, j'ai surpris ce secret tandis que je le voyois encore. Ce n'est ni votre Marine, ni votre Commerce ni votre pouvoir, ni même vos Greville et vos Windham qui causent sa haine, c'est votre représentation populaire, votre beau gouvernement raisonnablement libre qui prêche tout contre le sien. Voilà ce qui le dépote. Il hait la Liberté, et tout ce qui en porte l'empreinte lui déplaît." (This cannot be word for word, but I am sure

it is very near, for I listen'd attentively on purpose, and have it still sounding to me.) I question'd him as to the beginning of B.'s power, whether he had plann'd what he did before he left Egypt. "J'en suis certain. Mais si je m'étois douté

jusqu'ou il portoit son Ambition. Jamais il n'auroit été ce qu'il est." (Me): "Comment pouviez vous l'en empêcher?" (M.): "Comment?—comment pouvoit il rien sans moi? Madame

oublie apparemment cette partie de notre histoire, j'étois à la tête d'une armée triomphante, qui m'adoroit et m'obéissoit aveuglément, je ne me vante pas, demandez à tous mes Camarades vous en êtes entourés, tous vous diront la même chose. Aussi jamais homme ne mit en œuvre plus de souplesse et d'artifice qu'il ne fit pour me tromper. Cet homme, le plus adroit comme le plus Ambitieux, paroissoit auprès de moi le plus Modeste, et le plus modéré des êtres, ne respirant que le bien de son pays." I told him I knew but little of that time, and begg'd him to give me an account of what pass'd. He did so from the beginning, and if you think it too long only remember you bid me, and that writing it to you is the most likely means of remembering what is certainly interesting from such a quarter.

24. Monday.

I was so overcome with sleep that I could not go on, and knowing my letter could not go by the post made me delay finishing the Volumes I began. This is so long already that I will not go on with my story now, but will either write it you next opportunity or tell it when we meet, which I hope will be soon. Since I began this I have twice seen Moreau,

and had more conversation with him. I also saw Lannes¹ and Kellerman at Berthier's, and the day before yesterday met with Joseph Buonaparte in the Gallery. I went by appointment to meet Denon on a day it was not publicly open, and found two men with him I took for painters, and Sol says made a little eurtzey de protection to them. I did not hear the name Denon said, and one of them told me I was late, that M. Denon had been expecting me with great impatience. I talk'd to him a little about the pictures, and rather pertly, I am afraid, as I was surpris'd at his knowing so little about them, and a little provok'd at his manner of looking and speaking, which I thought too familiar. I ask'd Denon his name, and when he told me it seem'd to me so comical that I quite pirouetted round with it. He has a pleasing Countenance, but does not look like a gentleman, a reserv'd cold manner which joins great plainness with some thing a little princely. . . . Nothing will hinder our immediate return but Ld. B. or Sol. having the gout, and I am sorry to say they are both quite lame to-day, but Lord B. says his is only owing to a cold and Sol his to having hurt his foot yesterday. . . .

23 Jan^y, 1803.

. . . I must repeat a dialogue Mr. Hare has just told us. It is Borino² tout pur. He met Mr. Hare in the bois de Boulogne, and ask'd him how he would say "Are you going?" in French. Mr. H.: "Not as I heard a German yesterday say to a Lady, 'Allez vous en, Princesse. I believe I should say, 'Vous vous en allez donc?'" B.: "No, that is wrong; I have a systematic objection to that form founded on an anecdote. I went to see the glass manufactory, which I was told was an unhealthy trade. I meant to ascertain delicately whether this was so, and said, 'Vous ne trouvez pas ce métier mal sain?' They answer'd, 'Vous savez mieux que nous apparemment car nous trouvons que oui.' Shock'd to find I had offended, I determin'd from that time never to *Predicate when I meant to Interrogate*!" This is a long story, but very good in its way, I think, especially with Hare's telling. . . . I send you Volumes by the courier. My journal for this last three days is: Friday, Berthier's ball, where I had a great deal of conversation with Moreau, Lannes, Berthier and Caffarelli. Saturday, got up early to see the Tribunat meet the 2d Pluviose, and where I saw Boissy d'Anglas.³ Went to the Luxembourg and saw the fine Rubens

¹ Jean Lannes (born 1769, killed at Essling 1819) began life as a dyer; joined General Bonaparte in 1795; distinguished himself in Italy. In 1801 was sent Ambassador to Lisbon, recalled in 1804, and created Duc de Montebello.

² Lord Boringdon.

³ François Antoine, Comte de Boissy d'Anglas (1756-1826); throughout the Revolutionary frenzy displayed great firmness and courage, with a disinterested

and the Teniers, and the salon du Sénat Conservateur, where the directory us'd to set. Sit at home quietly in the eveg with G., who is not well, and Bess, who is very low. Today Ld. B. was not quite well, and I staid at home to nurse him, and went in the eveg with G. and Sol to the play. We brought home Ld. Bor. and M. de Mun to supper and Ld. Lauderdale. The latter tells me the person who us'd to be call'd *the Don*¹ has declar'd himself of your party, or rather of Ld. Grenville's. Is this so? Ld. Bor. sat with me after supper, and was so kind and good natur'd I half repent having told you the Predicate story. . . . La Fayette is just come to Paris. I hope Sol will not object to my seeing him. . . .

Jany. 25th, 1803.

This will be but a dab, as I write again by the Courier, and it is late, but I must thank you for the kind expression in your last letter, dated *Thursday*, I suppose the 20th. . . . Your Mother's Pelisse is order'd. I was a long time deciding whether it should be fumée de Londre or terre d'Egypte. The three other new Colours are Cheveux de Nègres, gris Antique et point du jour. I wrote to you last night, and believe I told you Sol and I went in the morning to see the Invalides. The Dome is fine and surrounded with standards (but one English one, thank Heaven!). In one part of the Church there is an allegorical picture of the 16th of August which was plac'd there at the time; but the first High Mass which was said since Mass is reestablish'd the Priest desir'd to have it veil'd, which it is, and we hear is soon to be remov'd with every thing of the same kind. Assistance is given to 4,000 Invalides who are lodg'd there. How many have we at Chelsea? In the evg Mr. Hare, M. de Narbonne, Chauvelin, and Montmorency came. I told you last night, I think, that in coming down from the Invalides Sol felt some approaches of the Gout. He is very lame, and Ld. B. not well. To-day I only went a moment to Liguereux² to see some beautiful bronzes, and return'd to nurse the sick. In the Eveg Ld. Lauderdale, Ld. Bor., M. Hochet, and M. La Fayette came. They tell me Mr. Edgeworth is return'd; he had receiv'd an order to quit Paris in 24 hours, but at Ld. Whitworth's request is allow'd to remain, as no reason was given, only a supposition of his being Brother to the Abbé Edgeworth was mention'd. . . .

love of liberty. Had been a member of the States-General, 1789; member of the National Convention, of the Committee of Public Safety, and the Council of Five Hundred. He was chosen President of the "Tribunat" in 1803.

¹ Lord Moira.

² The successor of Laguerre, a shop for bronzes and furniture.

27 Jan^y.

We were to set off Friday sennight; it is put off a few days, if we are not *sent away*. Do not say this to any body, and I will tell you more of it next Courier, but Buonaparte fancies we not only are not presented out of enmity to his court, but that we have prevented the Dss. of Somerset and Georgiana. In short, there has been a great piece of work, but I cannot tell you now.

31 Jan^y, 1803.

I shall keep all the history of my Scrapes till I see you, but I am afraid it cuts off our seeing St. Cloud. If it is necessary to do as the Dss. of G. does to be in favour, I have no chance. I thought her very servile attendance on Mad. Louis Buonaparte bad enough, as literally the Dame d'honneur who is just appointed to Mad. Louis is not half so assiduous in holding up her train, giving her her shawl, &c., as the Dss.; but all this is matter of *taste*. What put me in a fury was her speech to Mad. de Talleyrand three nights ago. Mad. T. said she thought the 1st Consul might go to Marescalchi's¹ to celebrate his being made Chief of the Italian republick, as it could happen but once, and could not be a precedent to oblige him to go elsewhere. The Dss. answer'd: "Au contraire, cela arrivera très souvent chez les Ministres de toutes les Nations de l'Europe, et bientôt je crois que nous irons célébrer *la même fête* chez le Ministre D'Angleterre." Ld. Lauderdale exclaim'd quite loud in his broad Scotch: "Hoot! The woman's *Mad.*" We went the day before yesterday to the Ministre de la Marine. His Hotel is one of the finest at Paris; it was very magnificent, every body being full dress'd (as they must be at all the Ministers' here), and Madame B. and Mad. Louis were both there, Mad. B. quite enthron'd. She had a rich Embroider'd chair a little rais'd. Behind her stood two Ladies of Honour,² the 2 Préfets du Palais, Genl. Caffarelli in full uniform, and the Master of the House all over embroidery. The people who knew her, Ladies and Gentlemen, went up behind her chair to her. She did not get up, but only bow'd and talk'd a

¹ Ferdinand Maresealehi (1764-1806), Italian diplomatist. When the French entered Italy he declared himself in their favour. Bonaparte treated him with much confidence. In 1799 he was sent by the Cisalpine republic as its Minister Plenipotentiary to Vienna, but the Emperor refused to receive him. He supported with all his strength the nomination of the First Consul to the Presidency of the Italian Republic. With the Cardinal Caraffa he drew up the terms of the Concordat signed at Paris on the 16th September, 1803, between Rome and the Italian Republic, and when this was transformed into a kingdom, he became its representative in Paris until the Emperor's abdication, when Marie Louise appointed him Governor of the Grand Duchy of Parma. He was created Count in 1803.

² Madame Bonaparte's ladies at this time (1803) were Madame de Remusat, Madame de Talhouet, Madame de Luçay (wife of the Préfet of the Palais), and Madame de Lauriston.

few words to each. Her countenance and manner are very pleasing, but she seems embarrass'd and as if she did not know exactly what to do. The rest of the Ladies sat in a Circle round her. I was directly opposite and feeling very awkward, for I hear so much good of this woman, and I believe her to be so much to be pitied, that I hate appearing rude to her; yet there is but one civility I could shew her, and that from the first I had determin'd not, and now even if I wish'd it, it would appear like fear. Mad. B. was magnificently dress'd; it look'd exactly (barring hoops) like a court ball at St. James's. She got up about one, was handed out by the Master of the House, and follow'd by her Ladies and Préfets. In talking of it last night to La Fayette and Narbonne, La F. said: "C'est fort—car assurément si quelqu'un avoit droit à tous les hommages c'étoit la Reine—et elle venoit au bal eomme tout le monde." Narb.: "Ah! les Arts se perfectionnent." La F.: "Oui—et tout le monde n'est pas fait au Métier de Reine, la perfeetion dépassée on tombe dans le Concetti." Narb.: "Peu à peu on apprend son Métier, les danseurs de Corde, au commencement, vont toujours trop haut ou trop bas, ce n'est que le temps et la pratique qui fait attraper l'aplomb." Narb.: "C'est à dire, si l'on ne se casse pas le cou en attendant." My letters are a little in the style of Miss Byron's in Sr. Charles Grandison, with Dialogues. I remember thinking it very unnatural formerly, but since I write so much to you I begin to find it the best way. He said, and he answered, and the other replied, &c., &c., make such confusion it is impossible to tell a story, and then, tho' possibly a long dialogue may not be quite so correet, it is nearly so generally, and it helps the power of remembering very much to know you are to endeavour to write down what you hear. I shall soon reckon myself fitted to write the Debates for the Morning Chronicle, and beg to be employ'd. I have great doubt of obtaining an English Ship, and find it is very unwillingly Ld. Whitworth asks for it. He says we oblige him to put to the test what he fears will be refus'd, but what he wishes to believe cannot be, and that like many other things by way of believing he has the power he has avoided trying whether he had or no. I was willing to give it up, but Sol is so high Minded, and says it ought to be ascertained, as it is one of his priveleges. I told you last night Ld. Bor. was going to Spain, which he announc'd to the Hollands yesterday, but today he tells me his plans were alter'd, and he had determin'd to return to England. . . .

No more news from Nice. How I dread the next letter.

In the Argus today there is a formal invitation to all the British Sailors to imitate the example of Parker¹ and bring their Vessels into Brest.

¹ Allusion to the mutiny at the Nore.

Feb'y. 1st, 1803.

We have been very near burnt to death since I wrote last. A great smell of fire alarm'd us, and on opening Sally's room we found the bed in flames. Sally, with great courage, ran in and threw the carpet on the bed, and with the help of the other servants who came flocking in extinguished it before it reached the Ceiling. Nous en sommes quitte with the loss of the bed and the greatest part of my wardrobe, which is rather hard upon me, as I am very poor, and cannot afford to replace the losses. It was lucky, however, that more mischief was not done. Your letter of to-night is delightful, tho' short. . . . I must not quote your letter, but how strongly it proves what I was disputing this evening. M. de Narbonne, La Fayette, Mun, and A. Montmorency had been making me most violent compliments à propos of Moreau's having prais'd me extremely to his wife and Mad. de Noailles. Ld. Lauderdale said I should find conversation very flat in England when I miss'd this constant applause, which led to a long discussion of whether English or French flatter'd most. Every one else was clear for the French. I maintain'd that tho' very pleasant, even outré as it is, the constant compliments took off from the possibility of being flatter'd, but that one word of approbation where it came but seldom, and when it bore the appearance of sincerity, flatter'd almost too much, and was ten times more dangerous. In the midst Ld. Bor. call'd me out to give me your letter, and I felt the truth of my assertion to the bottom of my heart. I was at Genl. Moreau's last night, and like both him and her extremely. She dresses beautifully—Sol says, better than any body he ever saw. Genl. Moreau and Macdonald presented me to Bernadotte,¹ Latouche,² and Kellerman; the first of these has a tremendous countenance. This morning the Abbé Sicard brought the famous Massieux;³ the two Montmorencys, Adrien and Mathieu,⁴ came with them. It was extremely interesting, and I was delighted with the facility with

¹ Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, later Charles John XIV., King of Sweden (1764-1844), son of a lawyer at Pau, in Bearne; received a good education, and was designed for the Bar, but gave up his studies and enlisted; served under Custine. Between him and Napoleon there was a constant feeling of distrust and dislike; nevertheless he obtained his Marshal's staff under the Consulate, and was created Prince of Ponte Corvo in 1806. A brilliant and humane soldier. He was chosen as the successor of Charles XIII. of Sweden. Napoleon was with difficulty persuaded to consent to Bernadotte becoming Crown Prince. He will be mentioned again later on in these letters.

² Louis Levassor de Latouche-Tréville (1745-1804), an Admiral; in 1799 he commanded the flotilla at Boulogne, which was twice attacked by Nelson in 1801.

³ Massieux, l'Abbé Sicard's most intelligent deaf and dumb pupil.

⁴ Vicomte Mathieu de Laval Montmorency (1760-1826), cousin of Adrien. In his youth adopted revolutionary principles, which he gave up after the execution of his brother, the Abbé Laval.

which I made Mass. understand me; his intelligence and quickness is wonderful. The abbé's manner of teaching is the cleverest and most ingenious I ever saw, but he is a terrible Charlatan and talks intolerably. Amongst various questions, Massieux was ask'd what was la bienfaisance. He answer'd: *Le besoin de faire du bien—et l'exécution*. When they were gone M. de Narbonne said: "One should describe the Abbé Sicard's Character by le besoin de parler—et l'exécution."

Feb. 10th.

Thursday we din'd at Mad. Récamier's. A dull dinner, except that part of the time Junot and Berthier entertain'd me with giving accounts of their rise in life. Junot's I had heard, and I think told you once before. He avows without difficulty his being Rohan's son, and tells with great simplicity his owing his fortune to a quick answer. His nom de guerre was La Tempête, and as B.'s hand always shakes too much to allow him to write legibly, he call'd La Tempête, the serjeant on duty, to write for him. While he was doing so, a cannon ball cover'd them with gun powder, and knock'd Junot down, who said as he rose: "C'est à propos, je cherchois du sable pour sécher ma lettre." . . . Poor La Fayette's Hip is quite smash'd; he will be estropié even if his life is sav'd. For Heaven's sake, be careful in this frost; it is like walking on ice every where. . . .

The report to day is a new order of honour, the ribbon and star of St. Napoléon.

Feb. 11th, 1803.

This will be but a shabby letter, both from the lateness and having no paper. Our journey is put off till Monday, and perhaps will till Friday, so pray continue to write. I hope your tooth ache is quite gone. We had nearly the same party to night as last, only a few more—Ld. and Ly. Carrington, Mr. Stopford, Mmes. Ségur and Divoff, M. de Narbonne, Camille Jordan, Lally, M. de Mun, Denon, and Chauvelin. They were extremely pleasant, and Sol as much as any of them, and talking a great deal. We had endless anecdotes told us which I will try to remember for you, but which were not worth writing. M. de Narbonne told us that when Alfieri was attack'd upon his change of sentiments since the beginning of the revolution, he answer'd: "C'est que je connoissais les grands alors, et je ne connoissois pas les petits." They staid talking and laughing and singing till past three, and it is now past four. . . . Poor La Harpe died this Morning, and de Lille¹ is very ill, on ne voit que mort et mourant. . . . Are you very busy, and shall I read of you as speaking soon?

¹ Jacques Delille (1738-1813), a poet, sometimes called l'Abbé, as he possessed l'Abbaye de St. Séverin; he was blind during his later years.

15th Feb^y, 1803.

I am afraid, my Dear G., you will think me very remiss in writing, but these few last days have been so hurried that it was scarce possible to have a moment. We are still waiting for the answer concerning a ship, but Ld. Whitworth has not yet obtain'd one, as no English ship can be allow'd to sail without the 1st Consul's particular permission, and the first Consul is, unluckily, out of humour, on which occasions none of his Ministers, or even his own family or his wife, dare speak to him on any subject. Ce n'est pas aimable; never was there any character that united such contrasts of greatness and littleness, never one that arousd admiration and contempt, compassion and indignation, so much as this man. I am afraid all this foolish newspaper squabble and his extreme annoyance will end in war, and I cannot imagine that even you should wish that. Yesterday we din'd at M. de Mun's. Besides our own party we had Ld. Lauderdale, the Noailles, Lally, Ad. Montmorency, M. de Bouillé, and Narbonne. The dinner was very pleasant and *very good*, but afterwards when we were going they whisper'd me that if I would ask Lally to sing he knew some very pretty Vaudevilles that I should like to hear. I did so, and he sung some eleverish verses really very complimentary on our going, and an attack on Sol as the person most in a hurry. We went afterwards to a ball at Mad. De Luynes', all aneien régime but very magnifieent. M. de Narbonne told me of a pretty speech of B.'s to the Swedish Ambassador complaining of some incivility to the French Minister at Stockholm. He said: "Votre Roi par hazard se cômpteroit-il pour quelque chose parmi les pouvoirs de L'Europe? Il se trompe bien et je veux qu'il sache que mon Ambassadeur (c'est à dire, L'Ambassadeur de la Nation Française) doit être traité partout avec le respect dû au premier pouvoir du Monde." I must tell you a speech of a different kind which I think good. When Adair was here in one of his dangerous fits and a little drunk, he was holding forth upon the state of Slavery of England and the destruction of all freedom. Camille Jordan said to him: "En vérité Monsieur quand un Anglois vient à Paris nous parler de l'esclavage de l'Angleterre c'est pousser l'ironie trop loin." We are going to Phèdre, and as Bess goes for the first time, I am anxious not to make her wait. Tell my Sister I could not write by to night's post, but hope to find a letter from her at Dover by Monday or Tuesday sennight at latest. We set out Thursday or Friday sans faute. . . .

Feb. 17.

I write you sad letters now, but consider that, besides hurry, I never hear, which, tho' not your fault, is terribly discouraging. We have no answer concerning the ship, and have determin'd to wait for it till Sunday, and no longer. It is now three weeks since we first ask'd, but *vuolsi eosi eolà dove si puo quel ehè si vuolc*¹, for the leave must be granted by him. Mengaud² has written to Ld. Whitworth to say no recommendation from him or the French Ambassador will do, unless countersign'd at St. Cloud. I told you the story of the Swedish Minister, but believe this is more exact. The French Minister at Stoekholm wrote to complain that Mr. Arbuthnot was invited to dine with Prince William at the Palace, and he not; and Buonaparte, on seeing the Swedish Minister, said quite loud to him: "On me fait des plaintes de Stoekholm, je veux que mon Ambassadeur soit traité partout comme celui de la première Nation du Monde. Votre Roi par hazard oublie t'il qu'il ne peut se compter que parmi les troisièmes puissances de L'Europe? et qu'il ne doit pas tenir le nez si haut." The Ambassador attempted some answer, but he interrupted with: "Monsieur W. (I forget the name), J'ai de l'estime pour vous personnellement commẽ partieulier, mais comme Ministre de Suède, partez quand il vous plaît, vous êtes parfaitement libre." He is extremely out of humour with the Articles in the Morning Post and Chronicle—the former with reason, I think. It is impossible to help it, but it seems to me very blackguard and illiberal to attack a woman to plague her Husband, and to attack her for faults which every woman would willingly get rid of if she could—viz., being neither young nor handsome. I think it worse in this instance because she is already oppress'd enough, and yet generally belov'd for her extreme goodness and humility, and for the courage with which she has often expos'd herself to his fury, to save others. A little time ago he was so angry with her that he threaten'd to send her away, but told Beauharnais that he should remain with him and be the first man in France. Beauharnais answer'd with great Spirit: "*Là ou sera ma Mère, je resterai, et je partagerai son sort quel qu'il soit—voilà tout.*" We had a good many very pleasant people to supper last night, and are going today to a large party to Mad. Campan³ at St. Germain. Wednesday we shall be at Calais, and Friday, I hope, in London.

¹ Slightly altered line from Dante's "Inferno," meaning "It is so willed there, where is power to do that which is willed."

² See note to letter, 10th December, 1802, p. 373.

³ Jeanne Louise H. Genest, Madame Campan (1752-1822); was reader to the aunts of Louis XVI., and later attached to the household of Marie Antoinette, to whom she showed some devotion. After the Revolution she started a school for young ladies. She wrote a book on the education of women and "*Mémoires of Marie Antoinette.*"

PECQUIGNY,¹

*Wednesday, Feby. 23, 1803. In the worst
Inn and worst room, &c.*

I write to you to soothe myself, and for the same reasons that the Gentleman (who persists in sitting with us) sings, pour passer le temps. We left Amiens about two hours ago, meaning to go on to Calais without stopping. When five or six miles from hence our carriage broke again² in the way it had before; we were oblig'd to jump out in the dirty road in the middle of rain and mud. Thomas was gone forward for horses; we dispatch'd the other footman to a smith's. Ld. B. made Caro and me get into the chaise and drive forward to the post, to send back Thomas and help, and staid himself with the maids to take care of the coach and baggage. We arriv'd, and did as we were bid in a great hurry, without once considering that we were left at the mercy of a set of the strangest-looking people you ever saw. We were establish'd in a very dirty Kitchen, with all the postilions and some men smoking. On asking for another room, the only other in the whole place was shown us, where we now are; it is up a ladder, the bed form'd of a rug, and shar'd with the chickens. Another rug covers a provision of mellow apples; the light is admitted thro' oil'd paper, part of which is torn and stopped with dirty rags, some more of which ornament the room by being hung across it on a string—to dry, I suppose. Bad as all this is, we could have borne it patiently; but our Host (who looks not unlike the Man in Raymond and Agnes) will sit with us, and two other men have scrambled up the ladder first to stare at us et puis pour nous tenir compagnie, and I feel half frighten'd. This is the 1st day of Lent, and thro' all the Villages people dress'd up in Masks and black crape are burying a figure which they call'd Mardi gras; they have all been here, and after embracing the woman of the House and her Children, came up the ladder, and wanted to do us the same favour. I felt extremely frighten'd, but told them as civilly as I could that it was not the custom in England, and I hop'd they would excuse us. I offer'd them a Louis, which they were so much pleas'd with that they contented themselves with kissing my hand; but there was so much whispering between them and the Master of the House that I was convinc'd we were to be murder'd for our money; and I told them in a great hurry that I would have given more but that I had no money about me, as everything was in the broken carriage. I will not fatigue you with more details of our misfortunes, but here we are still. We came at ten; it is now five, mi muoio di paura; but I must not discourage Caro, who,

¹ Pecquigny or Picquigny, on the Somme, near Amiens.

² It had done so at St. Denis on Sunday, the day they started, and they were oblig'd to return to Paris.

however, at present thinks of nothing but being famish'd. as there is literally *nothing* to eat, for the eggs, cheesc, and brown bread were consum'd by the Masks.

BOULOGNE,
Friday.

I am in despair, but that you may pity me properly I shall go on with our adventures and disasters as they happen'd. Ld. B. arriv'd soon after I stopp'd writing, and after satisfying the most extravagant charges, we went on to Abbeville, where we got about nine. The smith was sent for to repair what had been tied up with ropes, &c.; he undertook to finish in half an hour, and we hurried our dinner to be ready, and sat waiting till near three in the morning, when off we went again very tired with not having gone to bed. Within two leagues from Montreuil I was wak'd with a cry from the postilion behind, with *Prenez garde—la roue, la roue!* Ld. B. look'd, instantly jump'd out; with the help of the servants they held the coach up till we got out, and there we were again in the middle of the road with the wheel off. Caro, Mary, and I got into a cart, and went on to Montreuil, where we staid till six in the evening; we were then assur'd all was so safe we might travel round Europe without breaking, but, alas! had scarcely proceeded three miles when the same thing happen'd; we were oblig'd to pass another night sitting up watching and expecting to go, which we did about two in the morning; but on turning in to the Inn here, Duncannon's Chaise, is, we find, in the same state—the axle-tree broken and the wheel off. A note from G. informs me they are waiting for us at Calais. Shall I see you again? I begin to doubt it, and have mauvois augure for the Voyage.

CALAIS,
Saturday.

Evoci al fine we came yesterday evening and found the Morpeths. We cannot get an English ship, and you will hear from Ld. Yarborough, if you meet with him, how little promising the French ones are. However, we have engag'd *La Renommée*, and Capt. Sampson, I hope, will go with us, tho' the French capn does not like it much. It blows a hurricane at present, and did all yesterday, so that whenever we sail we shall have the pleasure of a swell.

CHAPTER XI

1803

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE

WHILE Lady Bessborough was in Paris, Lord Granville, kept at home owing to his father's illness, had been closely in touch with Mr. Canning in his endeavour to persuade Mr. Pitt to come out of his retirement. A detailed account of this attempt and its failure is given by Lord Malmesbury in his Diaries.

The Peace concluded at Amiens came to an end, and war with France was declared on 18th May.

During this year Lord Granville was paying great attention to Lady Sarah Fane, and his mother was extremely anxious to promote this marriage. Only a few out of the large number of letters, both from her and from Lady Bessborough, relating to the subject are given. It appears doubtful if a courtship which required so much advice and prompting can have been a very whole-hearted one. Whatever Lord Granville's feelings may have been when his rival Lord Villiers proved the favoured suitor, it is impossible not to think that he must in later years have rejoiced at his failure.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Saturday Night (perhaps March).

I have not any Thing to say, and yet I like to write to you. I like to tell you that I love you, and that I think more of you and your *Grand-Affair* than is either useful, or than can in any Way advance it. I hope *Arrivals* will not *slacken* nor cool your Attentions; there is no Doubt that Enemies may urge that the real Attachment is come from the Continent. In a Letter this

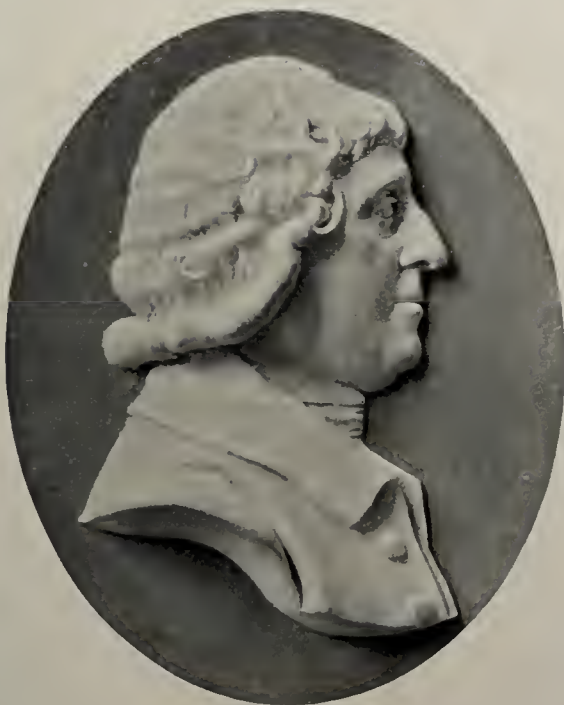
Post, "It is a Pity that *People* are return'd from the Continent, as Opportunities *are* taken to remind Ly. S. F. of Ld. G.'s attachment to that Person." I am truly concern'd that Mr. Pitt has again been very ill, with the Inflammation in his Bowels. We cannot do without him, and I hope in God that he will get quite well, and soon be call'd to his proper Situation. Were not Lord Spencer's and Lord Grenville's Speeches on Wednesday much approved of? They express'd the same Sentiments, which they have profess'd ever since they have been out of Office, and no Peevishness, nor *Aigreur*, but what might have been expected from their Heads and their Principles. My Lord's Cough is much better, and his Pulse very good; he is vastly pleased with Lord Gower's Legacy.¹ In a Letter I have from Lady Sutherland, she says in a Postscript: "Granville seems to be really happy at his Brother's good Fortune." As if she could have doubted that it would not be a very sensible Satisfaction to you! You must have had a most detestable envious Temper had you not, *most thoroughly*, rejoiced, and been delighted with it. . . .

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

TRENTHAM,
Wednesday, ye 23d.

This Evening my Pelisse arrived; it is exactly what I like, and not one Bit too large. Pray thank Lady Bes. a thousand Times, and tell her how much I like it, and pray take Money in your Pocket to pay it *without Delay*, and be as expeditious in calling for the Money, as I told you in my last, for I want to have the Acct. of my Bills all settled in a few Days. And I want a *long* and comfortable Letter from you. Have you read the Articles sign'd at the Cape? Mr. Cobbett will find Food there for his next News-Paper? Lord Carlisle speaks away, at a great Rate, in the H. of Lords. Should he make Motions without knowing whether or no his Friends will second or support him? I do not understand these Matters, but it appears to me like the shewing an Inclination to do what he does not know how to execute, and of Consequence not to his Advantage as a Politician. I thought not to mention what I have so much at Heart, fearing to *worry* you; but upon second Thoughts, I believe it must be the most pleasing Subject to you, for I know you are attached to her;

¹ Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater (1736-1803), died unmarried 8th March. This was the last and celebrated Duke, of the Bridgewater Canal, who had amassed immense wealth. He left the greater part of it to his nephew, George Granville, Earl Gower, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, with reversion to the second son, Lord Francis. The Duke of Bridgewater had wished to marry Elizabeth Gunning, and is supposed to have remained single for her sake.



GRANVILLE, FIRST MARQUIS OF STAFFORD

From the original by Wedgwood

[To face p. 416, Vol. I.]

and though sometimes Jealousy may make you see things in a false Medium, yet you must feel that you have Cause to hope, and you cannot but be pleased to read or to hear any thing of the Object of your Affections, and I do hear that though there is not any Certainty, yet Spectators fancy you the favor'd Lover, and take Occasion to report how much Lord Villiers is to be pitied, for that he is really and truly in Love with her, and scruples not to own himself miserable, but that you are attach'd elsewhere and follow her for her Fortune. This very ill natured, false Report, though it provokes me, yet to me it proves that his *Aiders* and *abettors* think you have the Preference in her affection, and so I trust you have. Do not allow a *Dash* of Jealousy to poison your Mind, but go on in following her, talking to her, and paying her every Attention in your Power. You may be agitated with Hopes, Fears, and anxious Doubts—all who truly love experience these contending Plagues; you are therefore as well off as any of your Sex ever were whilst in that State of Uncertainty. So Good Night, my beloved Granville.

P.S.—Do not forget to *pay* the Pelisse, with my best Acknowledgements. It was *very, very* Good in Lady Bes. to trouble herself to condescend to make my old Carcass warm and comfortable.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Friday, 1803.

Indeed, I would on no account have had you stay; besides the pleasure it will give your Parents, I am sure it is the best thing you could do for *Sally*.¹ But, by the by, my Sister's expression in a letter I had from her today is that she (*Sally*) was *agacéing* you all the time at the conjuror's; and Harriet,² in a letter to Caro, says: "I never saw anything so coquettish as Ly. S. F.'s manner to Ld. G. Wednesday night; she never took her eyes off him, and I am sure saw nothing that was going on. He seem'd either angry or sorrowful, I do not know which." I am convince'd by all I hear that you are in a better way now than before the explanation—perhaps she feels some regrets; and it is in human nature to think more highly of the merits of what one is no longer sure of than of what is quite secur'd. Besides, if she thinks at all about you she cannot be much in love with Ld. Villiers. Real serious love completely roots out every vestige of Coquetry. She would scarcely know whether you exist, much less whether you follow her or not, and if she is not in love with him you have full as good a chance as he has—I should think better. . . .

¹ Lady Sarah Fane.

² Lady Harriet Cavendish.

Will you give a message for me to your Mother? Thank her a thousand times for her letter, and for indulging me about the Pelisse. Tell her she never can appear to me in any light but that of a Person for whom I feel the highest degree of respect and affection. Tell her that whatever may be the subject of her letters, every line of them is read by me with gratitude and pleasure, but tell her also that whatever pleasure they may give me, I am far from expecting she should trouble herself to answer any nonsensical letter I may happen to write when you are away, if I can pick up any news which I think will amuse her. Tell her all this, but soften'd down and in less familiar language, that she may not think I forget, in the kind affection I feel for her, the immense distance there is between us. Talking of news reminds me of a letter from Bess. Poor Hare is very ill again—indeed, I am afraid alarmingly so, but he does not wish it to be thought.¹ Bess says the King wrote to Ld. Whitworth to forbid his going to the Cercle if public affairs were talk'd of by Buonaparte, and that B. had sent him the assurance that they should not. They believe in Peace at Paris, *pourvu que les Anglais ne soient pas trop tenaces et le premier Consul trop Capricieux en quel cas il faudra se recommander à la Providence.* Do not you admire la Providence being the pis aller.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN BUONAPARTE AND LORD
WHITWORTH.²

B.: “J’espère que l’Ambassadrice n’est pas malade, Milord?”
Ld. W.: “Elle a été très incommodée.”

B.: “Il y a apparence qu’il y aura quelque orage, nos Arme-
ments pourtant ne sont destinés que pour les Colonies.”

Ld. W.: “Il n’y aura pas d’orage si l’Angleterre peut l’em-
pêcher.”

B. (went to speak to different people, but return’d soon to
Ld. W. and resumed): “S’il y a la guerre tout sera fini en six
mois.”

Ld. W.: “Cela se peut, je ne puis que répéter que l’Angleterre ne
desire nullement de guerroyer.”

B. (again he went to speak to different Foreigners, but in
evident agitation; he returned once more to Ld. W.): “Mais,
Milord, s’il faut la guerre, s’il faut une vengeance terrible, que le
tout reste, avant Dieu, et les hommes, avec ceux qui n’ont pas
voulu remplir le traité d’Amiens.” (In saying this he flew out
of the room with such violence that he did not give time to open
the double doors or make the smallest bow to any body.)

¹ He died at Bath the following year, 17th March, 1804.

² There is no date to above (written by Lady Bessborough), but it appears to be an account of the famous scene between Napoleon and Lord Whitworth at the Tuileries on 13th March.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

TRENTHAM.

Monday Evening is in this House always disagreeable, but more especially now, when we are all *gasping* after News, and most anxiously wishing to hear of Lord Whitworth's arrival in London; but, alas! till to Morrow we cannot know any Thing, and then we shall not know what you are all about in the H. of Commons this Day! We hope to have Letters (one from you, perhaps) to give us some Information, and I want to know that you have seen Mr. Younge, and that the Pain in your Face is gone. I write this Night for the Purpose of asking you if you have read Cobbett's last No. Can the Acct. there of our Proceedings with Malta be true?¹ I thought Addington weak, interested, and self-conceited. I did not think him a wicked Villain, but now, in my Opinion, there is not a Name bad enough for him. Such Duplicity, such Meanness, such Weakness, such Wickedness, are rarely to be met with in one Transaction. Oh, he is too bad! I cannot tell you how it roused my Lord, nor with what Anger and Detestation of so despicable a Conduct he express'd himself. "What does Granville say to this? Will it not come before the H. of Commons? Will not this damn a Man's Character? And Lord Hobart,² too!! Oh, Shame! Shame! Shame!" I told him I supposed you had not heard of it till you read it in Cobbett. "Then write to know what he thinks and hears of this base, disgraceful Transaction. It must be taken up and explain'd; the whole H. of Commons cannot overlook it!" I want to know that Lord Whitworth is in London, and that Mr. Pitt is where Providence meant he should be; so Good Night! You see I am silent; that is to say, my Pen setteth not forth how anxious I am to know that you are in better Spirits, from thinking that Things go better. I must flatter myself that your Wishes will be crown'd with Success. So Good Night! . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother at Trentham.

WHITEHALL,

Tuesday, March 29th, 1803.

. . . You will see by the Newspapers, probably, that there has been a most extraordinary Fall of the Funds this day. This circumstance is variously accounted for. Some attribute it to

¹ This refers to the demand made by the French Government in February for the speedy evacuation of Malta in compliance with one of the articles of the Treaty of Amiens, by which England was to restore the island to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The demand was refused.

² Robert, Lord Hobart (1760-1816); was Secretary for War and Colonies (1801-1804).

the Report that is Circulated of a Change of Administration, and that Mr. Pitt and more warlike Statesmen are to succeed the present Ministers. But I believe the real Reason of the Fall is that a French Broker supposed to be employed by Talleyrand has sold out to an enormous amount, and this has induced a Belief that the French Govt. means to go to war. Be the Cause what it may, it has occasioned great Sensation, and there seems to be an opinion very Prevalent that the present Ministers will not long remain in Power.

I have nothing particular to tell you of my own Pursuits, but I am inclined to despond. Not to advance is to lose Ground, and I cannot flatter myself with having in the last week advanced a Single Step.—Yours and my Father's most Dutiful and affectionate Son,

G. L. G.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

TRENTHAM,
Sunday Night, May.

We—that is to say, your Father and I—are truly glad that you spoke in the H. of Commons,¹ and more especially as we are inform'd that you did as well as possible. The Doctor's Answer proves that he thought so, for I think he has never yet answer'd any Opposition Speech with so much *Aigreur*. He was piqued, and show'd it. But could any Man have made a more foolish Speech than Mr. H. Lascelles! And he is not a Fool, is he? So War we are to have. So much the better. I have no doubt we shall do well if Mr. Pitt returns to his Place. I am more obliged to Ly. B. than I can tell you. Had it not been for her Intelligence, for her kind Attention, we should not have known of the News brought by the Courier Yesterday, nor the News of the Day before. I wish I could convey to her how much I am obliged and how good I think she is to me. My Lord is very well, with his kind Love. He hopes that whether your Motion was or was not made (what they call) in a regular Way, let not that disturb you nor prevent your continuing to give your Opinion in the H. of Commons. We are sure you will do yourself Credit; the more frequently you speak the more you speak your Sentiments in that House. How well Mr. Canning spoke on Friday! Pray remember us kindly to him. If he never thought of us his Friendship for you is Reason Sufficient for us to be interested in him. Good Night! Ever, my own Granville, Your most affte.

S. STAFFORD.

¹ A messenger was hourly expected from Lord Whitworth. On 7th May Mr. Addington moved the adjournment of the House from Friday to Monday. The Opposition wished to meet on Saturday, but were defeated. Lord Granville moved the amendment.

G. L. G. to Lady Stafford at Trentham.

Monday, 16th May, 1803.

Mr. Addington on this day brought a Message from the King announcing hostilities. The Papers, which are very numerous, are to be laid upon the table of the House of Commons on Wednesday or Thursday, and on Monday the Message is to be taken into consideration. Ministers having brought this message before Lord Whitworth's¹ arrival in England have completely contradicted themselves, when in answer to what I said they distinctly asserted the impropriety of making any communication to Parliament till their ambassador was returned.

—Pitt came from Lord Grenville's to day. His health is excellent. He will attend the Debate on Monday next, and I hope give good advice and warning to administration. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

The House was up before you return'd, but I hope you went to bed. How kind it was of you to come! Ld. J. Townshend wrote me a very entertaining account of the debate, which I keep for you. Have I a chance of seeing you tomorrow, and if so, at what time most likely? Pray tell me for a particular reason. I know our friends mean to do what is best and act conscientiously, but I wish there had been no amendment mov'd. The opening for peace was left by that boggling sentence at the end of the Declaration, and the amendment was a new plan decided after Grey went to the House, for they settled other ways at Polsden.² Had you chanc'd to meet and shew him the resolutions, especially that one which gave some hope of further openings for Peace, I am convince'd he would have voted with you and have given up to night's Motion. What makes me believe this more strongly is a letter of his to my Sis. I borrow'd it from her, and enclose you what I copied from it. (Pray do not tell her I did so, as she might be angry from there being other things in the letter, tho', as he says particularly he has no objection to his sentiments being known, I know it is doing no harm.) I mark'd one expression; it seem'd so like something you told me. And I have written to the end that you might see what he said concerning your asking after him. Mr. P. will just support Ministers enough to keep them in, but not to give them [illegible] sense or spirit enough to

¹ After presenting the ultimatum of the British Government, which was rejected, Lord Whitworth left Paris on Thursday, 12th May, and the declaration of war was announced in Parliament on the 18th.

² At this time belonged to Sheridan.

conduct a war, or wisdom and firmness enough to conclude a Peace. *Poor us*, as Hare us'd to say at Chatsworth. . . . I am fast asleep, but, like a second Mr. Werther, wear out my eyes and pens in lamenting the misfortunes of my Country.

This letter and enclosure are undated, but it appears probable that they were written in 1803, and possibly the amendment alluded to may have been the one moved by Grey on Lord Hawkesbury's Address to the Crown on 23rd May, assuring the King of determined support in the war, but lamenting the failure of his attempts to maintain peace.

Charles Grey to Duchess of Devonshire.

I can tell you very little, as I did not go to Polsden, and there is very little to be told. Nothing material could pass there, as it was not possible that we should determine absolutely what to do to day till we had seen the Address. As to our general opinions, you know them. I cannot say I build as much as you do upon Windham's Speech. I see little prospect of any support from that quarter, and little likelihood of good any where. It is obvious that if the oppositions cannot agree between them, Addington must stand. Such an agreement from the course things are now taking seems hardly to be hoped; but I have no hesitation in saying (and you are at Liberty to tell it to whom you please) that no recollection of former political differences should have prevented my giving a cordial and unequivocal support to any set of Men who had adopted a line of Policy which appeared to me suited to the present circumstances of the country. I mean that, in my opinion, war might have been avoided and that Peace might still be made without any sacrifice of the honour of the country, and that an attempt for that purpose should be made, or at least *some disposition expressed which might encourage fresh ouvertures* from the Enemy. In this (from all that I have observ'd) I am afraid there is no chance of agreement. And if the Administration and the new opposition are both equally bent on war at all events, and it only becomes a Contest between them who shall conduct it, it is a dispute in which I shall take comparatively a very small interest, and certainly shall not engage. I am sorry I could not call yesterday, and hope that you did not wait long; but I was very much engag'd all the Morning, and so unwell in the Evening that I did not go even to Polsden. When you say your Sister told you Ld. Granville enquired after me, do you mean that he wanted to speak to me? I hope there is no scrape—nothing

about your sister or any folly of Hecca's?¹ I will come if I can to see the dancing; but in that case Whitbread and my Sister will come with me. And I beg there may be no particular conversation between us. I have written this at length purposely to avoid the temptation to any, for you forget that the subject is immaterial if we are seen in a long whisper together. Could Ld. Granville have any thing of a Political nature to say to me? I would most willingly have met him, and if he had any thing of that sort to suggest would have been quite open with him. Is he likely to be at your House today, and do you know any thing about it? Or was it simply asking for me?

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,
June 14, 1803.

. . . I cannot but feel very uncomfortable at the very unsatisfactory State of Politics at the present moment. I fear that Pitt will lose ground in Public opinion by the Middle line of Conduct he has adopted. To effect this object no Pains will be spared either by the Government and their Supporters or by the Foxite old Opposition to detract from his merit. To misinterpret his Conduct will be the constant aim of those who owe their very existence as Ministers to his magnanimity, of those who, but for his friendship, from want of ability, from obscurity of Birth, could never have raised themselves even to be thought of by either the King or the Public. You will read in the Newspapers the Budget of Mr. Addington. I cannot but think that he is by far too sanguine in his calculations of the Produce of the Taxes. His declaration that all these heavy impositions should last no longer than the War, that these burdens should be removed from the shoulders of the People immediately after the signature of the definitive Treaty, was mischievous—far more mischievous even than Fox's representation of the Calamities of War. Such an invitation to the People to clamour for premature Peace never was held out by any Minister, and a Treaty still more execrable than that of Amiens will, I doubt not, be the consequence. . . .

Lady B. to Lady Stafford at Trentham.

June 13th, 1803.

A Courier is just arriv'd from Paris, and a Cabinet Council has been call'd in consequence. All that is as yet known is that the French are Masters of Hanover² and have shut the Elbe

¹ Sheridan's second wife.

² The French took possession of Hanover 3rd June, 1803.

against us; that they refuse Liberating the Prisoners upon a new ground, not that we began taking ships before the letters of Mark were issued, but that as we make prisoners of all we meet at sea, whether on business or pleasure, they have a right to do so of all they find by land. I do not know what answer they send to our remonstrance, but I fancy nothing satisfactory. I should like to know how Buonaparte attempts to Palliate the treachery of offering protection and civility to all the English who chose to remain in France and then making them prisoners wherever French Dominions or French influence can reach. The English Agent of the Post office at Helvoetsluis is detain'd prisoner as a Spy, and as Mr. Liston¹ is not yet arriv'd, it is fear'd he too has been detain'd. I am giving but a gloomy account of affairs, but I own that indignation against Buonaparte and anxiety for the fate of my son drive me quite wild. And what hope can one have in those who are to conduct us thro' these perilous times? But I will not entertain your Ladyship with these *dismals*. I saw the P. of Wales yesterday, who gave me a long account of his quarrel with the Dss. of Gordon. It was nearly as it appear'd in the news papers. Only when she justified herself from partiality to Buonaparte, saying it was not worse to have his picture than his print, which all London bought, and that she did as other people shewing proper respect to the chief person in the country where she was living, the P. interrupted her by saying: "You have been long enough in Paris to understand an old French proverb—qui s'excuse s'accuse," and left her. She told him (and really did what she threatened) that she would send a message to the King and Queen to tell them that, tho' hers and Ly. Georgiana's dresses were ready, yet after their reception of her she would not go to the Birthday. She literally sent this message, but at twelve Friday night call'd up her Milliner to make her a gown. Of course little notice was taken of her. She began a long exculpation to the King, who walk'd away without listening to it. And she has call'd Ld. Conyngham so often by the coarsest names, appealing to all present to witness it, that he has begun a prosecution against her for defamation. This I think nearly as absurd as herself.

I hear every body talking of some new Letters just publish'd of Ly. Mary Wortley Montagu's, which are said to be genuine and very entertaining. I have not yet read them, but possibly yr. Ladyship might like to read them. Will you allow me to send them down to you? I always write till the last bell rings, which makes blot and hurry, so pray forgive it.—Yours most truly,

H. F. BESSBOROUGH.

¹ Arrived soon after.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

Thursday Evening, June 18, 1803.

. . . It is, I believe, unnecessary to tell you that your Letter of Tuesday gave me great Satisfaction, for besides the latter Part of it, which *I think* flattering to your Wishes, your Father was much pleased with its containing so much Matter. He agrees to your Opinions on the Subject of Politics, as well as what you say respecting Mr. Pitt's Conduct; but he laments that either Prejudice, Partiality, or any other Cause, should deprive these Kingdoms of the Advantage of His great Ability and wonderful Talents. He thinks Mr. Pitt not only judges well, but he admires his Determination of not coming into Office, without its being the Desire and Wish of his Majesty. I am vex'd to think how very much the King must be mortified that Hanover is in the Possession of that vile, proud, ambitious, hated Villain Buonaparte. Had even any other Murderer or Marauder got Possession of that Electorate, it could not have hurt the King's Feelings in the same Way. Oh Dear, it is truly vexatious and mortifying! Would Russia have acted this neutral, shameful Part had Mr. Pitt been Minister? I think all the crown'd Heads and Princes in Europe are infatuated. How or when all this *Hurly Burly* of misery will end is a Question—a Question I will not think of nor now write more on that Subject, but proceed to what pleases me better and most thoroughly interests me. I mean your Conversation with Lady Sarah, from which I augur an happy Termination. . . . This Night I received from Lady B. Ly. M. W. Montagu's Life and Letters, and she sent with them two Caricatures of Buonaparte, and Mr. Ad., Brother Hiley, and Brother Bragge, with Lord Hawkes, in one of them. Her attention and Kindness to me are unceasing. I am really ashamed of the Expense. The Pellisse and the Books are not Trifles, and I do not believe that she is very rich. That she is generous, benevolent, and of a most affectionate Disposition I knew long ago, and I feel her Kindness, and I want you to find out Something that she would like, and would not bestow upon herself (though she would delight in purchasing it for another). I say I want you to find out something that would cost about 10 or 15 Guineas, and give it from me, and I will send you the Money forthwith. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

ROE,
Monday (July).

Our Neighbour Lady Downshire is certainly in a state of nsanity; no character in any play was ever more outrée'd. She is gone Volunteer and News mad. We have had *five* letters

from her to day—one full of handbills to be distributed about, another to inform us that with the blessing of God we had taken the Island of Tobago, another that to her certain knowledge muskets had been given to *five people* who had not taken the oath of allegiance and supremacy. Her Servant could be hardly got back when another brought a note to congratulate Ld. B. on the safe arrival of the Bombay fleet. Half an hour afterwards came four sides of advice, queries, and proposals concerning the Roc and Putney corps, and before we had got thro' half, she arriv'd in person. You will think me as mad for wasting a whole page of writing upon her little personage, but it really was very comical. The D. of Orleans, Jules,¹ Harriet, Caroline St. Jules, and Dun., with some of his friends, din'd with us. (N.B.—I beat the D. of Orleans three games of Chess.) Clifford is arriv'd with dispatches, and as my Sister and G. go Thursday to Castle Howard, we all go to town tomorrow. . . . I told you Ly. D. sent us quantities of Handbills. I like none of them; they are all too long, and go on false grounds. By the same principle follow'd up, if Buonaparte was a good man, instead of a bad one, we ought not to oppose him. The first thing to preach is that we should repel whoever attempts to attack us, let them be who or what they may, and especially without any regard to what their great Grandmother might be, but as you will not taste my arguments unless you read Ly. D.'s handbills, I will spare them.

Tuesday.—Duncannon is just come; he says there is a great alarm in London from a notion of an attack to be made on the coast of Sussex, but why this notion prevails or what has caus'd the alarm he could not learn

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE,
Monday.

. . . There are a thousand strange reports (but only reports) of all women, &c., being order'd from *the coast* (an end of sea bathing), and of some ships accompany'd by transports escaping out of Brest during the storm. Also of some great merchants in the city being taken up as belonging to the Irish insurrection. Lord J. Townshend goes about everywhere in his Uniform, saying he longs for the French to come, and hopes to be in the thickest of the battle. He is gone as mad on this subject as he is on some others, and proposes Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Ld. Grenville, and Mr. Windham seizing on the Dr. and Sheridan, and tossing them in a blanket, as impeachment would be too dignified a punishment.

Kiss your mother's hand for me. I would do it myself if I was nearer her.

¹ The Prince Jules de Polignac.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Worthing.

C. Sq.,

Wednesday (Postmark, 17th August, 1803).

. . . The P. of W. is very angry with Sheridan, who attributes his displeasure not at all to his own conduct, but to my Sister, and my *treachery* to him. He told the P. that he must not give credit to the stories told him by us (calling us by no very gentle Epithet), that as to Politicks we only saw thro' the eyes of one Man (Mr. Fox), which was always bad enough even before it was dash'd with the Grenville infection, which we caught from my Brother, Ld. Morpeth, and you. That he himself (poor innocent!), being the only real good and honourable Politician, was hated for this reason, and that we by way of serving our Mottled party scrupled no *lies* against him, either as to his public or private Character. The P. replied by telling him he would not hear his friends abus'd, but that neither my Sister or I had ever mention'd his name; that he always should retain great private affection for him, but that before he could trust him as a Political adviser his conduct must be explain'd, and he must state explicitly his future intentions. All this the P. came to tell my Sister, and has even written to Mr. Fox, who is in great favour just now. Meanwhile Sh. tells Hecca¹ that the P. is at his feet, and Ly. Abercorn asks me in a letter whether I do not now admit that Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox ought to bow down and kneel before this divinity who is so superior to them, and who must give strength and success to every Administration he conducts. There's for you. If Sheridan did not tarnish all his talents by duplicity and inordinate Vanity, I should approve of a great deal in his language and conduct, but then a great deal also is quite disgusting, and it is impossible to trust him for a moment. . . .

Ly. Hervey and C. Ellis are come, and are at Claremont.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Worthing.

Aug. 23, 1803.

. . . Dumouriez² is come by the invitation of Government, or rather at the D. of York's request, who wants to consult him as to the plan of invasion formerly intended when he was in the secrets of the French Government during the Monarchy. The D. of York thinks that the person who form'd the best plan of invasion will be the best adviser for a good defence.

There is also a plan of attack under the French Princes and

¹ Mrs. Sheridan.

² General Claude François Dumouriez (1739; died in England, 1823).

Dumouriez, but it is in embryo. Mr. Hare says, Heaven deliver us from an invasion of France plann'd by the Doctor and trusted to Dumouriez.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Friday (August or September).

I enclose a curious (paper) I copied for you sent to Bess by Ly. Melbourne. How angry Tierney will be! She does not say how she heard it.

“MONITEUR, 15 AUGT., 1803.

“Je tiens une anecdote assez curieuse de M. Tierney: elle donne la clef de la malheureuse situation de L'Angleterre. C'est lui qui parle: ‘L'avant dernière Session du parlement, le Chan. de L'Exchequer alla accompagné des autres Ministres presenter au Roi, le discours d'ouverture qu'ils avoient composé pour sa Maj^{te}. Est-il parlé de *Paon* dans le discours? dit le Roi. Les Ministres ouvrent de grands yeux, et voient dans ceux de Sa Maj. que le Dr. Willis n'avoit pas guéri son malade. Pardon, Sire, il n'y a point de raison pour en parler dans votre discours Royal dit le Ch. de L'Exch., il le faut, repliqua le Roi j'insiste pour que vous mettiez le mot *Paon* dans les discours du trône, *Paon. Paon, Paon.* Il n'y eut pas moyen de lui faire entendre Raison, il declara qu'il ne prononceroit pas le discours sans le mot—on tient grand conseil, et enfin on en vint à bout—je ne sais à qui est dû l'honneur de ce tour de force—mais on porta le lendemain le Discours avec l'Amendement. Le Monarque avoit bien dormi, il étoit devenu plus traitable, il consentit enfin quoiqu'avec regret qu'on ôta le Mot *Paon* du discours qu'il devoit adresser à L'Europe entière.’”

This is the account of the *Moniteur*, but the true story certainly is, that he determin'd to begin the speech by “My Lords and Peacocks,” and then “Peacocks of the H. of Commons,” &c.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Postmark, 31st August, 1803.

I was a little in hopes of a letter today, but conclude you were too much hurried. My post was not quite a blank, however, for I had a letter from your Dear kind Sister which did my heart good.

I came to Town yesterday after dinner. . . . We supp'd at D. H. Ld. J. T. was there, who was (what he seldom chuses, but always might be) extremely pleasant. He told us a great many laughable stories and talk of different people. Audrey sang, and amongst other things a stupid Vaudeville Song, beginning, “If a body meet a body coming thro' the rye,” &c., going on for a

hundred verses. Ld. J. ask'd us if we knew Mr. Addington's way of singing that song, and then began in his crack'd voice singing a very good Parody he made some time ago. I can only recollect the first verse, which was something like this:

“ If a body place a body in the Speaker's Chair,
Need a body keep a body fix'd for ever there ?
If a Statesman Spy a Statesman sink in Royal grace,
Can a Statesman blame a Statesman's stepping in his place ?

“ Many bodies twit and jeer me,
What care I for that?|
Whilst I've Kingly smiles to cheer me,
A Fig for Idle chat.”

There is a great deal more that I cannot remember; the refrain to one of the verses was nearly, I believe:

“ Pitt he wants to domineer me,
Grenvilles flear and flout;
Windham, he would piecemeal tear me,
But I won't go out.”

My Sister . . . was very much fatigued with her journey to Castle Howard and back, but she left G. much better. The Zamoiska's¹ are there. . . .

C SQR.,
Thursday.

. . . The P. of Wales came at ten o'clock last night, and staid till near two. C'étoit une fière séance; he told us he had had a violent correspondence with the K. He wrote what he thought to be an humble remonstrance, and wishing at least to have the command of a body of Volunteers. The K.'s answer was a threat that his own Regiment, the 10th, would be taken away from him. The P. (not daring to abuse the K., and already out of humour with Ministers) vented all his rage upon the Doctor, and Mr. Fox rather joining in the lay, I suppose Sheridan heard it from the P., and reported it at Richmond. The Dr., as usual, took fright, and he and Ld. Hawkesbury have written (this is a great secret) a very humble letter to the P., assuring him that so far from advising the K. on this subject, they did not even know of the letters that had pass'd between him and the K., and that they thought this threat so harsh a measure that if the P. wish'd it they would resign their places if it was carried into effect, and this, I believe, they have also intimated to the K.

. . . Ld. Cathcart is going to Ireland. I ought to have told you so three days ago when I heard it, but forgot it again. . . .

¹ Countess Zamoiska, a very beautiful Pole, and a great friend of the Devonshire House set.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

ROE

(Postmark, 9th September).

You will think I am living with the Prince, for I saw him again this morning, but still so full of his wrongs that he can talk of nothing else. He says the threat was to take his Regiment away and give it to the D. of Cambridge. This does seem violent in answer to the letter he read us, which is really very respectful and affectionate, only reminding the K. of a promise he had receiv'd from him last war of having some command. Mr. Hare, to whom he talk'd a little after swearing him to secrecy, said (when he was gone) that he could believe any thing short of the Dr. ever thinking of going out under any circumstances whatever, or that if he could be convinc'd of that fact he would send instantly to buy mourning, certain that the K. was dying, and that Mr. A.'s medical skill enabled him to discover it before other people. The Doctor has not, however, succeeded in conciliating the Prince, notwithstanding all Sh.'s efforts. Craufurd and my Mother return'd with us here to day. Saturday I go to town to the play to see the opening of Drury Lane. I shall be quite ruin'd in boxes this year, yet I own I like having them and we mean to try to get some other people to take them alternately with us. C. Garden is enormous. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Canwell.¹

ROE,

Sunday (Postmark, 11th September, 1803).

We went to the play last night to see the opening of Drury Lane. There is a new private box next to ours, and part of the back of our box taken off to make a passage to it, which though at first I exclaim'd at, is, I believe, on the whole a good thing, as it quite shuts out the House. Mr. James complains of it as a personal injury to him, and seem'd quite affronted at there being a private Way which keeps the boxes to the subscribers. The box at Covent Garden I have not seen, but My Sister says, tho' small it is beautiful. The Sheridans were at the play, but I did not see them. He has justified himself to the Prince, but though clear'd at present, it is evident the P. has lost the confidence he had in him, but I must do S. the justice to say he has behav'd very handsomely with respect to places. The offers to him were unlimited; he rejected them all, and also a great place for Tom at Malta. A few days ago Mr. Greenwood sent to him to say Tom was appointed *Aide de Camp* to the D. of York, with

¹ Sir Robert Lawley's place in Staffordshire.

some place in his household. S. expressed his surprise, as he did not think himself a favourite. Mr. G. answer'd it is not entirely from the D. of York, but it was his Majesty's express commands that Mr. T. Sh. should be provided for. Sh. refus'd every thing. The P. told him that both he and Mr. Fox thought him wrong in doing so; that Mr. Fox particularly said that, as he had had no doubt Sh. acted sincerely, according to his opinion, in supporting Ministers, he could see no reason why, approving of them, he should not take some place of responsibility with them, and that if he, S., would not for himself, it was quite wrong to leave Tom unprovided for. S. answer'd that his situation was peculiar, subject to great misrepresentation, and that his receiving any thing like emolument for himself or family from Ministers would *contaminate the purity* of his support and dishonour him for ever; and, in short, that he had refus'd, and the whole transaction was at an end. That Mr. F. was wrong, for that he did not support Ministers from *approving* of them; on the contrary, he thought them very bad, but anything was better than a junction between Mr. Pitt and Fox, which he still dreaded. The P. said: "I am afraid your fears are groundless; nothing so good for the country is likely to take place." "Good God, Sir! what do I hear? Is it possible *you* should speak thus of that man?" Then with tears in his eyes he entreated the P. to beware and withstand the Snare preparing for him; said he saw how it was that the P. and his dearest interests were to be sacrific'd to *political prostitution*, and the P. given up to his most inveterate enemy. "And this Fox calls friendship for yr. R.H., and such friendship out weighs, in your opinion, my tried *devotion*. Can you have a doubt that Pitt bears a personal enmity to yr. R.H., which he has express'd by every slight (not to say insult) from the first moment of his political career to this day, and that it is only want of power, not of will, that prevents his barring you from the throne itself and assuring your legal rights to your Brother." The P. replied he was aware of Mr. Pitt's dislike to him, which, so far from concealing, Mr. Pitt seem'd to take a pleasure in marking on every occasion, and perhaps this dislike might be one great obstacle to the possibility of such a junction as Sh. talk'd of, if such a thing had ever been attempted, which he doubted, but "the man, whoever he is, who rescues this kingdom from the ruin the present miserable Administration are bringing on it will have Claims to my warmest gratitude, and will receive it, let his opinion of me be what it may." There was a great deal more much to the same purpose. I have given you the substance. How far what Sh. says and the P. retails is to be depended upon you must judge. I would vouch for the veracity of neither, but I daresay

the "*fond*" is true and some of the expressions, which are Sheridanish. The quarrel between Adair and Sh. was terrible. Adair had truth and honour on his side, but, alas! they were in bad hands. He is a sad arguer with any one, and with Sh. he had no chance. At Whitbread's the argument was begun again with him, and became so vehement that if luckily S., who began sober, had not ended drunk and fallen asleep, it was thought impossible to prevent serious consequences. Whitbread was so angry and thump'd the table so that at one time they thought he was going to strike S., who call'd out, My boisterous Landlord means to silence me by the weight of his arm, as he cannot by that of his arguments.

. . . The D. de Berry told me last night *en confidence* that an expedition was decided upon under the auspices of Pichegru and Dumouriez. They are very sanguine, far more than I am, and only wait for the signal of some rising in France. I must confess I am no friend to these little attempts, which if they fail sacrifice the lives of many brave men, dishearten us, and give Spirits to our enemies, and how can a handful of men hope to succeed? An expedition should be very great and almost sure of success, or not attempted at all. I am afraid we shall differ on this point. . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Canwell.

ROE,

Tuesday (Postmark, 14th September, 1803).

I must tell you my adventure. I had no sooner seal'd and sent my letter to you this morning than I went out to walk, and returning by the Avenue met plump with a Gentleman who had been calling on Ld. B. I could not escape him, and I thought it would be unenvil to shew myself when he was refus'd, so I open'd my Umbrella by way of Sereen. Unfortunately it produce'd the same effect on his Horse that Mrs. Hunter's did on the Tiger. The horse started, the Gentleman with difficulty kept his seat. And who do you think was within an inch of Lying prostrate at my feet? No less than the Doctor himself!—all so long as he was. I apologise'd. He was all benignity, and we parted dear friends. See on what a trifle the fate of Europe depended, and how near my Umbrella was adding another instance to M. de P.'s history of Grands effets de Petites causes. I thought Prime Ministers never visited. Ld. B. regrets not having run after him for an explanation of the Defence bill and the various circular letters he receives every two days.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Canwell.

DEVONSHIRE HO.,

Thursday (Postmark, 15th September, 1803).

. . . I can write but a single line. You, I know, will feel for me. I was sent for last night from Roe to my Sister, who has a return of those dreadful spasms. . . . No Medicine, not the strongest, nothing that can be given her, has as yet taken effect. Six and thirty hours have already elapsed in the dreadful pain. I sat up with her last night. She was put into a warm bath and bled, which reliev'd her at the time so much that she slept from four till near seven leaning on my Arm and quite still. But to day the pain is very bad again. . . . You know I never can love anything *a little*, therefore you may judge how I suffer at this moment.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
(September).

I have many things to write to you, . . . but know not whether I shall be able, I am so tired, which you will not wonder at when I tell you this is the fifth night I have sat up. Not quite as late as you have done sometimes. But the first night, Wednesday, I did not go to bed at all, and since not till six, when my Mother takes my place. It is now four, and I flatter myself my Dear Sister is getting to sleep. She has pass'd an excellent day and is much better, but she has had a restless night, with a good deal of pain. She likes me to sit by her bed and read to her, which I do almost incessantly night and day. To night I have read nearly without intermission since one, and I think have succeeded at last in lulling her to sound sleep. It is not that she hears the reading, but the humming sound sooth's her and makes her know I still am near her. As I mean to take a good sleep to-morrow I begin my letter now. Ly. Westmoreland has written a long letter of seven sides to G., chiefly about Ly. Hervey, but it ends with saying: "I suppose you heard of our company at Worthing. I wonder what could possess Ld. G. L. to come, and I wonder still more what could tempt him to return. I suppose jealousy of Ld. Villiers must have been the motive, but they are all losing their time and their trouble, and *neither* has the least cause either for hope or jealousy. Ly. Sarah is perfectly indifferent to both, and both she and I feel extremely offended at Mr. Brummell's impertinence, who chuses to set it about that there is an attachment subsisting between Ld. V. and Ly. S., which is perfectly groundless." This is what G. copied out, and I thought the assurance concerning Ld. V. would make up for the discouraging mention made of you. I shall try to write again tomorrow. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Wrotesley.

Wednesday night (Postmark, 21st September, 1803).

I went to bed last night about two, and think of my mortification to find my poor Sister call'd me repeatedly. Her nurse was, like all nurses, asleep. I was quite vex'd when I heard it, and am sitting up to night again. I assure you it does me no harm, and it is great pleasure to think myself of use to her. I shall write to you to keep myself awake. That does not sound complimentary, and yet it is so in fact; for we must love or hate a thing very much to be kept awake by it. I leave you to decide which of these sentiments I feel most for you.

There is a Merchant just come over from Amsterdam. He brought us some French letters of a Month old from Mr. Green, &c. He got away by an American passport and on board a Prussian Vessel. His account is tremendous. He says the workmen are forc'd to work in Dock Yards day and night, and that they are nearly in readiness. The boats draw only two feet and a half water, have a Sail, and a thing call'd a bridge to let down to fasten to the shore for the men to land with greater facility. Each boat carries 80 men, four pieces of Artillery, and a Sail. The number of men to set sail at the same time are 250 thousand!!! in five divisions of 50 thousand each—three to attempt different ports of England, and Scotland, and one Ireland; that B. has made up his mind to a great Massacre, but says if any one of the divisions make their landing good, he shall reckon it *cheaply* bought by the sacrifice of the rest—*fa tremore*; and all this is to be ready in less than a month. The only good part of this news is that he says the Tyranny exercis'd in Holland is so great that he can scarcely conceive any danger, or any force bringing the Dutch to submit to it; that they are made to pay au poids de l'or, et travailler le couteau sur la Gorge, and that if any of the Dutch land in England they will join the English immediately. Je ne m'y fierois pas, and I hope he will stay where he is. What a letter! It will answer a double purpose keeping me awake and putting you to sleep.

G. L. G. to his Mother.

WHITEHALL,

Tuesday Morn., October 4th, 1803.

. . . I had the good fortune yesterday soon after my arrival in Town to meet with Pitt in Pall Mall, and I walked with him for near an hour. His opinion of the Conduct of His Majesty's Ministers is such as it deserves and such as I could wish. He says that if they had merely been passive, if they would have allowed the country to save itself, it might have been made

impregnable, but that the Ministers have by their contradictory orders and by their inconceivable Blunders been actively thwarting every Measure which could contribute to the Salvation of the Kingdom; that there is no one quarter of the Globe which does not give proof of their Indecision and Blunders; that Spain they have allowed to bring home all her Treasures from South America to supply France with Money to carry into Execution her Plans of Invasion; that they never thought of blocking up the mouth of the Seine, which is the most convenient place for the building and fitting out Vessels, till it had been completely filled with every sort of Naval Store Bonaparte could wish for. He says also that the dilatoriness and blunders of the Admiralty can only be conceived by those who live upon the Coast; but it is impossible to go on with the enumeration of the Blunders they have committed, which occupied our Conversation during the whole of our walk. He returns to Walmer to day. He is at the head of about 5,000 Men. He is in the most dangerous place in the whole kingdom, but I hope that Nothing may happen to him or we shall indeed have reason to despair. The French will, he thinks—and he speaks from good information—certainly make the attempt soon after the 20th of this Month. It was once intended that they should embark this week, but they found their preparations not in quite sufficient forwardness, and it is now adjourned till the end of the Month. I am going to Canning's this morning. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

(Postmark, 12th October, 1803).

To day is your birthday, . . . and I have sent you a little ink stand. You must not say "*Poooh, nonsense!*" at it, but you must make great use of it and bring it back with you to London to have a porphyry foot put on which I have order'd for it. . . . I have just receiv'd a note from Bess by the Groom which I cannot understand. She says: "London rings with peace, and there is actually a negotiation on foot." Can you believe in this? I do not, and, much as I love peace and hate War, I do not think I should rejoice at it, for it seems to me impossible that a peace such as we ought to accept can be offer'd us till after some struggle to prove that we are able to defend ourselves.

"Que les Anglois sont Gens qui se défendent."

I know people make a great difference between Political and private honour, but it is a difference I never could understand. I should be more inclin'd to grant mild terms of peace after a great Victory than to accept tolerable ones in time of danger.)

The reverse is generally practis'd. Yet I cannot see why Arrogance in prosperity and crouching in adversity should not be as mean and unwise from Nation to Nation as from Man to Man, and it must follow that the oppress'd party will throw off the yoke as soon as it can. I beg your pardon for all this, which will bore you very much and which you will not understand, since it is only the contre coup of a long argument with Adair. . . . God bless you and preserve you for years and years of happiness here and hereafter.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

. . . I long to hear how your Father is, and have hardly courage to write to you any of the stories I pick up, &c. However, if you are taken up you need not read them; if not, perhaps they will divert you. As the Prince of Wales is almost the only person in town, he is, of course, "le Héros de mon Roman." The Dr. sent to him yesterday a palavering letter begging him not to return to Brighton, as it was expected to be a port of great danger. The P. replied that as the only danger they could apprehend was from invasion, he should immediately hasten there as the place he should like best to be in, and the one particularly appointed to him by his Majesty, who had specified that in case of invasion he must remain with his regiment. He gave this to Ld. Moira, and set out early this morning. Meanwhile Ld. M. says the Dr. is in the greatest fuss imaginable, thinking he shall be in a great scrape if any thing happens to the P. But I have a still more curious history—or, rather, conversation—to relate to you which Mr. Fox has just told us. The Prince wrote to him a few days ago, telling him that Sheridan was so miserable from supposing that Mr. Fox was displeas'd with him, that the P. made it his particular desire to Mr. F. that he would come up to town and meet Sheridan in his presence. S. gave a long explanation of his conduct, resting all his justification upon the dread of a junction between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. The latter replied "that is in plain English that enmity to one man is stronger in your Mind than the safety or ruin of the Country." Mr. Fox went on assuring S. that, as to junction, he believ'd Mr. Pitt would be as much surpris'd as he was at hearing of their concert and coalition being brought forward as an argument for or against opposition in Ministers; that no intercourse whatever had pass'd between him and Mr. P., but that most assuredly, if Mr. P. happen'd to be of the same opinion with him, he should vote with him, and that he could not see why a man of great talents agreeing with him on any point should tempt him to change his opinion; that for the

good of the country he hop'd they should agree, and that the questions they differ'd on would not be broach'd. "That they shall, by G—!" interrupted Sheridan, "if Tierney or I can find them—but (he continued) things are, I fear, gone too far, when you talk of no intercourse.

--"Can you say upon your honour that all those meetings between Mr. Canning and the Dss. at D. H. were not purposely to carry messages backwards or forwards between you and Pitt?" Mr. Fox laugh'd, assur'd S. he had not heard of the meetings, but was glad to hear there was so good a prospect of a strong opposition, and came away leaving Sheridan in a fury.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Sunday (17th October).

. . . I saw the Prince to-day, and will repeat as much as I can remember of a long conversation we had toujours sujet à caution, but which generally has a fond de vrai quoiqu'un peu orné. Hearing of Ld. Moira's going to St. Anne's, the story of the Crown lands, and two or three other trifling circumstances, gave me a notion some negotiation was on foot. I ask'd the P., and he told me the following history and curious conversation which last he had from T. Sheridan, who was present. Tierney said to Sh.: "The Dr. is a better Dr. than people think, but the fact is we are in the D—l of a scrape, and if Fox and Pitt should join there is an end of us. The Dr. must duck and I may hang myself." S. flew into a fury, and said: "I had rather see Fox dead than join'd with Pitt, and whilst I have life *I will never suffer it.*" Tierney: "My good Freind, do not bluster quite so loud. Whether such a junction is possible or likely I cannot say, but one thing I am sure of—that your living or dying, liking or disliking, will have very little to do with it; but, join'd or not join'd, two such oppositions must overturn us if we do not get reinforcements. Ld. Hawkesbury goes up to the H. of Lds., but tho' he speaks tolerably, bad is the best, and he will shrink to nothing before Ld. Grenville. Ld. Moira has a steady kind of prose, not easily abash'd, and might be of great use if you could get him over." S. flew out again into a long Rhodomontade of attachment to the Prince, and belonging to no party, but ended with taking a sort of message to Ld. Moira, who desir'd a day to return his answer, and in that day set off to consult Mr. Fox; after which, the answer he sent was that if he was call'd upon to serve his country in his profession he would most willingly come forward, but that in his civil capacity the greatest service he could render it was endeavouring to turn the present Ministers out. Meanwhile the Dr.'s favour encreases.

It is everywhere reported he is to have the vacant blue ribbon, and a few days ago the K. ask'd him if he had begun farming. He replied, he thought of it, and was on the point of purchasing some cows. The next morning seven beautiful ones from the K.'s own farm were brought him as a present. This is all Richmond Gossip. I am most unpleasantly interrupted by hearing poor *Ld. Frederick*¹ has had another fit and is in great danger. I am going to Twickenham.

Lord B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Postmark, 28th October, 1803.

How sad a scene you are witnessing, and how gladly would I share it with you.² You do not tell me what your plans are. I hope to remove your poor Mother as soon as she can be prevail'd upon to move. I hope, too, that your Brother and *Ly. S.* are kind to her; indeed, I am most anxious for you both. Not hearing yesterday made me dread today's letter, and unfortunately I was oblig'd to go out before the post. I have not had the heart to be going about and amusing myself while you were, I know, so sadly occupied; therefore to-day, for the first time since I came to town, I went to see *Duncannon* review'd with the other Volunteers; and then the first thing that happen'd to me was the King's telling me this sad event. Tho' I expected it, it overcame me so I could not answer him or recover my self, and the tears rolled down my cheeks; but I tell it you chiefly because both he and the Queen spoke most kindly of your Mother, and with regret and feeling of what had happen'd. These first moments must be dreadful, but how much better it is, even for your Mother's sake, than seeing him linger on, perhaps in pain—certainly without enjoyment. . . .

NOTE BY LADY STAFFORD.

Sunday the 16th of October my beloved was taken ill. Wednesday ye 25th, about 7 o'clock, it pleased the Almighty to take him from me, and, I trust, to himself, to an happy eternity. Tuesday, ye 1st of Novr, I quitted Trentham, where I had lived, *the happiest of Wives*, for 35 years and 5 months. God have mercy upon me! and direct and guide me! . . . Thursday, ye 3rd of Novr my beloved Husband's Remains were interr'd in the Family Vault. . . .

¹ Field-Marshal Lord Frederick Cavendish, born 1729, died, unmarried, 21st October, 1803. He was the third son of William, third Duke of Devonshire, uncle of the fifth Duke and also of Lord Bessborough. The bulk of his large fortune went to his favourite nephew, Lord George Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Burlington.

² Lord Stafford died at Trentham 25th October, 1803.



TRENTHAM HALL

From an engraving

To face p. 438, Vol. I.



Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at Whitehall.

SANDON,
Sunday, Nov. ye 20, 1803.

MY DEAREST DEAR GRANVILLE,—I wish to know that you had a tolerably comfortable Journey to Birmingham, though your setting out so late, and alone, caused me to fear that you might not feel in the Spirits I wish you always to possess.¹ I would gladly hope that this may be only my Idea, for the fond Affection I, so justly, have for you makes me anxious that even in Trifles you should not meet with Disappointment. Dear Susan does all she can to be of Use to me, to prevent my feeling your Departure as I do, and to feel my great and heavy Affliction with that cheerful Resignation which I ought. But I am not what I should be. I try, I endeavour to exert myself and to appear what you all wish me to be, yet when I am alone Reflection, even Reason, justifies the Sorrow of my Heart. I do not repine; I bless my God for having spared him so long, for having been so many Years his happy Wife, and for my *dear, dear* Children having had such a Father. His uncommonly great Affection for you endears you still more to me, and the seeing you inherit so many of your beloved Father's delightful Dispositions is a Comfort and Satisfaction to me that I cannot express. . . . I love and honour you for the fond, dutiful Affection and unremitting Attention and Anxiety you shew'd to your best of Fathers during his Illness; and to me, my dearest Granville, your Conduct was that which could only be dictated by the best of Principles, and by kind affection. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady B., Cavendish Square.

SANDON,
Monday night (Postmark, 28th December, 1803).

. . . I found my Mother much better than I expected, her health certainly much improved, and her Spirits not near so low as when I left her five weeks ago. To morrow I go to Trentham, where I expect to be overwhelmed with business. I am most impatient to know what answer you receive from Fox,² even more so than I am to hear from Canning upon the State of Pitt's Mind. Canning goes to Walmer to morrow.

What I should like best would be that Fox should write a Letter intimating an intention of bringing forward the Cath. Question, that Pitt should in answer frankly declare his Reasons

¹ Lord Granville had gone to London for the meeting of Parliament on 20th November.

² He had asked her to write to Fox to ascertain his intentions with regard to bringing forward the Roman Catholic question.

for not supporting it, and adding some little upon general Politics, and that upon this F. should express his willingness to defer the Cath. Question, seeing that it was not likely to be carried, and that an unsuccessful attempt might prejudice the Cause he espoused, and be a means of giving strength to Addington. Good night.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

Postmark, 28th December, 1803.

I dread, as Sol does, Mr. Fox's indolence. He will be in town in a day or two, but he only writes me a few lines, chiefly concerning Ly. H.'s parcels, and ending with, "As to Politicks, I put off the evil day as long as I can, but if there is any good to be done, *alors comme alors*." I know you will be angry at my not sending the letter, but this was literally all that was in it; and Ld. B. came in with Sol and some people as it was lying on the table, and asking what Mr. Fox said was going to take up the letter. I did not like, before Sol, any conversation on the subject, and saying it was only a commission from Ly. Holland, threw it into the fire. I wish I knew what he means, and whether he intends writing or not. *C'est un enfant difficile à pateliner*.¹ He has been teaz'd and worried by Sheridan and the Anti Pitt faction so much that I think he is afraid of appearing to court a junction; possibly this may be the case with Mr. P. It is the old song of Mathurin:

"C'étoit à qui commenceroit."

If it is possible to make Mr. Fox do anything, it will probably be exactly what you wish. I long to know what you hear from Mr. C., and also how you go on at Trentham. I wish I could shew you a most excellent letter of my Caro's, which your Mother would be delighted with. It is very serious, but marks such strength of understanding and goodness of heart that I am quite proud of it. Yet it is one that nobody must see.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

TR,

Thursday night.

Bishton is arrived. He has as yet had no conversation with my Brother, but from the explanation he gives me of the Timber Business, I hope it will not be any thing seriously disagreeable. We have not as yet entered into the particulars of our Mining business. . . . I see difficulties without End before my Brother and myself and his Trustees can come to a final settlement of the Exchanges of Land mentioned in the Will.

¹ Difficult to wheedle.

I have this morning and last night been much amused with reading old Letters. Amongst others, I found many written by Lady Gower (Sister to Ly. M. Wortley) to her Husband, expressing the greatest Contrition for the immense Sums she had lost by South-Sea Gambling, praising his extreme generosity and kindness in having so often paid these debts of Honour, and mentioning a score of Ladies' Names who had lost almost as much as herself. I suppose it is from this My Grandmother that I inherit the propensity I am supposed to possess for Play. There are also among these Letters some curious ones from Atterbury, and a great many from Sir William Wyndham; some from Sir William's tutor at Oxford, complaining to Sir Wm's Mother of his extreme profligacy, Extravagance, and Idleness—that he never looked into a Book, and slept all night out of College in Places which he could not Name to her Ladyship. Sir Wm. writes to his Mother begging for more money, complaining that the Wigs she sends him do not become him; begs her not to be angry at his having returned one to her, which if she saw how it disfigured him she wd. dislike as much as he does. He acknowledges the badness of his Conduet, and promises to behave better in future; this is the substance of most of his Letters from Oxford. Is it not extraordinary that he should have afterwards turned out so good a Speaker, have been looked up to almost as the head of a Party, and celebrated by Pope? But even in later times his Letters were filled with the Pedigrees of Hounds and descriptions of Fox-Chases. How I do go on chattering! Send me Mr. Fox's letter; I know you have not burnt it. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Trentham.

MY DEAR G.,—I am sadly out of sorts. I have seen Mr. Fox, and have nothing to tell you. It is quite provoking to have two people sit quietly and say, nothing can save the Country but a union of all the talents in it—nothing but a junction can do good, yet neither of them stir a step towards it. The only favourable circumstance, I hear, was Mr. F.'s coming at all. Hurried and occupied as he was, it prov'd a wish to talk on the subject; but he was expecting her every moment, and, indeed, she came to fetch him almost directly. He said he certainly intended sending to Mr. Pitt if he had brought on the Catholic question; but having, alas! relinquished all thoughts of bringing it on for the present, he did not think he could with any propriety make even any circuitous communication to Mr. Pitt on ye subject, as any step of this kind on his part would look like courting a position which for every reason he wish'd to avoid, chiefly, however, from a doubt of Mr. P.'s intentions (you must

not be angry). He thought I decciv'd myself in the opinion I form'd of him, and on my giving him to understand it was from Mr. P.'s particular friends I had gather'd all I told him, he shook his head and said, "They may be decciv'd, too, they think highly of Pitt, and naturally enough explain what he says according to their wishes—according (as I think) to his Interests, but perhaps not according to his projects; at least, I must have more positive proof before I can believe in his taking a decided part." Mrs. Fox was now at the door, and I could gather very little more from him, except his dread of leaving St. Anne's and mixing in Politicks; his disbelief of any good to be done, which he said he could convince me of too, if he had time, but chiefly from a notion that Mr. Pitt would keep aloof like last year. He nam'd you directly as the person he suppos'd I got my intelligence from, prais'd you extremely, and said you were the person thro' whom he meant to communicate to P. had the question come on, and it was his opinion of your good sense and good heart made him think you might deceive yourself, as the former would show you what P. ought to do, and the latter lead you to believe he would do it. He seems to have a great notion of junction with Windham, Ld. Grenville, &c.; but, imagining as he does that Pitt would not join them, thinks it would be of little use, as, supposing Pitt join'd the Dr., it would give Ministers just strength enough to stand, and united opposition just strength enough to cripple their measures. He said nothing dispraising of P. except doubting his sincerity and decision, and thinking half measures at such a crisis useless. Grey's inclinations are all for junction, but despairing of the possibility, and the old story no good to be done—all the underlings of old Opposition loud against it. This is a strange, incoherent letter, but I wrote down quick that I might forget nothing. Now, as it is impossible to *unpassive* our side, is there no chance of making yours begin first? Do not mention my having seen Mr. Fox even to my Sister, should you talk on Political subjects when you meet, for I shall not tell her, as for the first time in his life he begg'd me not to mention it—I believe only from not wishing it to be known he was in town, as he came about unpleasant business. But I should be sorry (if) he thought I did not mind his request. I had a nice comfortable letter from you that entertain'd me very much. How I should like to look over some of your old letters! So it was "my Sister Gower" gave you your love of gambling. . . .

CHAPTER XII

1804 (AGE 30 TO 31)

MISSION TO RUSSIA

ALTHOUGH Mr. Pitt had steadily refused to take any part against Mr. Addington, the general feeling of dissatisfaction with the Government had been steadily increasing. Realizing, at last, that he could no longer carry on the business of the country, Mr. Addington resigned early in May, and on the 10th, at the Queen's House, Mr. Pitt kissed the King's hand as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Many efforts were made to induce the Grenvilles and Mr. Fox to join the Government, Mr. Canning being the intermediary with Lord Grenville and Lord Granville Leveson Gower with Mr. Fox, but all their endeavours failed. Lord Harrowby was appointed to the Foreign Office, Lord Hawkesbury to the Home Office, Lord Melville to the Admiralty, and Mr. Canning became Treasurer of the Navy.

Mr. Pitt now began to form his third Coalition against Bonaparte, who had been proclaimed Emperor on the 5th May, and Lord Granville was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg early in July for the purpose of inducing the Emperor Alexander to join with Great Britain.

Lord Granville was to have sailed the first week in August, but, owing to various delays, did not leave London until the 11th October. He was successful in negotiating a preliminary agreement in November, and an Anglo-Russian Convention was signed on the 11th April, 1805, Austria and Sweden also joining.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Badminton.

Postmark, 26th January, 1804.

I had al solito worked myself up into the conviction that you were overturned and dash'd to pieces, or drench'd in the rain and laid up at South Hill¹ with a fever. When *Ld. Carlisle*, by *Sol's* naming you, remov'd these fears, I was convinc'd some plot was laid to intercept your letters, and was only weighing the chances of whether they were most likely to be inspected by *Mr. Addington* or *John Daniel*. You must not expect your Mother to recover her spirits so rapidly; consider *what* the change must be to her, and how the very want of occupation (tho' that occupation was often painful) must add to her low spirits by giving so much more leisure for reflection. When the feelings have been kept alive and unblunted to her time of life, misfortune must fall heavily indeed. Life, at any rate, must lose much of its charm as we advance towards old age—when its illusions, its hopes, are over, and many of its comforts lessen'd; and at that time, when the strength of body and mind are weaken'd, losing the object of every thought, action, what we fondly lov'd for years, and to whom we were every thing, must be a blow very difficult to recover from—especially when every little circumstance recalls it unpleasantly. The Change in situation, the consciousness that, however affectionate our children are still, instead of being the first object one can only be secondary, every where, of course, their Children, their Husbands, must be first to them. All this must tell so strongly that I can conceive nothing but the highest sense of Piety and Submission to the will of God enabling any one of your Mother's age and feelings to live thro' such a loss. Strange as it may seem, I think her visit to your Sister Georgina will do her good. Her very anxiety about *Ly. G.'s* health will give the occupation of mind she wants: at a distance it would only add to what she suffers; but when she is with her I am sure it is the best thing that can happen. And your kindness and the conviction of your affection will also be her great cure. I have been interrupted, luckily for you, or I should have gone on this hour. . . . What do you mean by *Tom Grenville* seeing *Fox*? Is it for any good purpose, and is it with *Mr. Pitt's* concurrence?

G. Canning to G. L. G.

Wednesday, February 8th, 1804.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—I have not written to you (as you justly observe)—not because I had forgotten my promise, but because I thought I had had controversy enough, without

¹ Mr. Canning's home in Berkshire.

beginning with those whom I love best a discussion in which I thought I foresaw some difference of opinion. I was not satisfied with your opinions (that is, of their agreement with mine) the last time but one that I saw you at South Hill, and the very last time perhaps still less so. But events may probably decide for us better than we should have agreed *à priori* in deciding for ourselves or for each other.

My intention about the time of my being in Town remains unaltered. I shall wait for P.'s arrival, and not only for his arrival, but for his first appearance in the H. of Coms.—for the report, I mean, of that first appearance, and probably also for some knowledge of the impression which he makes upon friends and foes.

It shall not be said again that my conduct throws any difficulties in his way. Those which his will throw in mine I must get over as well as I can. The most uncomfortable result that I can apprehend is, if his conduct should appear satisfactory to others standing in at all the same relation to him with myself, and not to me. In that case I hardly know what I shall do; but I am sure I shall congratulate myself on not having been present at the exhibition from which such a Case arises.

I am glad on every account that your Brother intends to ask some explanation of P.'s views. I am clear that the views entertained *for* him (not *by* him—God forbid!) are a gradual, but not very distant, junction with the present Government. It is already whispered in the House of Commons, though you perhaps may not have heard it, that such an Event is at hand. It is the talk amongst *us*, Irish Members.

That your Brother will obtain any very satisfactory or intelligible answer I do not much expect. “Such a line of conduct, as alone, *under all the circumstances*, he can conceive to be either at all conformable to the professions which he has uniformly thought it his duty to make, and the views for the carrying on of the public service, which (however he may disapprove of the mode in which it is conducted in many essential points) he cannot consent to bind himself to any direct attempt to impede altogether, even if he could be brought to believe (which he is not, but far otherwise) that an opposite line of conduct would be that, which upon the principles or with the views of those who adopt it, was likely to lead in the event to the object in view, or to afford any facility for such an opening hereafter as might be best calculated for furnishing a probability, in the only way in which it could be for a moment entertained, or thought of by him,” etc.

This is the utmost of explanation that I look for, for your

Brother; and just when he is picking his way across the street from Albemarle Street towards Arlington Street, on his return home to report what he has heard, it will dart across his mind that he has, in fact, heard *nothing*.

I shall be glad to be disappointed.

P. has written to L^d G. that he shall be in Town for the 2nd Reading of Yorke's Bill—"taking for granted that nothing can occur sooner." Now he *knew* that something was intended to occur sooner.

I have appointed to meet L^d G. at Dropmore on Saturday morning. But you need not apprehend my *pledging* myself to any thing. That does not enter into my plans in any way, or at any time. Scroggs¹ can tell you—or probably has—what had occurred to me (and I think seemed to meet his complete approbation) as the best modification of a concert with the Opposition—if an Opposition there is to be. On that point I hope to hear something on Saturday.

I shall be too happy to come to Whitehall when I am in Town. But can you receive me?—Yours most affectionately,

G. C.

What you say of L^d Bathurst surprises me. Is Harrowby in Town?

G. Canning to G. L. G.

SOUTH HILL, Sunday, Feb. 19, 1804.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—I called in York Place before I left Town yesterday, and had one, or rather two, of the most unsatisfactory conversations that I have ever had since the beginning of the present most unsatisfactory times. I first saw L^y H.,² and before P. joined us I had just time to ask what was the advice that she had to give me, and she to answer "O—stick to him, by all means, pray do, if you can. Do not leave him. It is very hard, I know—and you have many enemies"—and hereabouts he interrupted us, and L^y H. left him and me together. With him I talked upon the two main points of what he would do, and what I could do. Upon the latter I explained to him (what I had not done before) the course which I had in contemplation with respect to the new Coalition Opposition, and upon this I *think* he was either better satisfied, or at least resolved to appear so, than from L^y H.'s hints, or from his own first manner I should have apprehended. Upon the other point he grows worse and worse. I asked some not very important question

¹ Mr. Sturges.

² Lady Hester Stanhope (1776-1839), eldest daughter of third Earl Stanhope by his first wife Hester, eldest daughter of first Earl of Chatham, had been keeping house for her uncle since August, 1803.

about what he supposed the Government would do as to declaration in Parliament, as to proceeding in public business, etc., which he answered—I forget to what effect (but I *think* that they would *not* make any declaration, and *would* proceed on Wednesday), but in a manner as *like* that with which he used to speak of their conduct when he approved and intended to support it, and was indeed previously party to it, as possible. We went on to talk of possible changes under the Prince, and I took occasion to ask him whether in the case of the P. sending to Fox, and Fox obtaining permission to associate him (P.) in the formation of a New Adminⁿ and making him fair and honourable offers, he would accept or reject them. He paused a little time, and then said: “I would have nothing to do with it.” I said I was heartily sorry to hear him say so, and thought him perfectly wrong. “But do not imagine,” I added, “that *that* is a case in which I foresee any difficulty for myself. *Your* determination would necessarily involve mine. But I do lament it—the more especially as it appears to me the most probable of all the four or five possible cases which we talked over on Thursday.” He answered nothing, but “that he did not see why his determination *should* involve mine; that F. and the G.’s could make a perfectly creditable Govern^t, and one to which he certainly should not be inclined to give the smallest molestation.” I replied that it was not worth while arguing upon that subject, as it was one upon which my mind was made up, without any doubt or difficulty—that my doubts and difficulties began only when that whole subject (of a new Reign or Regency) ended—supposing the K. to return, and things to go on as before—*then* I could not see what there was for me to do consistently or honourably but to be found in opposition to the Government, with whomever I might have to act, taking care only to make it clearly understood that my compact of co-operation extended to opposition only; that I wished, indeed, as heartily as they did, and thought it as essential for the permanent good of the Country, that the Government that was to succeed should be formed on as comprehensive a scale as possible; but that it was impossible not to foresee chances of more limited arrangements, and that in the event of such, I would neither consent to belong to any Government, in which he (P.) was not included, nor to oppose any Government to which he belonged. “You will not understand this, however, as intended to imply a reciprocal engagement on your part that whatever Government you form, you must include me in your arrangements—that is for you to judge. It is my part to take care that I am not rendered by any engagements with other persons, unavailable

for you, if you choose to have me—and if you do not, it should be your act, not mine.” He said nothing could be more fair, or honourable, or kind, or unexceptionable—except that he thought the sacrifice of myself too great, and unqualified, when I said I would not belong to any other Government. I answered that L^d G.¹ had made precisely the same remark, and had recommended rather my generalizing both propositions, and stating only that my engagements went no farther than to opposition, and that in the event of any new Government being formed, I must be considered as free to judge for myself. He thought with L^d G. that this was quite enough. I thought not, but said I would consider of it, and certainly do nothing without having talked with him again. That what I had opened to him was in truth no farther advanced than I had said it was. I had talked with L^d G. exactly as I had with him, and had left off exactly at the same point. That for one thing I was particularly anxious—that all those persons with whom it might be supposed, or might be imputed to me, that I *caballed*, as against *his* plans of action, should have taken their decision before mine; and there was one other thing that I should wait for before I finally decided, which was *his first Speech*. For a line such as he had described could only be fully understood in the execution of it, and in the proof of what impression it might make on others. He did not see how this was to be, as his first speech according to the plan which he had laid down would be entirely explanatory and exhortatory, without one word of retrospect or reference to the Gov^t (*my* Version, you will observe, not old Rose’s); and that it was not till the Gov^t had shewn themselves determined to reject his suggestions that he should pronounce them utterly unfit for their situations, and the Country, in his opinion, not safe in their hands. I said that this was all very well planned, but that I confessed I thought one thing wanting to the effect, if not to the justice of its execution—which was that all mankind, *except* the Gov^t, should be first persuaded that his plans were right—and, indeed, the only right ones—for that otherwise (little as I lamented the injustice, considering who were to suffer by it) I could not help thinking that it could be very hard to assume that the Gov^t *ought* to be convinced by what did not convince others; that they must take as self-evident upon his authority what might have the authority of Fox, and Windham, and T. Grenville against it. He said he certainly set out with assuming that he should convince all mankind except Windham, and those who were determined to think with *him*. My determination, I said, was not to think upon the subject in any other

¹ Lord Grenville.

way than as I conceived the constitutional duty of a Member of Parliament, with a view to find all the faults on the Plan proposed by the Gov^t. As to proposing other plans, that was very well in its way; but knowing of two that were ready, I should not give myself any other trouble than that of hearing them stated in Parliament. The vote, if any, must be in the first instance against that of the Govern^t, in order to make way for a more efficient one being proposed instead. And did not this naturally lead to a Motion for a Comm^{ee}, for was it not a disadvantage, and a very unnecessary one, to afford to his own plan only a collateral discussion, by proposing it on the same day with that of the Gov^t, under cover of which discussion the Bill proposed by the Gov^t would pass in fact and undiscussed? He acknowledged the disadvantage, but would not vote for a Committee. And about this period of our conversation I heard L^d G. at the door, whom I had left cruising in Portman Square, having requested him to allow me pre-audience, as I was going out of Town. "Here is L^d G., whom you said you wanted to see, to try to come to some common opinion upon the Military Defence of the Country. Do you think you have any chance of succeeding?" "Not the least—we differ radically." "And yet he is miles behind Windham in his notions—and Fox lies between them—and after such a Debate as will arise upon the statement of your plans, you really think you can make a great impression against the Gov^t for declining to adopt them. But about that I care very little. It is the proof that you *want* to make an impression against them that I look for." This was with him only a secondary consideration—Good of the Country, etc. "Then be Minister. Your plans, if you are so thoroughly persuaded of their necessity, will, I dare say, be at least good enough to be voted through very cheerfully, if proposed in office, but I suspect that their intrinsic merit will make very little way without that assistance, and still less will force out a government for refusing to adopt them. Now, however, I will go and tell L^d G. that I have done, and I will call again when I come to Town, and talk farther of *my* plan of action. You will find L^d G. knowing exactly as much of it as you do." We parted very cordially, and I found Ly H. waiting the result of our conference. She was eager to know if he had pleased me better, or if I had satisfied him. "Satisfied him about what?" "Why, about your own resolution not to leave him alone—not to make it impossible when he comes in that he should have you with him." "Upon that point I hope I *have* satisfied him." And therewith I told her my plan. You may imagine I was surprised when she said: "O—I see now. This is all concerted with L^d Gr. Leveson."

“Why, what do you know of L^d G. L.?” “Know—O—he (meaning P.) sat up last night for hours prosing about the state of parties and persons, and said that L^d G. L. had been with him, and had been very kind, and very gentlemanlike, and frank and honest and all that, and *he* had told him (L^d G.) that he was quite satisfied, but that that was certainly not *his* line.” “And all this he told you, did he, and in anger?” “No—not the least in anger; but, somehow, he seems to like him very much. And then, as for *you*, he is attached to you in a way unlike what he feels about anybody else” (or rather, I think—but am not quite sure—this was in the past tense, “he was,” and “felt”). “He used to talk about you for hours, but he would not deliver my message, which was that he should tell you from me (if he would not from himself) to take care not to leave him. He said no, it was impossible—there was nothing for you to do; and then he now and then says a word or two—which I am sure is put into his head—about your ungovernable ambition, and impatience of idleness and obscurity. He never says it unkindly, but those who talk to him, I am afraid, certainly do.” “Well, but what would you have me do? Surely in what I have laid down there is proof enough of attachment to him; and as to committing *him* by any thing that I do in the mean time, there is now no danger of that—his friend the plain answerer has taken care of that.” “Yes; but will it not look like playing a double game?” “No, that may be made sufficiently plain and intelligible, and especially under the present circumstances, when, probably, a Government must be talked of, if not actually made, for the Event of the K.’s not recovering,—when if *he* adheres to his determination not to belong to it, I shall have an opportunity of shewing, of declaring (to L^d G., at least) that *I* will have nothing to do with it.” “That is true—there will be something in that; I do not see why that should not satisfy him. Indeed, I do think the present plan may do. But as to his belonging to the new Gov^t, do you think it possible that he *could* act with Mr. Fox?” “To be sure I do. I think he has thrown away the greatest situation that ever Man had offered to him—by not acceding to the proposal made to him by L^d G., etc. Had he done that a fortnight ago, there would not have been at this moment the *possibility* of a New Gov^t being formed, not only without him, but without him at the head. He would have been as much the only Minister to be had, as the P. the only Regent or only King. And this he has thrown away to please L^d Camden. *This* is now irrecoverable, for it must have been the result of a consent given *not* in contemplation of the events which have happened; but every thing short of that is still

(probably) within his reach. I earnestly hope he will think again before he throws the next proposals (whatever they may be, and from whomever) after the former. The plan of a separate and sole Govt is not the best either for his fame or his comfort. I say so, perhaps, against my personal interest, but I am persuaded of it." "Well, these things you know a great deal better than I can, to be sure, but certainly they are not so represented to him. I only wish that whatever happens you may not be separated from him—that must not be." "Then, talk all this over with him the next time you are alone, and let me know what *you think he thinks* of our last conversation when I next see you."

I have sent you here a long and circumstantial detail, from which you will draw all the inferences that I could point out to you—except one, which is that I am not coming to Town to-morrow, nor, I think, till *Wednesday*. Of course, any thing in which L^d H.'s name is concerned must go no farther than yourself. Adieu.

Preserve this Letter.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Arlington Street.

Undated.

In case I miss you at the Opera, I must write down, while I remember it, what pass'd between the Prince and my Sister to-day at D. H., as he seem'd extremely desirous that an early opportunity should be taken of conveying it to you, and thro' you to Mr. Pitt. In the course of conversation my Sister ask'd him if he had vow'd eternal enmity to Mr. P., which his wish to oppose him on the admiralty question, and the language of his people, had led her to imagine. He answer'd: "Certainly not; the enmity is on Mr. Pitt's side, not mine." He added that he must own he had thought himself ill us'd by Mr. P. in particular on the Regency business of 89, with an unnecessary and unprovok'd harshness of expression, but that these Ministers had us'd him as ill, tho' in civiler terms, and were, besides, ruining the country by their incapacity; that no one party alone was strong enough to do any good, but that a union of all the great talents in the country was what he look'd to as the only measure that could be of any use. He reminded my Sister of this being his opinion last Spring, when he told us his plan of calling together Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Ld. Grenville, and my Brother, and begging them to consult together on what was best to be done. That tho' he wish'd to take as little part as possible in politicks at present, he was open to hear the opinions and advice of persons whose talents render'd them considerable; that he did ample

justice to those of Mr. P., and that, so far from enmity towards him, he should be too happy to find Mr. P.'s sentiments towards himself less inimical than he conceiv'd them to be, but that he must judge by his conduct; that between any two individuals the one who (right or wrong) thought himself ill treated could not be expected to make the first steps towards reconciliation, but that if Mr. P. had at *any time* any thing to say to him, and would call upon him at Carlton House, he would see him with great pleasure, as he had done Fox and Grey, and that if he was out, on hearing that Mr. P. had call'd, he would immediately send to him to appoint a time for this meeting; but repeated several times: "It cannot be thought very unreasonable that I should expect Pitt to come to me before I go to him. I am ready to meet him half way, but surely some little advance on his part is due to me." So far I am commission'd to tell you as a message from the Prince which he wishes you to convey to Mr. Pitt. But if you wish to know the secret history of all this plan of seeing Mr. P. (this is only for you), it came out at last that it was owing to a letter from Mr. Fox when he left London nearly to this purpose (as far as I can recollect with hearing it once read). After thanking him for MacMahon, &c., voting with him, and for the gracious reception he gave him at C. House, Mr. F. tells him that he should ill repay the confidence with which he had honour'd him, and think he was not acting the part of an honest man, if he fail'd in telling him, how much he disapprov'd of the language held by Sheridan and all the Prince's people against Mr. P.; that he had no personal aim to answer in saying this; that he was perfectly ignorant of Mr. P.'s intentions, had had no communication with him, and was uncertain whether he ever should have any; but that of this he was certain, and thought it his duty to impress it on the Prince's mind, that *no administration* and *no opposition* could go on to any good purpose without Mr. P.'s co-operation; that were the Prince in power and still honouring him with consulting him, his first advice would be to send for Mr. P., were it only to save the reflection on his judgement which excluding such a man from his councils would throw; but that even now, without urging him to take an active part in politicks, he could not but think that, having seen *him* and Grey, *he* would do well to see Mr. P. also, and take the benefit of his opinion, and that it was unbecoming the Prince's dignity to keep alive petty animosities for offences long past, and that ought before now to be wholly gone by and forgotten; that whether or no Mr. P. would be prevail'd upon to join in opposition was very uncertain, but that he was certain that all those who wish'd well to their country or to the Prince's

interests would concur in promoting it as the only real good that *could happen*. The letter was an excellent one, strong and manly, and has had its effect. The P. said he had read parts of it to Sheridan, but was afraid of reading the whole. Sheridan (who was frighten'd at Mr. F.'s renunciation of him the other night) told the Prince that he was very unhappy, that he had embarrass'd himself in such a manner that he did not know how to extricate himself again, and that he believ'd, after all, it was best to stick to one's old friends, even if they were a little wrong; that he found he should be oblig'd to bow down before the Idol at last, for that Fox was so *Pitt bitten* that no other hobby horse would serve him. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Arlington Street.

ROE,
Wednesday.

. . . I have so much to hear—all you do, how all your affairs go on, and every thing that occurs in politicks. I want to know whether Mr. Canning is in town or not—and if not, I want to see the next letter.

I have a ridiculous question I want to ask you, merely for my information in Housekeeping. In your paper of Servants you put down the House Maids at £31 8s. a year. If this does not include *feeding*, it is immense; if it does, so little that I cannot understand it. You cannot give less, I suppose, than 10s. 6d. a week Board wages, which comes to £27 6s. a year, and you certainly cannot get a Housemaid for £5 wages. Pray explain this to me. Our H. Maids wages and B. wages come to £39 0s. 6d. a piece, and our 1st Kitchen maid to £45 0s. 6d. Now, by your paper, either you calculate for less than you will have to pay—or we pay a great deal more than we ought. Pray answer me *sur tous ces détails de ménage*. . . .

Lady B. to Lady Stafford.

Undated.

It was hearing of the melancholy events that had taken place in Mr. Eliot's¹ family made me afraid of writing. My Dear Madam, how terrible a scene this must have been for you!—at all times most painful, but in your present state of spirits particularly so. Yet, if your health has not suffer'd, your being with Ly. Georgiana at this trying moment may prove most fortunate for her; she wanted all the support that could be given her. What can be so soothing, so comforting, as the presence

¹ Lord and Lady Eliot both died in February, 1804: Lord Eliot on the 17th, Lady Eliot on the 24th.

of a beloved Mother in times of Affliction? Why, My Dear Madam, did not you finish your sentence? If your differing in opinion from me did not convince me I was wrong, I am sure at least that it would shake mine *to know* that any one with your heart and understanding differ'd with me. I imagine it was something concerning the P. of W. He has great faults, I know; but, indeed, I believe they are more *head* than heart. He listens more to the bad advice of the strange set of people he lives with than to his own feelings. This very day, as I was urging him strongly to abstain from any thing that could bear the least appearance of indelicacy towards the K., he answer'd, quite with warmth: "As Heaven's my witness, I love my Father to my heart, and never think of his sufferings without tears (and as he spoke the tears really did run down his cheeks). But is it not hard to be denied the pleasure of attending on him, of even seeing the Q. or my Sister? To be forbid going to my Father's House, and to know that if he continues ill *his* power and *my* birth right will be usurp'd by such a man as *Addington*?" I never heard the P. at any time mention the K. but with respect and affection, but the worst is, he will do this and the next moment insist upon some measure which bears quite the contrary appearance. The K. appears to be mending every day, tho' still very weak and unable to apply to business. I had begun in answer to yr. LYP's question a long account of the *Co-operation* such as I had it from two sides—Mr. Fox and my Brother; but I find Ld. G. has written to you on that subject, and he is so much better able to do it than I am, that I leave it to him. I am afraid, My Dear Madam, you will not join with me in wishing that all the great talents of the Country may unite on one side. I wish it from my heart, partly from thinking that laying aside all party feeling and uniting to see what can be done to save us is the only chance we have of being rescued from the dangerous situation we are in, but chiefly, I confess, from a more humble and more selfish motive. I have pass'd my whole life with *Politicians*, many of them near and dear to me, and generally always of different parties. It would be such delight to have all those I love for once on the same side, that, right or wrong, I must wish for it; and I suppose it is right, since all the wise heads say so, for even Mr. Pitt says it is the best thing that could happen for the country if it could be accomplish'd. Ld. G. has been these two nights in Berkeley Square. Ly. Sarah¹ is very gracious and encouraging, but she holds the ballance terribly equally between him and Ld. Villiers, yet I think he must gain by the comparison. She persists in her

¹ Lady Sarah Fane married Lord Villiers 23rd May, 1804.

determination of making no choice and no engagement till she is of age, but she has so generous a motive that one must admire her for it.

Nothing more is known from France. We are very anxious about some friends of ours—the Polignacs and M. de la Rivière, whom I fear are taken. Moreau, too, I am sorry for; I knew him, and his wife and Mother were so fond of him, and liv'd so happily with him, that I hate thinking how miserable they must be.

Poor Ld. Camelford¹ is still alive, but with scarce a hope of recovery. How dreadful a lesson against violent passion his whole life and death have been!—Believe me, Dear Madam, Ever most affectly. yrs.,

H. F. BESSBOROUGH.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

15th March, 1804.

I have been supping at Brooks's since the Debate,² and it being now six o'Clock, I am so sleepy and tired I cannot write. I must, however, just tell you that we are very much satisfied both with the Debate and Division. Fox made a very fair Speech eulogizing Ld. St. Vincent at the expense of the other members of administration, but joined in the vote for the production of Papers. Sheridan resisted the motion and was well quizzed by Pitt in his Reply; this Reply was one of the most eloquent Speeches I ever heard, and very severe upon Administration. Canning did not speak. Our Division was 130 against 201. Many Foxites voted with Sheridan and the Dr. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Arlington Street.

Wednesday (March).

I made my letter to you very short, yet, short as it was, you did not read it, my dear G.—or at least you did not deign to answer any of my questions, by which means I have no guess at what you intend. I thought a few lines to day would have inform'd me, but no—not a word. Sol expects you at South Hill. Adair tells me you do not go there, but return to town, and Anne writes me word the Westmorlands stay at the Priory and you with them; yet I hardly can think you will stay to encounter the Doctor, &c., even counter hallow'd by Ly. Sarah. I shall send this to South Hill, as my other letter is gone to town with one enclos'd from Adair, the contents of which are merely that Mr. Fox will bring on the question of defence which Mr. Pitt propos'd; that he should like to give Notice of it early

¹ He died 10th March from a wound received in a duel with Mr. Best, fought near Holland Ho.

² The debate on the 15th March on Mr. Pitt's motion for an inquiry into the administration of the Navy.

next week for the 18th, but that if there are objections he will put it off a *reasonable* time if Mr. P. wishes it; that he must bring on the Russian question and one on the state of Ireland. He wishes much to know whether Pitt will or will not oppose the latter, which he says he has had no answer to yet; but this is by the by, and not in the letter. Whilst Adair was at St. Anne's Sheridan arriv'd, and desired leave to introduce Mrs. S. to Mrs. Fox. When she came she began coaxing Fox very much, saying she was miserable at there ever having been a difference of opinion between the two greatest men in England, form'd by Nature to be friends, and by their Union and their talents to govern the world. She then entreated and insisted on their shaking hands. Fox said, with all his heart, that he had no objection to shaking hands with Sheridan, was much oblig'd to them for calling, but begg'd they might avoid all political subjects. Sh. said that was impossible, as he had something of importance to communicate. Mrs. S. and Mrs. F. went out, but Sh. would not speak before Adair, and begg'd F. to follow him into the garden. In about half an hour they return'd, and Mr. and Mrs. S. invited themselves to dinner and spending that day and the next, as Polesden is repairing. Adair was going away, but ask'd Mr. F. whether his conversation with S. had made any alteration in his intentions. He said: "None in the world: what alteration could any thing he can tell me make?" As Adair is very mysterious about all this, do not let him think I mention'd it to you. Blare says the K. is really very ill; Dr. Symonds¹ thinks so, both in health and mind, but that it would be ruin to him to have it known. His opinion was very strong (Symonds's); he said he never knew an instance of such an attack *after sixty* having recover'd; that it might be for a time (but probably a short one) before either childishness or compleat breaking up of the constitution took place. My letter is too long already, or I have so much to say on the subject, I could write for an hour. . . .

G. L. G. to his Mother.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
March 28th, 1804.

You will probably have heard from Eliot, to whom I wrote yesterday, that I was out of Town the latter End of last week. I passed a very pleasant two days with Pitt, and we came up to Town together. Your alarms as to the effect of my Conduct in Parliament in uniformly opposing the Dr's Administration

¹ Dr. Symonds had replaced the Willis (father and son), to whom the King had taken a great dislike.

have proved perfectly groundless; so far from Separating me from Pitt, I never was in my life upon such intimate and confidential Terms. He talks to me with perfect Unreserve upon all his projects and opinions, and indeed it is, I think, not natural that he should like better to talk and consult with those who never venture to do any thing, but to assent to every thing he says, rather than with those who discuss with freedom his opinions and Propositions. He dines with me to day after the Debate; to morrow he goes to Walmer to remain till after the Holidays, when probably a vigorous attempt will be made to shake the Doctor. I go on Friday to the Priory to remain some Days; the Westmorlands go on Sunday, but as I have not visited the Abercorns all this year before, I thought it civil to precede the Westmorlands by a Day or two. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady B.

May 6.

Yes, to be sure—and not only dine, but go from there to Hope's, where I must go. . . . The Play—I never saw such acting. I am not sure whether I like it; admire it I must—it is nature. Should tragedy be quite so natural? There wants a spice of Dignity; the passions would be disgusting were they represented so exact. We can bear to see a Tragedy; we cannot like to feel it and see it in real life. I should say that Tragedy, like Poetry and Sculpture, should be a little above life—a little unnatural. Kean¹ gives me the idea of Buonaparte in a furor. I was frightened, alarmed; I cannot account for what I felt. I wished to be away, and saw those eyes all night, and hear “D——n her! d——n her!” still—it was too horrible. . . . I conclude 7 is dinner hour; if earlier, let me know.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

July.

. . . Comme apparemment vous êtes déjà investi de *L'Excellence*² voici votre métier dont je viens de lire les devoirs—“feindre d'ignorer ce qu'on sait, de savoir ce qu'on ignore, d'entendre ce qu'on ne comprend pas, de ne point ouïr ce qu'on entend; de *pouvoir* au dessus de ses forces, avoir souvent pour grand secret de cacher qu'il n'y en a point, jouer bien ou mal un personnage—répandre des Éspions et pensionner des traîtres; encourager les rapporteurs, intercepter des lettres, et tâcher d'ennoblir la pauvreté des moyens par l'importanec des objets.

¹ Edmund Kean (1787-1833).

² Pitt returned to office on 10th May. Lord G. L. G. was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg and gazetted Member of the Privy Council, 19th July, 1804.

Voilà à pen de chose près le secret de la science.” Le portrait n’est pas flatté du moins, et n’est pas celui qui doit appartenir à l’être le plus vrai, le plus noble, le plus intègre que je conoisse au monde—aussi c’est à vous à relever un métier qui à force de finesse est presque tombé en mépris. . . .

Sunday.

The water party is put off till tomorrow, so I shall not go; indeed, I doubt whether I should Wednesday—mais nous en parlerons.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

July.

. . . I hope you were in time for your sister and Ld. M. I contriv’d to be very late owing to an extraordinary Conversation I had after I left you, which I would give any thing to talk over with you before your visit tomorrow; but as that is impossible, I must only entreat you to be upon your guard. . . . I have very good reason to believe Ly. Hester¹ has taken a strong fancy to you and imagin’d you return’d it, and had serious intentions—so much so as to have it mention’d to Pitt. This subsiding on your part is, I really believe, the cause of her low spirits. Do not say *O bosh* to this, for I am not talking en l’air, but on very good grounds. Think how many unpleasant things any thing like a scrape with her might entail upon you—you are a pretty Gentleman, to be sure. Ly. Villiers, Ly. Bor., Ly. H., Miss Pole—sans conter des petites vellétés par ci par là, such as Mad. de Vandrenil, Mrs. St. John, Cha, &c.—si vous menez ce joli train de vie en Russie—pour ça! I shall certainly advise Mr. Ross to keep his wife at home. God bless you.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Friday.

It is too bad to write when I expect you, as I certainly do tomorrow at half after two. I wish you were half as fond of sending me letters, but this is to do what you ought—to practise writing directly what you have heard. You are more likely to know all that passes than I am, but I thought you would not dislike hearing the Prince’s account of all this, that by comparing it with what you know otherwise, you may judge whether he tells true. I told you all the first part of the story—the letter from his Sister and lastly from the Queen (but this particularly is a great secret), complaining of the dreadful state they were in and the bad usage of the Q., and nommément of the little Girl not being allow’d to go to her while the Prince was with the King—all which was confirm’d to him by his Brothers, and in

¹ Lady Hester Stanhope.

the first discomposure of receiving this intelligence, having nobody to consult but Tierney and Sheridan (tho' the latter was at times for his seeing the K.), they at last persuaded him *not*. I believe he told the Chancellor every thing he knew or had heard (except that part of his information came from the Queen herself). If he had seen Mr. Pitt it would have perhaps persuaded him, for he is pleas'd with all Mr. Pitt has done. Tierney took the paper the Chancellor persuaded him not to send. It was not conciliatory, but not violent; it express'd that as the Prince could not but perceive the King's wish to see him did not proceed from affection, he thought an interview in which he should be oblig'd to express his opinion, perhaps, in contradiction to the K.'s wd. only tend to widen the breach. (There is always some ill luck about interviews; how foolish people are! they had always better meet.) The King had forbid all retrospect, but he could not but give his reasons for altering his intentions, as he was resolv'd from the new circumstances that had come to his knowledge to withhold the child (which ye King wish'd to have given up entirely to his care). Tierney says Mr. Pitt was civil, but *boutonné* (no wonder, at such a messenger). He said he regretted the failure of the meeting, and tho' he could not take upon himself to say how far he could promise success from the King's future conduct to the Prince yet he wish'd it could have taken place; that as to the Interview between the Princess and the King, nobody could have wish'd the King to see her first, yet he was sorry that alone should have prevented so desirable an event. Tierney said it was not that alone, and urg'd the possibility of the King's not *being quite so well*, and that the Prince might have the mortification of hearing it reported in the country, and the pain to his own mind of knowing that on Saturday the Physicians were dismiss'd, on Wednesday the Interview took place, and in consequence the King was ill again. Pitt replied the King was perfectly collected, tho' (as was natural after such an illness) he was sometimes irritable. Tierney then open'd the subject of the Domestic misery in the family, which had render'd the Prince so very anxious, as many circumstances related to him prov'd either insanity or a line of conduct so totally different from any the King had ever held, that it requir'd investigation as a son and Brother. Mr. Pitt ask'd how the Prince knew this, and the answer was from not one only, but *all* the Royal family. Pitt ask'd if the D. of Cambridge was among them. Tierney said yes, he dined with the Prince at Bushey, and all had join'd in the same dreadful details, except the Dukes of York and Cumberland, who were silent, but did not deny. Pitt said it was shock-

ing certainly, in the case of its being so, but he was very sanguine as to the good effects of Weymouth, and mean time that he and the Chaneellor would see the Queen and advise her. He question'd Tierney closely as to all the documents that had come to the Prince's knowledge (either from wishing to ascertain what the Prince knew, or perhaps doubting a little, but I am sure from what I saw of the Princeess's letters, and what he read us from the Queen's, that there is something very strange going on among them), but Pitt added graciously that he would not look on the door of reoneiliation as shut, and he regretted Mr. Fox not being in town, as he would have given the Prince *manly and fair advice*—a pretty good cut for Tierney and Sheridan, but I hope it will be reported to Mr. Fox. If it is not otherwise I will tell him; he was to be in Town today and dine with the Prince at D. H. The Prince complains bitterly of the Princeess, and certainly states strong facts against her. The last time he did so to me, he said: "At least, admit I act with generosity and delicacy in keeping all this to myself." I told him I did not think so; that in his situation he ow'd it to himself and her, either not to listen to any report at all or act at least as if he had heard none, or at once to accuse her, allow her to defend herself, and on the proofs for or against her certainly to acquit or condemn her. Was this right? . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G. in Staffordshire.

Tuesday (1st August).

. . . My Brother told me Woronzoff¹ prais'd you to him, and said he had been much pleas'd with you, and should have thought you almost the properest that could be pitch'd upon, were it not for one terrible propensity: "Un Ambassadeur *joueur* ne fera jamais rien en Russie, C'est le vice du Pays, vice que L'Empereur méprise, et si commun chez nous que pour peu qu'on en soit atteint, c'est inévitable là—e'est ee qui a perdu le chevalier Warren² (did you know that ?) il s'est ruiné de fond en comble—e'est son affaire, mais ce qui vous touche My lord, e'est qu'entièrement occupé de ses intérêts et très peu de ceux de L'Angleterre, il jouoit depuis le matin jusqu'au soir, et du soir jusqu'au matin, laissant *cheminer* les affaires comme il plaisoit à Dieu. Je crains bien que notre nouvel Ambassadeur, avec milles qualités aimables et beaucoup plus de talent, fera la même école." He said a great deal more to my Brother to the same purpose mix'd with praise, adding that your Father gam'd when he was young, yet turn'd

¹ Count Simon Woronzow, the Russian Ambassador.

² Sir John Warren, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, being replaced by Lord G. L. G.

out afterwards an excellent Man and a great statesman. "Mais —mais—c'étoit en Angleterre, c'étoit après bien des années de reforme, encore passe si *My lord Gower* prenoit quelqu'emploi ici, mais pour un Ambassadeur! surtout un Ambassadeur en Russie, et surtout après le Chevalier Warren, l'on ne pouvoit choisir plus mal que de prendre un joueur."

Will you think it unkind of me, My Dear G., to give you this so crûment? I think not, for I know you like to hear every thing, and to me who am, I will not say *credulous*, but confiding enough to believe you will withstand all temptation and conquer almost the only fault you have, all the praises that one gives you make up for the blame mix'd with them, as the merits which occasion them will remain when all that they can find to blame is done away or forgotten. My Brother prais'd you very much, and approv'd of Willy's going, mixing all with the same regrets that Woronzoff did. He mention'd Ld. Pembroke and regretted his not accepting, saying that with *much less capacity* than you, he thought he would have been steadier. I assur'd him he was mistaken, and that he would find, whatever imprudence you might run into when you were quite at liberty and had nobody but yourself to account to, you would act very differently when your conduct became of consequence to others. I will not tell you what he answer'd, for I have given you enough of preaching, but on the whole I was pleas'd with his opinion of you. I have just got your letter and a very kind one from your Mother. She says: "My Dearest Granville left me yesterday Eve^g. I must not think of another departure, but trust in God's mercy to support my Sinking spirits."

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Monday (Undated, probably August).

I suppose Mr. Pitt is in great favour with the King, for he ask'd Ld. Melville the other day whether he did not support his voice well in reading the Speech. Ld. M. said: "Remarkably." The King replied: "Yes, I did it *con amore*, I assure you: it was not the insipid Milk and water style I have been us'd to lately." It is reported, but not from the quarter most to be depended on, that there are great Dissensions between the King and Queen. The tempers of both are grown so irritable by illness and anxiety that there is scarce any possibility of bearing them, and the quarrels went to such lengths some days ago, as make them talk of separation. . . .

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHISWICK,
September.

. . . You have, I conclude, read the Paragraph announcing your marriage to Lady Hester l'on ne va pas si souvent chez une Demoiselle impunément; everybody is talking of it. I wonder what Hetty will say to it. I dread this subject coming on the tapis between you. . . .

Do you know Lady Pembroke¹ says the King persecutes her with love letters, and that she has been oblig'd to write very seriously to him to desist—elle l'a furieusement attendu—but certainly, in favour of his taste, she is the handsomest woman of seventy I ever saw.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

September or October.

. . . I am so disappointed. Tho' a note from Ly. Hester telling me you wd. call on me in the Morning, and adding something about eve^s, made me augurer mal, yet I had a little hope. I thought if you din'd and spent the evening with her and Pitt you would not mind coming here afterwards, considering how soon I must quite lose you, and how little of the time that remains I can spend with you. . . . On your account also (had I not seen you) I should prefer your coming here to sleeping at Mr. Pitt's. Is it quite honourable, Dear G., to encourage a passion you do not mean seriously to return? and which, if you do not, must make the owner of it miserable? And how can you be certain of what lengths you or she may be drawn into? We know she has strong passions and indulges them with great latitude: may you not both of you be hurried further than you intend? If Mr. Pitt knew even what has pass'd already, do you think he would like it? and without intending blame to Ly. H., is it possible not to recollect the stories of C. Lennox and the D. of Manchester, &c.? In short, do not be angry, G. . . . I hope I see en noir. . . .

G. L. G. to Lady B.

Friday Morn, Oct. 5, 1804.

You began blabbing out at Supper last night what I had been telling you just before about the Means made use of to surprise the Boulogne Ships. I hope you have not told any one of the attempt that is to be made upon the pier at C—. . . .

¹ Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Pembroke, was the second daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1831, aged ninety-three. She had been a lovely young woman. Was deserted by her husband, who resigned all his appointments at Court and in the army to fly to the Continent with a young girl of good family called Kitty Hunter.

I feel low and uncomfortable. I am vexed at this foolish business of Howard's annuities; I am out of Spirits at the time approaching of my leaving every thing I love or care for. I fear to some of them I shall appear wanting in kindness.

Do you ever experience the sort of feeling I sometimes have of a wish to go away all at once, and leave all business unfinished, and let things take care of themselves?

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Undated, probably October.

MY DEAREST GRANVILLE,—I have taken the Liberty of putting up some Books from which, I think, you will derive great Satisfaction, if you will read them. The small Common Prayer Book may be useful to lend to any one who has forgotten to bring one. The *short Method with the Deists* may convince those who have not been so well founded in the Belief of Revelation as you were even before you went to Oxford. There are Prayers in the little Manual of Devotions which I hope you will like, and use for your Soul's Sake, and for your Happiness even in this World. Without divine Assistance we cannot go on well, and without we ask it we cannot expect it. I know the Dispositions of your Heart lead you to Gratitude, and Affection, and where is so much due as to the God of all Mercies? How unbounded to you have been his Blessings! outwardly and inwardly—with a pleasing Form, with engaging Manners, with an excellent Understanding, in an happy Station of Life, bless'd with Affluence, with a good Constitution free from the Diseases with which many are afflicted, beloved by your Friends, look'd up to by your Family, and, in short, your Blessings are without Number. I could name some, too, that have fill'd my Mind with the greatest Gratitude—in the midst of Dangers and Difficulties, how have you escaped! Oh, my Granville! as long as you live, praise God with all your Heart and Soul, and implore, not only his Forgiveness for past Sins, but implore for his Grace and holy Spirit to direct every Action of your Life, and to give you that Command of your Passions as to deter you from Vice of every Sort. I have sent the Exposition of the New Testament; I think you will like it: your Father did very much, and for several Years before his Death took great Delight in it. The 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters of St. Matthew you will find particularly like, and most of St. Paul's Epistles. Do not suppose by my sending these Books that I imagine myself capable of directing you; no, my dear Granville; but, by experience, I think that the having such Books at Hand reminds us of what the World, Company, and Amusement are apt to

banish from our Thoughts, and I hope and trust that they may prove a Satisfaction to you. If we should never meet again, I ask it as *my dying Request* that you will read them, and remember that they come from a Mother who prays for your temporal and eternal Happiness with unremitting Fervor to that God, who through the Intercession of our blessed Saviour will, I trust, forgive all your Sins and lead you in the Way Everlasting. I am writing with streaming Eyes and a sorrowful Heart. Your Departure is grievous to me. Since I lost my beloved Husband you have been my Consolation—and what shall I do without you! But, my dearest Granville, if you go on well, with *Self-Approbation*, leading the Life that will bring Peace at the last, You will make my old Age happy, and be the Comfort of your most tenderly affecte. Mother,

S. STAFFORD.

Before Lord Granville left England, Lady Bessborough arranged a code of cypher names for the principal people likely to be mentioned in their correspondence. This was necessary, owing to the freedom with which she wrote on all subjects, political and private. Letters by ordinary post were liable to be opened, and even the Foreign Office messengers were not always safe from capture. Some of these cypher names were fairly puzzling on first reading the letters, until a key was found in Lady Bessborough's handwriting. For instance "Buona-parte" meant the Emperor Alexander, "my uncle" and "my niece" were Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Stanhope, "Anne" was Charles Fox, "Eliza" Charles Grey, and "The Pope" Mr. Canning. As the correspondence proceeded more people had to be mentioned for whom no code had been pre-arranged. Lady Bessborough had therefore to make up other cypher names in such a form that Lord Granville only would be able to guess them. This led to some very cumbersome designations, such as "The Sea Nympe's husband" for Lord Melville, the clue being a description once given by Mr. Pitt to his niece, Lady Hester, of Lady Melville at a party given by the Queen. For all these later names there is no key, but it has been possible to make them out (with one or two exceptions) from the context. A full list will be found at the beginning of this volume. To show how they were used, a few of these cypher names have

been left in once and afterwards suppressed, as they are tiresome and confusing for the reader. The other nick-names constantly used throughout the letters have been retained.

Lord Granville left London for St. Petersburg on Thursday, 11th October, the day before his thirty-first birthday—and sailed from Yarmouth on the 13th.

Portions only of Lady Bessborough's Journal letters are given. They must have been delightful for Lord Granville to receive, keeping him in touch with the Society he had lived in, but they are too long and full of small details of her daily life for publication in full.

COPY OF LIST IN LADY BESSBOROUGH'S HANDWRITING.

Pitt	My Uncle.
Fox	Anno.
Grey	Eliza.
Sheridan	Mortimer.
Mr. Canning	The Pope.
Ld. Harrowby	The Screw.
Ld. Grenville	The Present.
T. Grenville	The Future.
Sol (Ld. Morpeth)	Mr. Cumberland.
Ld. Boringdon	Tho Don.
The King	Mr. Wyatt.
Tierney	The Bargain.
Mr. Ad(derley)	Bargain Junior.
Mr. Sturges	Tho Oracle.
Mr. Windham	Tho Swain.
Woronzow	The Cross.
Armfield	L'Intéressant.
Czartoriski	Convent Garden.
Empt of Russia	Bonoparte.
Bonoparte	Mr. Robson.
Prussia	Mr. Thiebault.
German Emperor	Mr. Wraxal.
Sweden	L'Intéressant's Pupil.
The Tures	Frederico (Mr. Arbuthnot's Servant).
French Princes	Le Hazard (because le Duc is, like Puy Ségur, the emblem of Royalists).
America	Augustus.
Spain	The Antidote.
Mr. Frero	Tho Importation (because Mr. C. said Mr. F. was just imported as an anti- doto to Beauty).
Sir J. Warren	Le Revenant.
Mr. Stuart	Silence.
Ld. Bessborough	My friend.
Sister (Dss. of Devonshire)	The Chess Board.
Ly. Cahir	Tho Bracelet.
Ly. Hester Stanhope	My Niece.
Miss P. (Miss Pole)	Pauline.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

WHITSTABLE,
Thursday, 11 Oct., 1804, 5 o'Clock.

You must have seen how I suffered in parting from you last night—I know not that I ever passed so heartrending a moment. . . . I shall endeavour to write from Elsincur as I pass the Sound. You will, of course, hear from me from Yarmouth. Canning has been with me above an hour, and stays till my departure, which will be about 6 O'Clock; I have sent to Willy to come here at that hour. I shall go about 40 miles to night, and get to Yarmouth to morrow. . . .

You cannot conceive the anxiety I feel about your health. . . . By Canning's advice I have sent no trinket to Hetty,¹ though I bought one for the Purpose. I have just sent a note to inquire after her, but have as yet got no answer. . . . God bless you—adieu.

Lady B. to G. L. G. at Yarmouth, or Elsewhere.

HASTINGS,
11th October.

Quel voyage! You know how I dread your suffering, yet I own in this instance, painful as it was, I should have been sorry we could have had such a parting without regret to you. How I shall watch the wind! I take the chance of this reaching you, tho' probably you are gone; but if not, you will be glad to know that I have not suffer'd in health thro' my agitation. . . . The receiving of your two letters to day did me more good than any thing that could have happen'd. Remember, G., you will be very much hurried, yet your letters and knowing every thing that concerns you are the only consolations and support I can have. How strange Hetty's note is! It admits but of two interpretations, neither of which I like to give it. The first (her meaning to destroy herself) is too horrible, and the second raises my indignation, and I don't like believing that, finding there was no hope of your returning her passion enough to marry her, she resolv'd to indulge the inclination—which we know she possesses but too strongly—to the utmost, trusting to your honour for secrecy and to your absence for putting an end to what could not continue without danger. Hetty is so kind to me it seems ungenerous in me to say this, and perhaps I am mistaken, but it is very odd. I shall always be kind to her, from a strange reason—she belongs in some manner to you. God in Heaven guard and protect you. . . .

Do not quiz my direction, I am told it is the right one.

¹ Lady Hester Stanhope.

No. 6.

*Lady B. to G. L. G.*HASTINGS,
Monday, Oct. 22nd.

. . . We have been out the whole evening staring at the sky in common with all the good people of Hastings, who cover the beach from one end to the other. I never saw so extraordinary an appearance: it began before nine and is going on still at past one. The sky is as red as a glowing setting sun, and bright streaks of light darting from every part of it in various shapes; it is quite beautiful, but really unlike any thing I ever beheld. The people here are in the greatest alarm, thinking it Portends the end of the world *or*—the invasion. Caro and I are a little in fear of the former, tho' I hope not quite yet. This was the day Mr. Johnstone assur'd me you would be in Russia. What a miserable feel it is to wish to know you so far off! but there is no end to ye miseries of separation. How could I ever be unhappy before?

“ But not to understand a blessing's worth
Till time has stolen the slighted good away
Is cause of half the miseries we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.”

Yet I cannot accuse myself of having *Slighted* the blessing while it lasted, only I griev'd at separations which now by comparison would be happiness. But I will not go on with this subject, as I should soon fill my folio sheet, weary you, and agitate myself beyond all bearing. Good night.

Tuesday.

. . . We have nothing but Alarms here. This Morning we heard some firing, and a little cutter has been taken by a French Privateer almost within sight of shore. I could distinguish nothing, but the sailors and servants say they did. Whether in consequence of this, of the *Meteors*, or of some real alarm of invasion, I know not; but orders have been sent to prepare the cannon of our little fort, and to keep horses and waggons in readiness to carry off the women and Children in ease of attack. We even consulted about going, but have determin'd to take our chance. What comforts me is an opinion we heard some time ago from good judges that after this month there would not be much danger. I am so ignorant of what passes that I did not know A. Paget¹ was made a knight, and took the *Sir Arthur* in Ly. Amhurst's letter as a joke. His marriage is quite off. I believe you heard that before you went, but it seems he owes

¹ The Hon. Sir A. Paget (1771-1840), was appointed Minister at Vienna.

10,000 at Vienna, which the Doctor agreed to pay, but the present government will not and *Ld. Anglesey* wanted the *Lion*¹ to make up *Ly. C.'s*² fortune 25 instead of 20,000, and thus go halves in paying the Debt. This he either would not or could not do, *et tout est dit*, but mean while *Mr. G. Wyatt*³ says *Arthur* wish'd at any rate to break off the match, as he is very much in love with some countess at Vienna. The two families part on very good terms, but the poor Girl is very unhappy, they say. There has been some terrible play at the *P. of Wales's*. He never allows of it, but after he went to bed *Princee Adolphus*, *Cte Beaujolais*,⁴ *Mr. Mellish*, and *Mr. B. Craven*⁵ sat up till *Princee Adolphus* had won 80,000! of *Mr. Mellish* at *Rouge et noir*. There was then some pause and conversation, *Mr. M.* saying he was completely ruin'd; and they sat down again, when *Princee A.* lost it all back and 12,000 more to it. *Beaujolais* won 3,000, and 900 of *Mr. Mellish*, which was immediately paid. *Princee A.* declared his inability to pay. In the morning the *P. of Wales* was very angry when he heard of it, and said that had it ended with his Brother's winning he should have insisted on his not receiving it, as he allow'd no play in his house, and for the future any thing won or lost there should go for nothing; but that he could not suffer *Princee Adolphus* to owe to *Mr. M.* and *Cte B.*—therefore he would endeavour to get the money, hoping the great inconvenience it put him to was the best lesson his Brother could receive. . . . I am quite pleas'd with the handsome manner in which the King of Sweden has receiv'd the French Princes—I wish he had more power, he is the only person who shews real Spirit and Magnanimity. . . .

No. 4.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

AMETHYST, OFF *ELSINEUR*,
October, Tuesday 16th.

. . . We have had an extraordinarily quick passage, and though we were all of us more or less affected with sickness, yet the progress we have made in our voyage fully compensates us for the uncomfortable hours we passed yesterday and the preceding night. Upon an average, from *Yarmouth* to the Mouth of the *Cattegat* we went at the Rate of 10 miles an hour. . . . If the Wind continues in the quarter in which it is at present,

¹ Lord Malmesbury. This nickname came from some French paper having described him as resembling "un lion blanc," from his fine eyes and his profusion of white hair.

² Lady Catherine Harris.

⁴ Son of Louis XVIII.

³ The Prince of Wales.

⁵ Mr. Berkeley Craven

we shall probably reach Petersburg in about six days. . . . Willy,¹ notwithstanding his two years' apprenticeship at Sea, was very unwell all yesterday, and could eat no dinner. I felt quite uneasy about him, but he has slept very well, and now that the weather is moderate he is quite recovered, and looks more blooming, or rather less pale, than before his sickness. I feel quite an affection for him, and if I can but persuade him to be a little less shy, I am sure he will be extremely popular with every body. The Journal of my Sea Life hitherto would be comprised in my saying that I walked upon Deck and sat in the Cabin by the Fire all day. I have been afraid of reading; I found, when I attempted it, it gave me an inclination to head ache and sickness. The Captain is remarkably civil, and I have a very comfortable Cabin to myself. Stuart, Willy, the Russian, and the Captain have one large Cabin amongst them, divided from each other by green Baize Curtains. These are ridiculous details, or at least would be to any one who was not anxiously interested about every thing that concerns us. I have communicated to Silence² my Papers, and I hope we shall go on very comfortable together. Let me know what Willy says of me, and of things in general. God bless you. Adieu. You will probably not hear from me again for three weeks or a month after you receive this letter—I leave to your Sagacity to find out the Reason. I need not say with what anxiety I shall expect Letters from you. I know nothing of you since your little Note written at 5 o'Clock on Thursday Morn:

Thursday, October 18th.

I had flattered myself when I wrote this letter that, being within 50 miles of Elsinour and with a fair wind, that we should have arrived there within a very few hours. The wind, however, changed, and we have been two days beating about and making very little progress in our voyage. We are now about 20 miles from Elsinour, with a foul wind, but are upon the point of meeting a convoy going to England, by which we intend sending our Letters. We still indulge hopes of reaching Petersburg in about a week.

No. 9.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HASTINGS,
Thursday, Nov^r 1.

. . . I had another long letter from Roman Head³ to day. I am not naturally suspicious, particularly in this way, but from a thousand little circumstances I cannot help imagining the news

¹ Lady B.'s second son, William, was with Lord G. L. G. as attaché.

² Mr. Charles Stuart, afterwards Sir Charles, and in 1828 created Lord Stuart de Rothesay (1779-1845).

³ Mr. Adair.

paper was right, and that M^{lle} de Hazencourt's¹ business here is much less L'amour de ses beaux yeux, than watching what is going on for Mr. Robson.² She is now as much disinclin'd to marriage as he is, wishes to remain in England living dans sa société till March, that she may be thoroughly acquainted with his and her own sentiments, and then at all events means to return from whence she came—either because they do not suit and should separate for a little while before their Platonic friendship begins, or because they do suit, and must try before they marry whether each is capable of constancy in absence. She goes, to come back in August. This is not all. It would be natural for Adair's friend to be anxious to get acquainted with Anne³ and all his society, but tho' she expresses the greatest curiosity about this, and insists on Adair's having confidence plénière on all subjects, the people she is distracted to be introduced to are My Niece,⁴ My Uncle,⁵ the Pope⁶ and the Sea Nymph's Husband⁷—I suppose, from thinking him more accessible to female Blandishments. (By the by, if Hetty never told you a joke of Mr. Pitt's, you will not know who I mean. Do you remember the Lady half of who's Opera box I had last year, and gave up to a Ly. Winchester, with whom there were twenty tracasseries? One night that Mr. Pitt had been at The Queen's Hetty ask'd him on his return whom he saw there, dresses and all. Amongst many others, he said: The most striking was this Lady dress'd all in green, and looking like a *Sickly Sea Nymph*. This is the longest Parenthesis that ever was written.) Et pour revenir à nos moutons, tho' Buonaparte himself might not perhaps think of her, his friend *Mad. de Vernon* is the very person for such a plan, knowing all about Adair at the beginning of this Romance, and knowing that tho' deserving richly in many instances his Persian title,⁸ yet that his relationship with Fox put him à même to know all that is going on in that family, and that this being a notable Lady, not over nice sur les Moyens. If once she got, under that pretence, into the King's neighbourhood, she might easily by her acquaintances know most of what was going on all around her. I am afraid you will think these two pages very ill employ'd, but I dread wearing you out with lamentations or repetition of what I feel—and of news, I have none. All my family are gone to the ball, et je respire. I hate myself for saying this, for it does me good to see them all as happy as they are, but I dread damping their good spirits by my low ones. . . .

¹ Mademoiselle A. G., daughter of the Marquis d'Hazencourt.

² Bonaparte.

³ Charles Fox.

⁴ Lady Hester Stanhope.

⁵ Mr. Pitt.

⁶ Mr. Canning.

⁷ Lord Melville.

⁸ Mr. Adair was a favourite vietim of Mr. Canning's satire. He had published in the *Anti-Jacobin* in 1798 a skit called, "Translation of a Letter in Oriental Character from 'Boba-dara-adul-phoola'" (Bob Adair, a dull fool).

Friday.

I have got my letters. No words can express the joy they give me, and yet more from the sight of the hand writing, I believe, than the contents, for the storms have reach'd you, in spite of all the foolish assurances I receiv'd to the contrary here, and you were not yet at Elsineur; but, thank God, the worst part of your voyage is over. How you will triumph and say you are always in the right, and so you are, but this time I am not in the wrong; who could calculate that they would be three whole days spelling over your letters at the Foreign Office before they sent them to me? The convoy from the Baltic put into Leith Thursday before last. I suppose there was no post that day, tho' Friday there was, and the letters reach'd London Monday. . . . It is only today I have receiv'd them. Now do tell me what can be the reason? Are they open'd? I should almost suspect you thought so by the tenour of yours. You think it necessary to make *excuses to me* for trifling details!!! Good Heavens! what will you think of my letters, which contain literally nothing? If they are open'd I cannot help it—even if Mr. Eliot,¹ who, if any body does, I suppose is the person who reads them.

Dearest G., thank Heaven you are not going near that vile French territory, or you might be whipp'd off like Sr. G. Rumbold.² What a strange outrage! Surely if anything will move the Emperor Alexander, this will; and yet it does not concern him much, except in general as a breach of that much injur'd *droit des gens*, of which one hears so much and knows so little.

No. 10.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HASTINGS,

Novr. 5.

We have been witnessing today a strong example of the spirit of contradiction. The crier has been employ'd all morning in forbidding bon fires, on pain of great penalties, especially on the heights, lest they should be mistaken for signals of invasion; and if nothing had been said they would probably have burnt Guy Fawkes in the Market place very quietly, but, in consequence of this, every cliff round Hastings is in a blaze, and especially ours, with a fallot on the top of a long pole so like the signal for the French, that I should not wonder if the whole coast was in

¹ He was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office.

² English Chargé d'Affaires in Lower Saxony; was carried off by Bonaparte's orders as a spy on 25th October, 1804. His house was forced by 100 men commanded by General Frère, and he was taken to Paris and shut up in the Temple. He was not liberated until 12th November.

alarm and the people under arms from here to Dover. The pleasure of doing what is forbidden does not therefore belong exclusively to women.

Tuesday.

I see another Baltic fleet is come in, and possibly you have sent me another letter by it. I shall live in expectation for a week to come, for I know now by experience that is the time it takes to get a letter from the Foreign Office. I mean to have an audience of Mr. Broughton on this subject when I return to town. The Pope¹ assures me that if any letters in the world are kept inviolate those to Foreign Ministers are so, which gives me great comfort. I have now only to provide against interception, *Dio mene guarda*. I am afraid I should not look well in print. What is more dangerous, tho' to you, is a foolish letter I wrote to the Hollands the other day, in which there was something that might provoke *publication*. I should hang myself immediately; I have no notion of how one could support one's poor letters being read and criticized by all Europe. The Chess Board wrote me word this morning that the grand œuvre is begun,² and *Ca.*³ knows every thing but the amount. He look'd grave and agitated, but answer'd nothing. I am extremely anxious, as I think it is far more than mere relief, but literally a concern of life and death. She has been all this while taking courage, and he in some degree suspecting and avoiding it. If it terminates well, how happy it will make me! I urge above all things complete, entire sincerity. I am sure, if he will *really* let it be put into the hands of F. and A., and not let Heaton have anything to do with it, that all may be well settled, and she restor'd to health and Peace and *honour*, which now really is sadly injured.

Wednesday.

I have a letter from Bess.⁴ She tells me she found *Ca.* in very low Spirits and very undecided. I am sure she will use all her influence in trying to determine him, but the great difficulty will be, not the amount, but determining that Heaton shall have nothing to do with it; and unless this can be obtain'd, it is useless to do any thing, and the whole case is desperate. I did not want any additional anxiety just now, and really feel quite unwell with the constant, constant agitation I live in—*mais ne parlons pas de cela*. Bess says she found little *O.*⁵ and Corise just as we left them, sitting by one another in the great chairs or playing on the Piano forte or at Backgammon, and that she

¹ Mr. Canning.

² Duchess of Devonshire; the confession as to her debts.

³ The Duke.

⁴ Lady Elizabeth Foster.

⁵ Lord Ossulston.

does not see what is to give the grace of novelty to their long court ship qui n'avance ni ne recule d'un seul point, arrive qui pent. The poor Dss. of Leinster¹ is very ill, owing to the double shock of the D. of L.'s death and Charles Lock; probably she felt the latter more from the time than the thing, for I have always understood he was a mauvais sujet and made his wife very unhappy. Ly. Lucan is gone to her Sister in Yorkshire; My lord remains out of Town this winter with Ly. A. B.,² and the Morpeths have, I believe, got their House, which is a very good one. Of course you know Parl. is adjourn'd till Jan^y, but they are, notwithstanding, coming to town immediately.

Thursday.

Another Messenger gone to you without my knowing it! Le Roi étoit au camp, &c. I believe they send them on purpose the day before my packets get to London; even the Pope did not know in time to write, so I have no choice. By the by, he wrote me another very kind letter to day, and I believe I must end with being in love with him—a terrifick threat if he knew it. There seems a mortality in the Dss. of Leinster's family: Mr. Napier³ is dead and Ly. Sarah in despair. A still more melancholy death is poor Louis de Polastron, Monsieur's Son. This was the first news that met him on his return to England, and he has been out of his senses ever since. I have some more long details sent me of the dissensions between the King and Queen, and his determination of never sleeping again at the house call'd hers. His pursuit of Lady Pembroke is renew'd de plus belle, and with so much ardour and such splendid offers that I tremble for her *Virtue*—ce seroit trop piquant de sacrifier les honneurs de 72 ans de bonne conduite à un Galant de 68. But this is not all; there was some other Lady to whom he made urgent proposals of the same nature, and that, it is said, in presence of his daughter, before whom he often uses very improper language. All this latter part I do not vouch for, tho' it comes from very *near*, but in my opinion not very reliable authority. There are many other particulars that I do not tell you, because, if of consequence, you probably know them otherwise, and that scarce any body's actions would bear attentive scrutiny without being liable to great misrepresentation. . . . Bess was anxious for an event in O.'s Courtship and an event

¹ Emilia Mary, daughter of second Duke of Richmond; married, 1747, the first Duke of Leinster; he died 1773. She married, secondly, 1775, Mr. William Ogilvey. Her son, second Duke, died 20th October, 1804.

² His sister, Lady Ann Bingham.

³ Hon. George Napier, sixth son of sixth Baron Napier of Ettrick; married, 1781, Lady Sarah Lennox (Bunbury), daughter of second Duke of Richmond; he died 13th October, 1804.

has happen'd. He has an Estate in America, and if Augustus¹ can give him a good account of it, he offers to marry Corise and take her there till his family make up with him—voilà de l'héroïque. This is at present under consideration. The Duke has been making sad gaps in the famous wood at Chis. I cannot bear it; it is cutting down Armida's wood. I do not mean by this comparison to personify Armida, and, like Mad. de Staël. me peindre sous le masque de la beauté; but the wood was *sacred* to me—it reminded me of happiness that never, never can return again, and now even the last vestiges are gone since the very spot is alter'd too. . . .

No. 11.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

HASTINGS,

Friday, Nov. 9.

. . . The news papers are full of the contents of your letters: your arrival at P., good reception, and dining with the Emperor—and all this has reach'd the news papers before I have a line. That there are letters for me I am certain, but is it not provoking not to get them? The poor *Pope*² suffers for it, for I have sent him a lamentation as if he was answerable for all the faults of the F. Off.—the letters that come too slow, and the Messengers that go too quick. He is very patient and very good natured, but I am afraid Screw³ thinks every thing ex official of no consequence, and that an Ambassador should discard all but state matters from his mind. Tho' I am vex'd, yet it is a great pleasure to know you are safe arriv'd, and in that cold country, thank Heaven, there are no fevers. The accounts from Gibraltar are Horrible; poor Louis Polastron⁴ and Ld. P. Clinton were both there. Mr. Lock was at Malta, but had much the same kind of illness. By the by, I must recall what I said of him in my last; I am shock'd at my own unfeelingness. Mr. Hill told my Sis. he was a very good sort of Man, that he saw him at Yarmouth when he embark'd dreadfully out of Spirits, and saying he had a presentiment he should never return—and so strongly that, on finding the wind contrary, he hurried back to see his wife and children once more, return'd immediately, and embark'd with a conviction he had taken leave of them for ever. I have a letter from Mr. Hill. He says Hetty is some times at

¹ Augustus Foster (1777–1853), diplomatist, afterwards Right Hon. Sir Augustus, Lady Elizabeth's eldest son.

² Mr. Canning.

³ Lord Harrowby, who was Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

⁴ Louis, Vicomte de Polastron, died of yellow fever. He was the son of Louise, Vicomtesse de Polastron, the intimate friend of the Comte d'Artois.

Putney, il Castello¹ given up for this year; that she is very much out of Spirits, and he will tell me more when he sees me. The rest of the letter is chiefly reproaches for not having answer'd his former one, enquiries when I come, an account of his own ill-health and not going till March, and a joke of *Ca's*.² He told Ca that Mr. Pitt remark'd it would be hard if the English translation of the Intercepted letter³ were not better than the French who translated "Obstinate fools," "des Gentilhommes décidés." Ca answer'd: "It was not so ill done; there was some affinity between Obstinate and décidé, and most Gentlemen were fools." I think I have given you the cream of the letter. . . .

Saturday.

The chaise set off this morning with Mary and the other maids, and we follow tomorrow. By a letter from my Sis. I find the P. of Wales has been sent for by his Father, and is come up because Mr. Fox advis'd him always to go to the King whenever he express'd a wish to see him—as a proper mark of respect, even if nothing came of it. But Mr. Fox thinks there is nothing in this message but some negotiation cook'd up by Tierney, more for a pretence to see Mr. Pitt (with whom he wishes to be well without appearing to court it) than from any wish or serious hope of serving the Prince. They talk a great deal of his succeeding with Mr. Pitt and persuading him to take him into his service, but till he is *sure* he does not like to have any thing on that head even suspected. How that Man has lost himself. I think it quite exemplary, for with his talents and common integrity, think what he might have done, and now—he may succeed as to emolument, but can he ever hold up his head again? He and Lord Auckland are look'd upon exactly as they ought. Sending you news, to be sure, is sending coals to Newcastle, but I think you like to hear how the story is told *our* way as well as yours. Good night; God bless you. I know nothing of your letters yet. To-morrow I shall write from London. . . .

C. SQUARE,

Sunday.

I am once more in that sad room where I suffered so much a month ago. . . . The King and Prince of Wales meet to-morrow. . . .

¹ Walmer Castle.

² The Duke of Devonshire.

³ The "Intercepted Letter," said to have been written by Lord Grenville towards the end of 1803 to Lord Wellesley in India, and found on board the *Admiral Aplin*, East India Company's ship bound to Madras when captured by Admiral Linois; was translated into French and published by the French Government; retranslated into English, it appeared in all the public papers.

Another "Intercepted Letter," in which Dublin Society was caricatured, was written by Croker in 1804.

Monday.

. . . I saw my Sis. and shall go on telling you all I hear from her or others as I us'd to do, tho' I know you have so much better accounts. Tell me if it wearies you. I was dismay'd by a visit from T. Grenville, who, seeing my sister, knew I was at home and came in. . . . He told me some curious stories of Tierney¹ and Sheridan. The latter is grown as jealous of the former and his Master as he us'd to be of you and Mrs. Sh. There is this good effect that, each constantly abusing the other to the person they wish to gain exclusively, and counteracting each other as much as they can, neither can have much influence. Tierney's aim is to *have* (what the Pope offer'd Mr. Pitt to undertake if he wish'd it), but in the old system of keeping well with all, wanted to make the P. of Wales approve of the plan. It was therefore necessary to put him in good humour, and Tierney renew'd his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt for that purpose. Whether Mr. Pitt has decided taking Tierney or not, is not known, but it is thought, all circumstances consider'd, he would not be sorry, and would like it still better with the P. of Wales's concurrence, as of course it would take off from the ill humour and *contradictions* of some of the Prince's more particular friends—and every little helps, you know. Be this as it may, both T. Grenville and the Prince are highly pleas'd with the handsome manner in which Mr. Pitt has tried to make an unconditional reconciliation between the King and Prince. When the Chancellor's² letter came to the Prince he sent for Mr. Fox, who was too Lazy to go, but sent word he could only repeat his former advice of always doing what was most respectful to his Father. The Duke of Cumberland said to him, on his expressing some dissatisfaction: "Every thing like resentment will cease when you meet, I assure you; the moment you see my Father you will feel nothing but commiseration." I mention'd to you the splendid account of your reception in the News papers. You are still in great favour with the P. of Wales, and he talk'd of this as sure of happening from your being, like *Alcibiades*, irresistible to man or woman; but after seeing an old acquaintance of yours and friend of his, a Lady,³ compatriote of Buonaparte,⁴

¹ George Tierney (1761-1830) had persistently opposed Pitt, with whom he fought a duel in May, 1798. Canning wrote against him in "The Needy Knife Grinder" as the "Friend of Humanity." He had been Treasurer of the Navy under Addington, with whom he resigned in May. In August, 1804, Pitt offered him the Irish Chief Secretaryship, which he refused, and he did not hold office again until September, 1806, when he became President of the Board of Control.

² The Lord Chancellor Lord Eldon.

³ Madame Gerezoff, a sister-in-law of Madame Valerie Zuboff, followed Sir Charles Whitworth home, and was very badly treated by him.

⁴ Emperor Alexander.

enemy to Cross¹—ou pour dire en deux mots, the old favourite of a predecessor of yours²—his opinion was alter'd, both as to the truth of the article and the likely hood of your being so well receiv'd. This might be only thinking it impossible you should arrive and write back so quick, but it gave me the impression of her not being favourable—if to you, at least not to your Mission; and I suppose she takes her impressions from her friends where you are, but I hope if it is so that it does not signify. Do not laugh at all my mysteries. . . .

Tuesday.

It is impossible my letter ever should finish; but no matter, you need not read it. I want to finish the account of the Royal Family, and of the Lady I mention'd yesterday, to whom I was very unjust. Anne³ came to Town and saw the Prince at my Sister's. The Prince said his Father was thin, but seem'd quite as well as he had ever seen him. Receiv'd him well, but not cordially; met him near the door with a low bow, and treated him much as he would a Foreign Minister. He meant to be civil, too. He enquir'd after his health and then immediately began talking on indifferent subjects, chiefly the report of Mrs. Siddons and Lawrence having elop'd, and her letter; and on the Prince's taking leave, ask'd him to come again Friday. He said Mr. Pitt had arrang'd this meeting quite unconditionally, and after his (the Prince's) declaration that it made no alteration in his general opinions and conduct—which he thought very handsome, but Mr. Mortimer⁴ assur'd him there was some under-hand trick in it, on which Fox exclaim'd: "That is D——d illiberal (quelle fière commère). Mr. Pitt has acted very handsomely, as he ought to do, as I knew he would do, and as I should have done in his place." Now for Lady Whitworth.⁵ She saw my sister to day (who is my great channel of news). She prais'd you excessively and with ye greatest interest—said you were sure of success: "Il tombe bien en débutant mais chez nous tout dépend du début, je veux dire en fait de société;" that your Berlin friend⁶ (who from her Italian note to you I shall call the Signora) was bonne femme et aimable, but bornée en Esprit et en moyen, was from circumstances the very worst you could fall into, as it would ruin you with the Emperor and Prince Czartoryski; that the Husband and his house were le point de ralliement of *their* Opposition, and that the Emperor had taken an aversion to them both and their society, and thought less well of any body who frequented them; that with a thousand

¹ Count Woronzow.

³ Charles Fox.

⁵ Meaning Madame Gerepzoſſ.

² Sir Charles Whitworth.

⁴ Sheridan.

⁶ Madame Panin.

amiable qualities il avoit le defaut Royal de ne jamais revenir d'une aversion non [paper torn] souvent d'un moment de caprice; that La Signora plum'd herself extremely on knowing you so well, boasted of it at Berlin, return'd on purpose and announced that they intended thro' your means to reinstate themselves in favour, or if that fail'd, gain you to their party. For this purpose, hearing you had thoughts of Mad. Gerepsoff's house, they have taken the one next to it: "Et Bon Dieu pensez! Il n'y aura qu'une muraille entre lui et sa perte, car il n'y a point de milieu si il s'y lie—tout est dit *ailleurs*—les procédés se soutiendront peut être, mais pour la confiance, l'estime ou l'espoir de réussite, il n'y faut plus penser." On the other hand, that Mad. de Strogonow was once favorite en titre to Emp. Alexander; that love now was over, but she still retain'd so much influence that every thing coming under her auspices was approv'd of and lik'd. Czartoryski, she said, was très boutoné, but would have neither honneur or place, contenting himself with influence which was unbounded; that Woronzow only staid here till April at the particuliar desire of Lord Harrowby, &c., but another man was coming over to do business during that time. I shall be sorry if this last intelligence is true. There is a strong report in London that Ld. Harrowby is retiring and the Pope¹ coming in his room: can it be true? I like my asking you this; it is almost as good as my sending you news of the place where you are. But never mind; till you stop me, il faudra bien en passer par là and you need not read. . . . All Mad. G.'s histoires may be mere Gossip, il faut les prendre pour ee qu'ils valent, but it is always worth while to hear *every thing*, even Gossip in your situation, parceque sachant les on dits on peut toujours se conduire comme on veut après. . . .

No. 13.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Wed., 21st.

I hope you admired the way in which my letter was seal'd yesterday. It was the Pope's sealing, but he would not direct it, because he said nobody at the Foreign Office would believe in his folding a letter in such a shape. He is gone out of Town, but din'd with Hetty yesterday. I dared not question him much about her, but am to see her soon. I would not see the Prince, but told him when and where he might find my sister. It seems his Father is quite set upon having the entire care of Princess Charlotte. The Governess was to be Lady Ailesbury.² Mr.

¹ Mr. Canning.

² Anne Rawdon, Lord Moira's sister, married, 1788, as his second wife, Charles, first Earl of Ailesbury.

Pitt told Lord Moira that if the Princee would consent to the child's removal to the King's and being quite under his care, he could answer for his being satisfied, and might soon expect some arrangements military and civil to be offer'd him—the former for himself, the latter for his *friends*. He answer'd, with many praises of Mr. Pitt (whom he is in good humour with, only doubts his power to fulfil his offers), that his *friends* must include *all* his friends or none; that he did not like giving up all controul over the Education of his child, and wish'd therefore to content himself with the reconciliation with his Father and the liberty of seeing him often when he return'd from the Country where he was now going; but that he was ready to hear any proposal either for himself or his friends, tho' he did not solicit any, and explain'd beforehand that it must be *all*—and so it rests at present. I believe the truth of his breaking off the arrangements for the child was a fit of his old jealousy—of the Princess's having a visit from his Father. He had a good conversation with Tierney,¹ and got off with more ingenuity than I should have suspected him of. After thanking him for the reconciliation he had brought about, he ask'd him if the reports of his journey to Ireland were true. Tierney said it was true he had an opportunity offer'd him of going, but that he did not know very well how to act. The Princee told him that neither Mr. Fox or himself could see any objection to his going—wholly unconnected, as he was, with their society—and that if he liked the company he was invited to join, he had better go. Tierney said: "Since it is your advice, Sir——" But the Princee interrupted him, saying, Pray understand that I mean to give no advice or even opinion either way. I wish you and every body else to know that I have great private friendship for you, but that as to your connections or employments, I have nothing to do with them, and shall feel exactly the same towards you, whether you go or stay. Mr. Fox disputed quite angrily the other day on the old story of Mr. Pitt's sincerity, and said he would stake his life on it, but that he was trammel'd, and also, he thought, judg'd ill. He was ask'd if any accident should give him the upper hand how he would act. Send for him directly, he replied. Why, why is there nobody to cultivate these good dispositions before bickerings and struggles create animosity? Lord Grenville thinks their Corps will make a formidable appearance, and that Mr. Pitt will muster but very little stronger than they will. I should like to know whether the accounts you get from Lord Harrowby, the Pope, &c., tally at all with what I tell you, or whether their story is quite different. I must tell

¹ Pitt had offered him the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

you a very pretty story of Ld. Melville's. Ld. Lauderdale wrote to him during the Election to say he hoped their Election struggle on shore would not injure his son at sea, who wanted to be made a Lieut^t. Ld. M. answer'd by sending the Lieut's commission and saying, however they might squabble, he should never forget that Ld. L.'s Father was the first person who, by protecting and bringing him forward in the world, put him in a situation to become what he now is. *C'est très joli, n'est ce pas ?* I forgot to tell you that Lord Carlisle had been so work'd upon by Lady Stafford that he was actually more than half over on his way to Mr. Pitt, but T. Grenville, arriving à point nommé at his house at a moment when he thought his oglings were not as eagerly caught at as they should be, righted all again, and now we are fire and fury. Morpeth has never ceas'd one moment being so, and if duration of heat encreases in proportion as motion does by the *square of the distance*, I shall expect a Volcano before the day of battle. . . .

Thursday.

La Montagna¹ was here for a little while to day exclaiming at my being so pale and thin.² I told him, no wonder after such a cold. "C—— and J——!" (you know his horrid exclamation) "does the cold reach all the way from St. P. to London?" I ask'd after Hetty whom he gives a bad account of, and told him I heard of him so often there I concluded he was offering consolation. "No—faith! it is my luck to play second fiddle everywhere;" but he added: "If I am not mistaken, there is another person, the Pope, playing second fiddle in that quarter, unless he is playing *base* to his friend." You will say nonsense at the pun, but it is not the first time of Mr. Hill's hinting about the Pope. I shall go quite mad if I do not get letters soon; you can have no idea how it preys on my mind. What can be become of you? Ships come without end from Petersburg, but none brings news of you. All London is up in arms about Sir G. R.³ How could he sign his Parole? It seems the foolish-est thing to have done, without the least cause, for if any body

¹ William Noel Hill, second son of Noel Hill, first Baron Berwick; born about 1772. M.P. for Shrewsbury; appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Circle of Franconia in March, 1805. Succeeded his brother as third Baron in 1832. Died unmarried in 1842.

Lady Hester Stanhope told her Doctor: "Three of the wits of the day in my time were Mr. Hill, Captain Ash, and Mr. Brummell, all odd in their way. The first for dry wit, the other for solemn joking, and the last for foppery."

² Lady Bessborough had been laid up with a very sharp attack of illness since her return to Cavendish Square.

³ Sir George Rumbold had been induced by Fouché, before he was released, to sign an engagement "not to reside within fifty post leagues of the present station of the French armies during the war," Fouché adding: "Cela vaut mieux que le Temple et vous avez l'alternative."

could be safe it was a person in his situation. He says he knew it was ruin to him, but he devoted himself for the sake of his country, for that being liberated on Parole was making no reparation to those who were offended at his detention, and consequently would not appease them. Meanwhile it leaves the Ministers in an awkward dilemma. Leaving him to be arrested, which he must be if his debts are not paid, would not sound well abroad, yet providing for him otherwise would be a sort of concession and submitting to a promise no one had a right to impose. Do not be taken, for Heaven's sake! The K. and Q. were at the play last night, and great applause, I hear, while Kemble was making one of those drawling Speeches he does sometimes. Sheridan said to Dun:¹ "He speaks so slow he ought to make the Orchestra play between each word to fill up the pauses."

I am in sad distress about my Sister. Sunday every thing will be laid before K.² He expects *five* or *six*—and it comes to thirty five! She is dreadfully agitated, but if it can but be settled, I feel certain it is final, and will be every thing for the happiness of both.

Friday, 23.

Hetty is this moment gone—her visit has been a very nervous one to me, as you will see it must when I tell you our conversation. Alas! I am but too conscious of deserving what has happened, but deserving a thing does not always lessen the pain of it. I have not spirits just now to give you an account of a violent and entertaining argument she had with Ld. Abereorn, who was here. I can only tell you what pass'd when he went. She seem'd very much distress'd, and I could not for a long time make out what she meant in begging me with the greatest earnestness not to attribute to caprice or any change in her opinion or *affection* towards me if I remark'd a change in her manner and if she saw less of me. On pressing her to explain, she at length told me she had been advis'd, almost *order'd*, to break off all acquaintance with me. . . . At the moment that pride but too natural to me revolted, from thinking she sought me while it was useful to her and wish'd to cut me when it ceased to be so. I only answer'd gravely she had better follow the advice. She burst into tears, and kissing me passionately, said: "I see you impute to me what arises from the ill nature of others and originates chiefly with the Queen and the Princess of Wales." After a moment's reflection . . . I determin'd to advise her as I would have done my child, and told her, however hard it might seem to me or groundless it might be . . . that

¹ Lord Duncannon.

² The Duke of Devonshire.

her friends could only have the motive of her good, and that she ought by all means to comply with them; that I assur'd her I would not impute it to her. . . .

No. 14.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Novr. 24.

I was so stunn'd with the conversation I told you of yesterday that I could not reeover enough to tell you many other things I wish'd to say. . . . Hetty talk'd a great deal of you—for the *last time*, she said, for she told me she meant to avoid every thing that could remind her of you, never to mention you; never to enquire after you, and if possible never to think of you more. I conelude by this that she has not written. . . . Hetty had a grand dispute with Magnifico¹ in my room yesterday on the Dr., the Coalition last year, and the merits of the Ministers. It was earried on with great Spirit on both sides, and I was not elear whether it would end in blows or embraeces. Neither were the consequencee, but a very eold invitation to the Priory on one side, and rather a disdainful refusal on the other. I do not know what to do with the Princee and Princeess of Wales. Hetty tells me the Princeess is ready to do any thing that ean please him, and if he dislikes her interviews with his Father, will deeline or go away to avoid them, if she eould only have the satisfaction of *knowing from him* that it would please him. Just after hearing this, I found the Princee's *fat friend*² was all anxiety to send a message to the Princeess, if she eould find any body to take it, telling her that if she had no objection to confide to the Princee the subjects of those conversations, and would do so as of her own aeoord, it would please him so much that she had little doubt it would bring about not only reeoneiliation with him, but eomplete submission to all his Father wishes. Bnt how ean this be made known? Not thro' me, I am sure, for the only person I eould tell it to—Hetty—I eannot write to.

Sunday.

Oh, G., I have just heard of the misfortune of your Messenger.³ I dread some bad consequence to you, besides the anxiety you will feel for want of whatever he was to bring you. I eannot tell you my uneasiness, yet it was a relief when I heard it, for the first report was your being taken. All my family are at

¹ Lord Abereorn.

² Mrs. Fitzherbert.

³ Mr. Wagstaffe, the British messenger who had left St. Petersburg on the 6th November with despatches from Lord G. L. G., was robbed in the forest between Rhena and Schwerin on the 13th November.

Chiswick and I spent the day with my Mother. This horrid report reach'd me, and being still weak, I fainted. On my recovery I got a kind note from Hetty, telling me as a great secret the truth. Soon after Mr. Hill sent to say he would call. He came late after my Mother went, and is but just gone (half after twelve). . . . He assures me there is an account of your safe arrival, tho' not from you; he assures me, too, that I may write without fear, as the mail will go by Gothenburgh. What was your Messenger doing in Mecklenburgh? He assures me Lord Harrowby does not seem uneasy—but he would put on that; so many things may be said to you in private that publish'd would sound ill, and make all fail where you are, and give a hold for abuse here. I shall have no peace till I know, and how have I a chance of hearing?

No. 15.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

CHISWICK,
Novr. 27.

. . . You cannot think how frighten'd I am concerning Hetty. Surely she could intend no coup de tête, and by *going to a distance* mean going to Mr. A.;¹ that has sometimes occur'd to me, supposing some of my fears were just, and what could he do in such a case? I am at all events very anxious to know whether he ever hears from Mr. Pitt, or at least is sure that he continues good friends with him; indeed, I am afraid this foolish business will turn out ill, on ne s'amuse pas toujours impunément. However, Mr. Hill, who put it in my head, is certainly full of fancies on that subject. . . . I wonder whether you will like any books to be sent you and what kind, and whether you get good French ones where you are. I shall at a venture send you Wilkes' letters and Mémoires de M^{me} de Pompadour. . . .

LONDON,
Thursday.

We came back from Chis. today in a poisoning fog, and I am afraid I have caught a bad cold. It was inevitable, however. I found a letter from the Pope,² who tells me you arriv'd at P. the 28th Oct., but that no one has heard from you yet, tho' this is the 29 Novr. Many ships have arriv'd from P., some of the 2d, some of the 4th; what can be the meaning of not hearing from you? He says he can teach me no way of defending my letters from Buonaparte, but that I write a very tolerable cypher, which has cost him some study, tho' he now begins to read it

¹ G. L. G.

² Mr. Canning.

pretty fluently. I long to be certain that Mr. Pitt is good friends with you; it is a subject on which I cannot speak to the Pope, and which from *circumstances* he has probably heard less of than most people, but I cannot tell you how anxious I am. . . . I will not send you the first set of Wilkes' letters published by Hatchard, as they are so very trifling—at least, as far as I have read—and written in a pert, Vulgar style: merely jocular accounts of his ague, and household arrangements with his Daughters; every now and then an account of how the great Mr. Wilkes, a good Patriot tho' no Christian, arriv'd at the Inn at Bath or at Brighthelmstone. The *Mémoires*, as they call themselves, are still worse—very ill written and telling literally nothing, but the author's opinions on the Middlesex Election, &c. They say Almon's¹ publication is to be much better; it will be out tomorrow, and I will send it next opportunity, and also *Mad. de Pompadour*² if I can get it, which, tho' two years old, I think you have not seen. It is revis'd by Soulavie³ and is a good—I cannot say suite, but forerunner of his life of Louis 16. Pray forgive this dissertation on books. . . .

Tuesday.

Every day brings me fresh disappointment, and letters never will come. Surely your Messenger must have been taken too, or else why should Ships be coming every day from P. and none bring letters from you? I thought certainly the first account of your arrival would come from yourself, yet even *Mad. Grepzoff* has got accounts of it, and yet nobody, not even Lord Harrowby, has heard from you; it quite sickens me, and I know not what to think. . . . *L^d Grenville*, *T. Grenville*, *Mr. Windham*, my Brother and *Mr. Sheridan*, dined with the P. of Wales yesterday. The latter is very unreasonable about his wife—*Madame*⁴ very reasonable, and wishing to reconcile them, saying she only wishes to be his friend. Something is at issue between Lord Moira and Mr. Pitt. I do not suspect either of falsehood, but suppose they misunderstood each other and were talking of different things, but they assert positively—Mr. Pitt that Lord Moira told him Princess Charlotte should be unconditionally given up to her Grand Mother's care—Lord Moira that Mr. Pitt assured him that it should not be insisted upon if the Princee disliked it. There are some other particulars in which they contradict each other point blank, and as nobody was present at the conference, it is difficult to decide who is right and who wrong. . . .

¹ John Almon (1737-1805), bookseller and journalist, friend of Wilkes.

² One volume published in Paris, 1802.

³ *L'Abb^e* Jean Louis G. Soulavie (1751-1813), best known by his historical writings.

⁴ Mrs. Fitzherbert.

No. 6.

*G. L. G. to Lady B.*ST. PETERSBURGH,
Novbre 6th, 1804.

. . . I have already written three long dispatches besides private Letters to Harrowby upon Public Business; and I have now at 2 o'Clock in the Morning (having scarcely been out of my Room all Day), to write to Pierrepont at Stockholm, and also to my Mother, and a line to Canning. But then, you will exclaim, Why did you not write a little every day? Why, I have every Day been employed; I have had to pay visits without End, I have had to go 40 miles into the Country to be presented to the Empress Mother, and I have had conferences with Prince Czartoryski.¹ Your first Question will be, Are you satisfied with yourself? To which I must answer shortly, *No*. In talking upon Business with Czartoryski, I proceed in French with tolerable facility, but when I am at the Table vis à vis to the Empress Dowager,² and that I have to answer long Questions with the Eyes of the whole Room upon me observing narrowly the language of the ambassador, I find a difficulty in squeezing out of my Mouth at the end or beginning of each sentence, *Votre Majesté Impériale*, and *Elle* instead of *Vous*, &c. . . . I have as yet had no time to make any arrangements about Ponsonby's reading Latin, Greek, &c., with Mr. Pitt. I was glad to find that of his own accord he had sent for a French Master, and that he intends also learning German. Pray counteract any Impression that Lady Warren may attempt to make against me in England. I have not time to enter into all the Reasons of complaint I have against her and her Husband, but the fact is that they are mortified and vexed to the very marrow at being recalled from Petersburg, and they feel Pique and Jealousy of me because I succeeded him. I never was more disgusted than with the mean adulation that she has been paying to every body connected here with the Imperial Family—her extravagant and Hyperbolical praises of even the youngest Brothers and Sisters of the Emperor (*ce sont des êtres tombés des cieux*), positively make me sick. Silence³ I like very much; we are upon the footing of great confidence, and he has told me with

¹ Prince Adam George Czartoryski (1770-1861), eldest son of Prince Adam Casimir Czartoryski, known as the Prince General (1734-1823). He was sent with his brother Constantin as a hostage to Petersburg after the last partition of Poland. He formed a friendship with the Grand Duke Alexander, and when the latter succeeded to the throne in 1802 he appointed Prince Adam Minister of Foreign Affairs.

² Empress Marie Fédérowna (a Princess of Wurtemberg).

³ Mr. Stuart.

perfect kindness and openness all the petty attempts made by Lady W. to make him distrustful and Jealous of me. . . . I have taken Sir John Warren's House; I am at present in one much larger, but very cold and comfortless. But upon all such subjects Ponsonby will have written to you at length. . . .

Nov. 8th.

I am not reconciled to my Situation. Nothing but the occupation of Business can make it tolerable. I am sick of the Punctilio of bowing 3 times to an Ambassador and twice to a *Chargé d'affaires*, &c., of walking out with the former through all the Rooms to the staircase, and accompanying the latter only to the door of the Ante-Room. There is scarcely a pretty woman to be seen, even Ponsonby's tender heart seems in no danger.

No. 16.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Decr. 1st.

. . . I have seen nobody all day till just now that Bess¹ and Caro are come in raving wild with Master Betty;² they say his acting is so perfect, so natural, so animated, and so graceful, that it makes his childishness be forgot:

"Before true merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's Genteel and Garrick six feet high."

I suppose he really must be wonderful, for people of all kinds and sorts, the most decided frondeurs, like Mr. James, &c., join in the cry of general applause, and nothing ever equal'd the crowd. The Pit was fill'd by twelve to-day with people who had patience to dine and wait jamm'd together till the play began, and some people were found this morning hid in the galleries who conceal'd themselves last night, and then pass'd four and twenty hours there to secure their place. In short, you would not suspect there were any great political discussions going on, or that Europe was in the state of warfare and bondage; it seems as if the whole people of England had but one interest, one occupation—to decide on the merits of Master Betty—*puis parlez moi du phlegme anglois*. My poor Sis. is ill in bed; nothing is yet decided, and I am afraid it does not go well. . . .

¹ Lady E. Foster.

² Mr. Henry West Betty, known as the Young Roscius, acting for the first time in London at the age of thirteen. On one occasion the House of Commons adjourned on the motion of Mr. Pitt to witness his performance of Hamlet.

Sunday.

Thank Heaven, at last there are letters, Dear letters, and tho' not very satisfactory, yet the few lines are your hand writing, and have reliev'd me from more pain than I can express. I have two letters also from My W., one of which gives me an account of your voyage and various occurrences; otherwise I should still feel knowing nothing of you. . . .

I wish you would number yr. letters as I do, that I may know whether I receive them all. The Pope has promised to give me an account of the *succès* of your dispatches. . . .

Sunday night.

. . . I have got another letter from you. I ought only to be grateful for hearing at all, occupied as you are. Am I unreasonable when I own to you the bitter disappointment I feel at your having withheld all that you had written to me in your passage? How could you, G., knowing me as you do? It is not having a few hurried lines from you, when you are wearied out with other business, that can be a pleasure to me; it is knowing the bent of your thoughts, your occupations *every day*, that I covet, and which I hoped I might have obtain'd at least during your voyage. . . . Recollect the two kind but short letters that tell me little of you except what grieves my heart—that you are unwell, and out of spirits, and that you have destroy'd all the little you had written; and will you wonder at my being a little disappointed? Yet forgive me . . . I am indeed ungrateful to complain when I have the blessing of knowing you and your companions are safe. I am, I will be contented. . . .

Monday 3.

. Only one word more as to posts, for I cannot understand them. I thought your Messengers carried your letters to Gothenburgh or Riga and gave them into the hands of Captains who bring them over here; if so, how can they be read in the countries thro' which they pass? I hate thinking my letters are read, but it is as impossible for me to write pour la Galerie as to fly, and whenever it comes into my head I stop short and won't say another word till the Idea is gone again. My only consolation is that after all—tho' *you* may not like from your *high dignity* descending to write nonsense—it cannot signify much to me, if the post Masters of Sweden and Russia should know that Anne Newton¹ is as great a fool as many other women have been before her. . . .

¹ The writer.

Tuesday 4.

The notion of you making your three bows and ceremonious reconduites in all the forms of Etiquette is what I cannot picture to myself in the least. I shall not know you at your return, you will be quite Buckram, as Mr. Hill call'd you. W. also complains of the bows; it will be excellent for him. Poor fellow! I do love him so, that I hope he will succeed in making you love him a little, and that he will not prove an incumbrance to you. I am half alarm'd at his passion for Madelle de Polignac. If it is the same famous *Betsy*, she has, young as she is, already caus'd a most violent and fatal passion in her own family; but this is too long a story to tell you now, and moreover a secret. I am impatient for the arrival of the Amethyst, and very much so also to hear you have receiv'd some of my volumes. I was labouring very hard to get you the copy of two papers—a letter of Mr. Pitt's to the Prince of Wales and the answer; but tho' I believe I shall have them, it is rather difficult, perhaps hardly worth while, and at any rate what of course is sent to you, for I suppose you have every thing of that sort from L^d Harrowby or the Pope if it is worth reading at all. . . .

Lady B. to Dow. Lady Stafford at Eastbourne.

November or December.

Of course you have letters, My Dearest Madam, by this last courier, but as Ld. G. seems a good deal hurried, perhaps my son tells me more details than Ld. G. had time to give you. They were sixteen days at sea, but tho' with contrary winds reckon'd it on the whole a good passage. Sr. J. Warren's Carriages, &c., met them at Cronstadt, and convey'd them to a Magnificent Palace taken for Ld. G., but which with all its finery was cheerless and inconvenient and hardly furnish'd; they are therefore to remove to Sr. J. Warren's as soon as he goes, which, tho' less shewy, is comfortable and well air'd. Ld. G.'s application to business is constant and indefatigable; they were to be presented on the seventh, but neither of them mention it in letters of the 8th. I wonder whether *the wig* has been left off; it is not mention'd. I have not been out of my house except to Chiswick for near three weeks before, but I went to church yesterday to thank Heaven for their safe arrival. I ought to make many excuses for not answering sooner some of the questions you ask'd me. But I have been very much taken up with a melancholy scene that pass'd at Chiswick the day of my going there—a poor old Servant of the D. of D.'s fell from his horse in an Apoplectic fit and was brought home senseless. His wife, who was nurse to Hartington, was in the house, for they liv'd so happily together

that the D. and My Sister could not bear to Separate them, but allowed them to remain together. I had the painful task of preparing this poor woman to meet the blow which was to rob her of all earthly happiness. Luekily they were both good pious creatures, and Religion never shews its power so much as in affliction. To turn to a very different subject, I will answer your list of reports. The first was groundless—the little woman is now living quietly with her friends; but the story originated by her being run away with on horse baek. *Some good natur'd* person in telling the story left out the Horse and only said she was run away. The second is a Lady Boughton, who is gone off with Capⁿ Caulfield the Actor; and the third, Ld. and Lady Luean, who are separated. I do not know them, but my Brother tells me it is more from disagreement of temper and extreme absurdity on both sides than any other eause. How extraordinary after giving up the world for each other and living happily near ten years! At the end of that time they went to Brighthelmstone, where he had the gout. She took to rackets and neglected him; he grew low spirited and seolded her. Incessant wranglings ensued, mix'd up with accusations of flirtation on one side and stinginess on the other. This continued for near two years, when after a violent quarrel he return'd one night half inelin'd to make it up, but unfortunately mention'd having talk'd on the subject to his Sister (who never would consent to see Ly. L. or her ehildren). Ly. L. put herself into a great passion; said it was dishonourable to consult her greatest Enemy, and that so far from aaccepting his proffer'd forgiveness, she never would forgive him or remain another night in the House, and accordingly she set off and went to one of her Sisters in Yorkshire. He immediately took out artieles of separation, and sent for her Children away from her; but what is singular, instead of taking them home, he plae'd one with Lady Dunganⁿ,¹ the other with Lady Melbourne, to be edueated. He himself has invited his Sister, Ly. Anne Bingham, to live with him. What a long story I have made of it! Nothing can give you patience to read it but a foggy November day at a lonely sea Bathing place. I do not at all agree to your description of yourself, nor would my Son, but I find he is at Blaekington Barraeks, not at Eastbourne. I should have liked you to know him, because he has a simplicity of eharacter and goodness that I think would have pleas'd you; but he is not well, poor boy! and I am afraid the thin Barraek Houses in this eold weather will not mend his health. The whole world rings with the Boy² Actor (London world, I mean); I hear from every body he is

¹ Charlotte, daughter of first Lord Southampton; married, 1795, second Viscount Dunganⁿ. ² The Young Roscius (Henry West Betty).

excellent. The train of carriages, they say, began at Long Acre, and some people contriv'd to conceal themselves the night before in the Galleries and Pit, and pass'd the night and day there to secure a place. . . .—Believe me, Dearest Madam, Ever Most affec^d Yrs.,

H. F. BESSBOROUGH.

No. 8.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

Monday, Novber 12th.

I have again been writing all Day, and am again stupid and Tired. By Praetice I hope I shall attain greater facility in writing Dispatches, but I assure you that it is no easy matter to write an account of a long conversation; one is so inclined to the familiar expressions of says he and says I, that if the latter was not ungrammatical as well as vulgar, I should, I think, boldly adopt that mode of expression. . . . I am not a tittle more comfortable in point of society than I was the Day of my arrival; with Czartoryski I am getting on very well, and upon that subject am satisfied with myself. Ponsonby is delightfully good natured and gentlemanlike, but there is no persuading him to get up at any tolerable or decent Hour; Stuart and Myself were gone to Church yesterday before he was dressed. I beg, however, that you will on no account repeat to him my Lamentations upon this subject, or you will quite put an end to my writing to you of him as I think. I believe I before told you of my Dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Warrens; I believe all originated with her love of Pomp and his low ambition to be made a Pcer. He flattered himself that a Convention must be the fruit of his Diplomatic Labour, and a Peerage the Reward of concluding a Convention. We went to Court in his Coach together, and could you believe it possible that, upon my getting into the Coach first and sitting forwards, he asked me if I wd. not sit backwards, meaning that till I had presented my Credentials I was so much his inferior that I ought not to sit upon the same seat with him. Of his misfortunes and difficulties in getting aboard his Frigate, Ponsonby has probably written to you. I send this by a Messenger to Revel, which I hope he will arrive at before the Warrens are embarked.

No. 17.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Wed., Dec^r 5.

Nothing is heard from morning till night but the praise of poor little Betty, who will be kill'd with it, for they make him act every night. The Epidemic must extend even to you, for

at length, tired of *hearing* and of finding excuses for staying at home, I went tonight. It was *Lovers' Vows*,¹ and I eried my eyes out. The detail of all ye disadvantages a natural child must suffer would alone have affected me, but it is impossible to give you an Idea of what this creature is—his tenderness to his Mother, his perfect freedom from all affectation and whining, and his wonderful animation in the strong parts, are really finer than any thing I ever saw, and in any part when his extreme youth and childish form do not shoek you, it is impossible to conceive greater perfection. *K.*² went to night, and even he quite exelaim'd he could not have believed it. He came into the box afterwards and his fine blue eyes and light brown hair did not tend to set me against him. . . . The play was so well worth seeing that I do not regret it; on other accounts, too, it had a good effect; but feeling still very weak from my long confinement, I was near crying when *La Coquette Gentille*³ came up to kiss me. . . . At length I flatter myself all goes well for my Sis. The Duke consents to its being done in the way she wishes; it is, alas! past 40, but is to be done by degrees, and perhaps many things taken out that are now given in to make its leaving *every thing* more secure. I dare not ask, but yet I doubt in this, whthether you are included. I saw the Prince to day, who ask'd very much after you. I dread all the ports being clos'd by the frost and never hearing. Good night.

Thursday.

. . . I have a terrible cold, and no wonder with going out for the first time after my long confinement (excepting that once to my Sister's) to a hot, crowded play house, or rather to two, for we went after *Lovers' Vows* to *Cinderella*. We saw the King, who looks well, I think, but dropp'd asleep twice during the farce. In going in we met little Betty and ask'd him up. Sheridan afterwards brought him. He was delighted with *Cinderella*—very shy, and a remarkably modest pretty manner, except when anything that struck him particularly in the Pantomime put him into raptures. It is perfect nature as his acting is, but I cannot tell you how odd it seem'd, after having just seen this creature thunder out his reproaches to Baron Wildenheim⁴ till my blood ran cold with agitation (for you have no notion of the dignity and animation he can assume), to see him so wrapp'd up in the farce that often, trying two or three times to get rid of questions, he turn'd to my Sis. and said: I beg your pardon, Ma'am—I will answer in a moment; only let me just look at that beautiful thing going up. He clapp'd

¹ Kotzebue's play published 1798, anglicized by Mrs. Inchbald in 1800.

² The Duke of Devonshire.

³ Lady Charlotte Groville.

⁴ The hero in "*Lovers' Vows*."

his hands and jump'd at the horses, but afterwards eritieis'd their shaking their heads too violently and too often. C. ask'd if he thought he could do it better. "I think I could," he said, "but I am afraid they would not let me." How all this must bore you. I will only say one word more of him, that the reason he return'd to our box was that in the publie boxes the whole Pit got up to look at him, eall'd out his name and applauded, tho' the K. and Queen were at the play. Sheridan was in the box the whole night; tried to speak once or twice and then retired to a eorner, spoke to nobody, look'd very melaneholy and pretended to *cry*. I took no notiee, but ought to have exelain'd, like Voltaire, *Il pleure le Tigre*. If you were here I suppose you would scold about this play, but the fact is that, besides curiosity, I have staid at home and alone so eompletely qu'on crioit après moi, and I minded it the more as one of the stories about is that you shut up half London, and that it is the fashion to be ill from despair at your absenee. Think! They tell me I may possibly not hear again till February! and the Amethyst,¹ even, is not arriv'd. You know I have only reeeiv'd two letters, one the 1st, the other the 8th of Novr.

Good Heavens, G.! what a horrible story I have just heard! You will, of course, hear all the particulars, but I shall write to Fraser, who, I think, is their Physieian, to get an answer if I can before this goes. Poor Ld. H.,² I heard at first, had fraetur'd his skull, but Mr. Hill assures me it is not as bad as that, but violent contusions. I really eannot tell you how griev'd I feel. I will find out all I ean to tell you besides the aceounts you get from home; how I pity your poor Sister!

Friday.

This moment I have reeeiv'd two more letters from you, the 6 and 12th of Novr, and I see by the News papers the Warrens are eome; I would not take away the chance of your being well with them by telling you sooner what I heard from all quarters—her dislike of you. It began at Plymouth, where you did something to offend her, and was not, it seems, diminish'd by your appointment to P. Hetty³ told me the first part—Mad. Gerepzoff the latter, of the pique of your superseding them (by the by, I was quite, quite wrong about Mad. Gerepzoff; she expresses so much interest about you I quite love her). Your story of sitting backwards entertain'd me extremely. I think I see your surpris'd, disdainful faec; but one of the worst parts

¹ The ship he sailed in.

² Lord Harrowby had a fit, and falling downstairs, pitched on his head.

³ Lady Hester Stanhope.

of the Diplomatique Career is its giving too much importance to trifles; so much turns on Etiquette that at length people grow to think it a thing of consequence, and forget that the importance they give it appears quite ridiculous to the indifferent standers by. This attaches particularly to Sr. J. W., both from his being a weak man, and a naval Education, which, glorious as it is in active Service, yet in the long hours of Leisure, shut up almost alone in a ship, leaves nothing to occupy a mind not very well stored, but the minutie of detail in the management of the ship and the precedency establish'd between the different officers. . . .

I hear Ld. H. had a good night. Lord Moira is sent for from Seotland by Mr. Pitt to settle the dispute, as they each give a different account of their conversation. I enclose you the Caricature Cobbett talks of in his paper, tho' it is scracely worth the postage—but that, I flatter myself, you have nothing to do with. God bless you.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Decr. ye 7th, 1804.

MY DEAREST GRANVILLE,—I have had the Satisfaction of receiving all your Letters—viz., that on the 2d. of Novr. and the Duplicates of the 7th. Sir J. B. Warren landed on Wednesday, who brought the last. I am thankful that your Health is good, and I trust ere now you are settled comfortably. But, my dear Granville, I fear this Letter will not give you Pleasure, and I am sorry to tell you any Thing that will give you Pain, yet Things relating to near Relations you must necessarily be made acquainted with. I therefore suppose you have been inform'd of the scarlet Fever having been prevalent in Mr. Eliot's Family. He, Georgiana, and all the Children (excepting little Charlotte), and two of the Servants, were all lay'd up with it, but they are all recovering, or recover'd but Georgiana, whose weak State, with her own Fever, and the Distress and Alarm about her Husband and Son, brought her very low, but she is better, though very weak with Fever, still, and shatter'd Nerves. I am unwilling to proceed to tell you about Lord Harrowby, and yet I think you must wish to know the particulars. I came to Town on Monday Evening. I then thought Lord H. look'd very ill, and though he was going out of Town to dine with Mr. Pitt, he complain'd of being very unwell. I remain'd with Susan till he return'd, past twelve o'Clock. I dined with them on Tuesday. He complain'd of his Head, and seem'd ill and uncomfortable; but he went on Wednesday Morning, with his Brother Richard, to have Papers and Books removed out of

his Mother's House. He was taken with a Fit upon the Stairs and fell down Stairs, pitching upon his Head; when they took him up he was cold and Lifeless, and above three Quarters of an Hour he appear'd to be quite dead. Since then he has given great Reason to hope he will recover. The Concussion in his Head and the Symptoms were at first most alarming, but the Surgeon and Physicians say that, as he has had good Nights and his Head is become quite clear, besides other favorable Symptoms, they give us Hopes of his Recovery, though before the Expiration of three Weeks they cannot form a Judgement of the Event, and they add that should it prove as we all so earnestly wish, yet he must not attempt to look at Papers or to do any Sort of Business for *many many* Weeks, and that should he recover, he has not *Stamina* to go on in his present Situation. I know well, my dearest Granville, the foregoing Acct. will be painful to you; besides the Friendship and Affection you have for Lord H., his removing out of the foreign Department must be distressing to you. You must feel for poor Susan. . . .

No. 18.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Nov^r 8, Saturday.

The Pope sent me the enclos'd. I hope the extract is from a letter of Mr. Pitt's; I knew it would be so, but it is pleasant to have one's own opinion confirm'd by that of others—at least, of those whose opinion is worth having. Ld. H. is much better. Dr. F.'s note came five minutes after my letter was gone; it was merely that the bruises, tho' severe, were not dangerous. Last night I went to a party at Lady Abercorn's. It was rather formal, and what with being still weak, and all that Hetty told me, I felt very uncomfortable, but that fat good natured Ly. Ely¹ was so kind to me that it encourag'd me again. There was the poor little Mrs. Payne of whom those abominable reports were made; she looks quite like a child—very pretty, yet notwithstanding very like Ly. G. Cavendish. After supper Lawrence² sung, and was entertaining enough; he told me (perhaps by way of flattery) that your Picture had given him more pleasure than any he ever painted. I saw Mr. Hill a minute this morning, with whom I know not how I am grown to talk much too unreservedly. . . . Think of my Mother being tempted to go to the play tonight, and think of the ill luck that the first time she has ever been for twenty years should also be almost the first violent

¹ Jane, daughter of Sir Hercules Langrish; married first Marquis of Ely, 1766.

² Sir Thomas Lawrence. The head of this full-length picture appears as the frontispiece, Vol. II.

riot I ever saw in getting in. The passage up to the Prince's box was burst open, and the mob with difficulty kept out. We were lifted off our legs, and, in short, must have been crush'd but for the constables, who call'd some soldiers, and we were march'd in like prisoners. The confusion afterwards is something I never witness'd before, even men fainting without end in the Pit and oblig'd to be drawn up thro' the boxes; it is like Madness, quite. But the boy is indeed a glorious boy; I would give any thing to see you see him, but that is not likely, for they will kill him before you return. The person who wanted you to sit backwards (and whom I shall call Knightsbridge,¹ because their namesake had a House there) arriv'd yesterday. I began preparing my Mother (to whom Madame is related) not to credit and to contradict any ill nature, but indeed, I flatter myself, the attempt on their part is so hopeless that they will not try it. There is but one way you could give any hold upon you, and that I know you neither have nor will—I mean the old story. I thought my Son prais'd you very much in his letter to me, but in that to my Mother he does ten times more; I suppose he thought it almost superfluous in the former case. . . . I have been reading your letter again, and see how you misjudge yourself, and how the dispatches you find fault with are approv'd of here. I am sure it is the same about your French. I said nothing to W. concerning his laziness, but it is a sad fault both for health and instruction. . . .

Monday.

You will think I live at the play; I am just return'd from D. Lane. Mr. Pitt and the *Abethedin*² were there, and applauded extremely. Mr. Pitt particularly was delighted with the Boy, and pleas'd me extremely by *crying*. It was Douglas³—they were just opposite. Sheridan persists in coming every night to us. He says one word to my Sis.; then retires to the further corner of the box, where with arms across, deep and audible sighs, and sometimes *tears*! he remains without uttering and motionless, with his eyes fix'd on me in the most mark'd and distressing manner, during the whole time we stay. Tonight he follow'd us in before the play began, and remain'd as I tell you thro' the play and farce. As we were going, I dropp'd my shawl and muff; he pick'd them up and with a look of ludicrous humility presented them to Mr. Hill to give me. I took Morpeth's Arm and walk'd away, but he follow'd, and then posted himself at the outward door by the carriages. I always pretend not to see, but you cannot imagine how unpleasant it is to *feel*

¹ Sir J. Warren.

² Not deciphered.

³ A tragedy by J. Home (1757), based on the tale of Gil Morice.

eyes upon one so. Mr. Hill has confirm'd to me from another channel what the Pope tells me of your dispatches and conduct, and you may judge whether his conversation was pleasant. It does, I own, delight me, and you see how ill you judge yourself. He gave me a sad account of Hetty; he found her this Morning bathed in tears, and afterwards in Hystericks. She would not tell the cause—you will probably know it by other means; but as I never see or hear from her, and of course never call or write, and dislike encouraging conversation which might be injurious to her, I can only make dreadful conjectures. In going out tonight I met Pauline,¹ looking very pretty, and in raptures with little Betty, and appearing quite happy to see me. How odd it is that I should always feel a sort of predilection for all your loves! Politics are forgot, and your next Courier will probably bring you accounts of young Roscius (I hate that name) instead of Dispatches. A great party is going to Althorp, all the family from various parts west and north, and they are to remain till Jan^y. . . .

No. 19.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

Wednesday (December).

. . . I hear of nothing but your praises, both at home and abroad. Corisande shew'd me a letter from Petersburg full of "Notre Superbe Ambassadeur," and calling Willy un aimable enfant. After many observations, it goes on: "Jamais on ne vit Legation plus brillante, aussi font ils grande sensation ici, et si nous leurs plaisons autant qu'ils nous plaisent la réussite sera parfaite." . . . There is no news, I believe, and if there was you would know it authentically; but there are endless reports. The one I mention'd before of Lord Harrowby's retiring, and that he was to be succeeded by the Lion,² on which somebody observ'd the F.O. should be called L'Hôtel des Invalides. You remember a Poem beginning "In Pious times ere Printemps did begin—before Polygamy," &c., &c., the *Jebusites*³ in Lady Cahir's country have sent over copies of resolutions form'd in different meetings they have had, almost all over the country. They sent to my Brother, L^d Grenville, Mr. Windham, Lord Moira, Fox and Grey, and one or two others. They are well drawn up, but firm and violent—that is, professing attachment to the King and preferring his service to any others on certain conditions—the old ones that made Mr. Pitt change his house three years ago. They state many grievances and breach of

¹ Miss Wellesley Pole.

² Lord Malmesbury.

³ The Irish Roman Catholic Leaders.

Faith; they call upon these persons to assist and support them, especially in a petition they wish to present to Parliament, but if the King rejects it and that Mr. Pitt deserts them, they threaten to call Buonaparte to their assistance. The name sake of one of Ossians Chiefs¹ tries all he can to suppress these meetings, and Mr. Fox is very anxious to prevent the petition being brought forward, but Lord Grenville, &c., urge it on. Good night; I must try to sleep, for I am to see your Mother tomorrow, who, dear Soul, will appoint me between eleven and twelve as a reasonable hour! Ld. H. sat up half an hour yesterday and is going on well, Dr. F. says.

No. 22.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

THE PRIORY,
Monday, Dec. 24th.

I have been going in a sledge and walking to see the shooters till I am quite tired. It is the first bright day we have had this long time, for in addition to cold and snow, till to day we have always had thick fogs, and I am grown so superstitious that the sight of the sun convince'd me I was to get letters too. As yet I am disappointed, but I will not give up the augur, and shall still hope to find them in London tomorrow, where we go after Church. My Sis. writes me word that contradictions are L'ordre du jour—particularly between Lord Moira and Mr. Pitt. It was said every where the former was sent for long before the Messenger went; for several days after the Pope² told Morpeth of it. Lord Moira wrote up word he could not conceive what people meant, that he had receiv'd no message, and had no thought of coming. He arriv'd in London the day after this letter, and in two meetings he has had with Mr. Pitt they both persist in saying they agreed perfectly, but both giving a directly contrary account of their conversation, each saying the other had given way on the chief point—something about Princess Charlotte's living or not with her Grandfather. They are to meet again before witnesses. What makes this more extraordinary is their both being Men of great veracity. Lord Moira refus'd being what I believe your Father once was. The Dr.³ has for some time past boasted of having rejected Mr. Pitt's overtures to him, and an invitation to succeed L^d Harrowby, but three days ago he consented to dine with Mr. Pitt at the person's who liv'd at Ld. Bathurst's House last year (and whom I shall therefore call Hyde Park Corner).⁴ They met and shook hands after a longish conversa-

¹ "Borbadulthul," Mr. Adair.

² Mr. Canning.

³ Addington.

⁴ Lord Hawkesbury had married, in 1795, Lady Louisa Theodosia Hervey, daughter of Lord Bristol.

tion. Hyde P. Corner's wife told her sister¹ (at Devonshire House) that he was to succeed L^d Harrowby (that is, go where he was before—at least, that he had the choice of doing so, and had not yet decided) and that the Dr. was to succeed him. I can hardly suppose she would invent all this; and yet if it is so, what will the Pope do? and you? In short, I hate to think of it, and cannot help looking upon the degradation of those whom one has been taught to look up to—and who might shine so bright properly accompanied—as one of the most fatal of the dangers that threaten their country, for say what you please, such an alliance will be degrading to Mr. Pitt, who has already lower'd himself by former ones; but I am afraid he is too much inclin'd to the Doctrine Magnifico² preach'd to you. "Too fond to rule alone," [illegible] &c. He need not be afraid of rivals: little minds only shrink from comparison; his, accompanied as it ought to be, would gather fresh strength from the strength of those around him, instead of always being cross'd and trammell'd by some petty rivalry or job amongst the blocks. However, as he has a great stock in Trade, it is to be hoped he will be able to Traffic with success abroad; but he must be aware that the customers of the rival firm encrease daily, and that he will find it difficult to keep the upper hand of them. The Baron³ so bold and his wife are still in Town, and supp'd at my Sister's Saturday, by Morpeth's invitation. I am afraid Lady E. Monck was very much vex'd at this. I think she sees all this wrong, and encourages herself in wishes and aversions which are useless and wrong; but from my heart I pity her, for with the best resolutions and intentions her situation would still be dreadful. I hear Ly. B. looks very handsome. . . . Pray write a great deal when you can, and tell me what I am very anxious to hear—how your transactions with Prince Czartoryski succeed. Tell me also all that concerns you in every possible way.—Your affectionate

A. NEWTON.

No. 9.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

ST. PETERSBURGH,
November 14th, Thursday.

It is five weeks this Day since I left London, and I have not yet received one line from you since you set off to Hastings. You will hardly believe it, but it is true that in considering how

¹ Lady Elizabeth Foster. It was at this dinner that the reconciliation was effected between Pitt and Addington, 23rd December.

² Lord Abercorn.

³ Lord Boringdon had married Lady Augusta Fane, 20th June, 1804

long it is since I have heard from you, I console myself by the reflection that above a twelfth part of my absence from England has already elapsed. It is impossible to describe to you how bored and wearied I am with being introduced to 2 or 3 hundred people with whom I have had to repeat the same conversation. The goodness of my passage, the House I lodge in, the improvements in the Town, The Trainage, the Coldness of the Climate and the precautions to be taken against it, form the Sum Total of all the Conversation I have heard since my arrival, excepting political conferences with one or two persons. These are not only the prevailing Topics of conversation, but they seem to be the only subjects upon which the Men or the women, the Russians or the Foreigners, here permit themselves to speak. When I tell you that there are above a dozen or twenty persons who are at home and receive every evening, you will with difficulty understand the extreme tiresomeness of the Society, but the people who meet seem to be but little acquainted with each other, and the chairs are placed in a formal order, and out of respect to my ambassadorial Dignity I have been generally obliged to sit next and make the agreeable to the old Lady of the House. At the Grand Balls the Ladies sit all on one side of the Room, and the men stand on the other; the Ladies sit all together in one Room at Supper, and the men sup by themselves. I felt quite relieved the other night at a grand Ball given by the Swedish Ambassador to find my old Friend (Ld. Abercorn's little Barbarian) the Princess Galitzin¹ sitting by the Door, and affording the opportunity for conversation which it was impossible to undertake with any other of the Ladies who were sitting in a Row. Amongst my misfortunes here I must mention my not being able to procure a Box at the Theatre; the Warrens (I suppose for economy) had no Box, and upon my arrival I found that the abonnement for 65 nights had just begun, and that every Box was Engaged. I cannot find a tolerable House; that of Sir John Warren, upon minute inspection, is deplorably bad. I have hopes of obtaining one which has been taken by Madame Panin, who is expected here in 3 or 4 days. Her Father and Mother think that as Panin is going to live at Moscow, that Mad. P. will wish to take a smaller House. If I can procure this I shall be satisfied. The mode of Life I propose to myself is to dine at home every day (that, indeed, as much from necessity as Choice, for no dinners scarcely seem to be given); to have my House lighted up in the Evening; Billiard Table, Chess Board, &c., &c.; and receive the world. I have made up my Mind to being ruined; the expense of this Place exceeds all

¹ Princess Serge Galitzin.

calculation. I have 10 Servants out of Livery in fine uniform—Gold Lace Coats, and 7 or 8 in Livery. I have horses for the night, I shall have sledge Horses, and I have my own Eight I brought from England. It is said that it is worth while to be Ill in order to know the value of Health; it may be, perhaps, also worth while to live in such society as I find here, in order to estimate properly that which I have been accustomed to in England. I am sitting by myself at home this Evening; Silence¹ and Willy are gone out visiting and Supping, and I am by writing to you as I would talk if you were with me, trying to put myself into better spirits. With respect to French, I do not find myself at a Loss in talking business with Czartoryski, but I am not equal, I believe I have not spirits for les petits mots in a formal circle of ten people, or across a supper Table. I like Czartoryski's manner very much; it is rather cold and distant, but he is quiet and very gentlemanlike. We have just heard of the Capture of the Spanish Treasure Ships.² I have seen nothing but an extract from the Courier and Times, by which it seems that the opposition papers are abusing Govt. for the orders. Do not, by hearing only one side of the Question, be hurried into joining in the abuse of my Friends on this or other Questions. I fear when Parliament meets that Party will run terribly high; you will at Devonshire House be hearing of Triumphs in Debate over Pitt, Canning, &c., but do not forget that they are my Friends.

Wednesday night, November 28th.

. . . I have this instant heard of the Messenger being robbed by French Soldiers; he probably was charged with some of your Letters. My patriotism sinks before my Selfishness, and I am lamenting more the loss of your Letters than the knowledge that Bonaparte will obtain of all our secrets with the different Continents of Europe. I am not yet in Love nor likely to be so. Good night.

No. 23.

Lady B. to G. E. G.

Xmas Day.

I took post horses to get to town quicker because I read in the news papers of letters from you as late as the 27th. I thought my Angure accomplish'd, and could not be satisfied till

¹ Mr. Charles Stuart.

² Four Spanish treasure-ships homeward bound from Spanish America were attacked off Cadiz by Captain J. Moore in the *Indefatigable*, and with three other cruisers on 5th October; three were captured and the fourth blown up. This was an infraction of the Peace with Spain without any previous declaration of war.

Sol¹ goodnaturedly wrote to enquire, and I found none were yet come since the 12th. Nothing ever was so kind as Sol, so anxious about you and impatient to hear from you. On hearing of Lord Hawkesbury and the Dr.,² and regretting that it would vex you and the Pope,³ he said the only good consequence he could foresee was its probably bringing you back sooner, and that you were too good to be so long lost as a whole year; in short, nothing can equal the kindness of his expressions towards you. But I cannot swallow the Dr. I long to know what he is to be—in the Cabinet or prescribing gratis! He already puts his name on the out side of his letters, which I thought was only done by one particular class of people; probably he means to shew by it that he reckons himself in that Class. Yet he talks a great deal of disinterested support, offering *his advice*—playing Mr. Pitt, in short, back again. How I wish he would through-out! I mean with the same termination so deliver him from the riff raff and bring us all back to where we were last year; then we should have beau jeu—ma si gransorte, &c. What he now gives out is, changing his name and house, but providing, of course, for Brother —— and Brother ——⁴ with some few, etc. I suppose the Pamphlet by the Author of Cursory remarks on the Spanish prizes was sent you. It is not good, but violent in the extreme, and therefore amusing, particularly so just now, for now the *author* would give his ears not to have publish'd it, and the Printer says has sent to offer any money to buy up the whole Edition. I always long to say, as poor old Ld. J. Cavendish us'd, Faith! we live in merry times. The P. of Wales thinks his last offers will be accepted; that is what I told you before, reversing those of the King keeping Princess Ch. under his own care, but letting her go to his Father as often as he chuses. His friend *Madame*⁵ met Tierney the other day toiling up Greenwich Hill posting to Town in a great Fuss at not having been sent to. He stopp'd her to enquire the last news; she answer'd "the Dr. has been with Mr. Pitt these three hours. You had better take up my horses to make more haste, as every thing will be gone before you get there." It is said he hankers after his old quarters, and that he is not unlikely to get them. K.'s brother in Law⁶ has chang'd his situation à point nommé, it is thought for the Dr. to go into it—les invalides des Sots. It was very near belonging to another person a little while ago—Lord Carlisle. How foolish all my stories will appear reading them with the

¹ Lord Morpeth.² Mr. Addington.³ Mr. Canning.⁴ Brother Hiley and Brother Bragge—his brother and brother-in-law.⁵ Mrs. Fitzherbert.⁶ Duke of Portland was Lord President of the Council. He had married a sister of the Duke of Devonshire.

matter of fact *history* as it really is, but I write all I should tell you were you here. I must add one more before I go to bed, which you will know the truth of. Lord Bor. told Morpeth that he knew from his brother in Law's brother¹ that your Brother² wanted one of the new blue ribbands, but would not get it, owing to the ill will still retain'd on account of an old Militia quarrel. . . .

Wednesday, 26 Dec.

I have again staid at home the whole day. . . . However, this eve^g I was interrupted by a visit from my Sis. accompanied by the P. of Wales—*que je me suis su gré de ne m'être pas mêlée dans cette affaire*—for if he is bad one way, the Princess's Levity on the other hand is inconceivable. I was in a sad fright at a story. Do you remember my telling you (and I also did Hetty) as a proof that he wish'd to be reconcil'd, that about three years ago he invited her³ to his House? She was to come the next day, and he had even prepar'd cards of invitation to a great ball he was to give on the occasion, when the whole broke off by her all at once sending word on the very day it was to take place that she had chang'd her mind. This, I suppose, Hetty mention'd to him, but he said to night he believ'd she was mad, for she had told his Father that she found the Prince intended to give a great ball and ask her to it, but she would shew with what contempt she would refuse it. I felt colouring red as fire car j'ai reconnu mon bal, but to flounder no deeper held my tongue. This is just her giddiness, translating a ball that was in contemplation two or three year ago, had they been reconcil'd, into one intended now, while they are at daggers drawn. What will the Pope⁴ say to all the changes, to the Dr. and Lord Hawkesbury⁵ going back to his old station? not made the pleasanter by the Saturday's comments? I wrote to him, but burnt my letter, for I was afraid it would be too vexatious a subject to touch upon. The report all over London today is that he is to give up his house in the Strand, and Mr. Arundel⁶ to return to England. I must say, as Sol says, this last effect would reconcile one to any thing—*benedetto sara l'hora, il giorno, il momento*. . .

Thursday.

I can scarcely write for pleasure, I have got a letter.

¹ Thomas, second Earl of Clarendon (1753-1824). Lord Boringdon's sister Theresa married, 1798, Hon. George Villiers, third son of the first Earl of Clarendon.

² Lord Stafford.

³ Princess of Wales.

⁴ Mr. Canning was Treasurer of the Navy.

⁵ Lord Hawkesbury was Secretary for the Home Office and Leader of the House of Lords.

⁶ G. L. G.

Lady Stafford to G. L. G. at St. Petersburg.

Decr. ye 28th, 1804.

MY DEAREST GRANVILLE,—I wish you would let me know if you receive my Letters, which go by the common Post; they are so uninteresting to Politicians, or to any Body excepting yourself, that I flatter myself they go safe to St. Petersburg. This shall therefore follow three or four which I have sent by that Conveyance. A Messenger arrived Yesterday, and no Letter to me. I was disappointed, but I understand that you had not known in Time enough even to write the Sort of private Letter that you wish'd to write to Lord Harrowby. He says, besides Want of Time, you had got the Head-ache with the Stove in the Room in which you wrote. . . . To some Constitutions Stoves are very pernicious; the Dss. of Brunswick and many others have suffer'd much from them; I cannot breathe tolerably in a Room so warm'd. I do intreat and beg of you to have a Chimney put in the Room in which you write; if you do not, you will lament the Omission too late. Lord Harrowby has recover'd all bad Effects from his Accident, though not the natural Head-aches and Sickesses to which he is Subject. I wish you could have heard his Opinion of your Dispatches of the 28th, which arrived Yesterday. . . . Your Sister Georgiana is better than she has been; Cha. and Sue quite well, and your Mother better than most of the old Women in this Town. The Reconciliation between the Doctor and Mr. Pitt has been a great Disappointment to those *connected* against the last. I did not rejoice at it for several Reasons, and I knew you would not take Joy on the Occasion; but Ld. Harrowby has convinced me that it was right and necessary. Had the Doctor gone with the *Goats*, it would have made the Difference of 40, which, situated as *Bill* is, would have made it difficult for him to carry on *his Business*, and L^d Harrowby thinks that the Doctor only desires to go *up Stairs*, with some *Help*, and not to be of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. Do you understand all the foregoing? Let me know when you write. Your Nephew Ld. Morpeth made me a Visit Yesterday Morning. He express'd great Regard and Affection for you, and mention'd how very kind he thought your writing to him the Day you left London; I hope you will write to him when you can. We had a little political Conversation; when I regretted that he was not of the same Side of the Question with you, and that he had left Mr. Pitt, he smiled and said it would never make any Alteration in his Friendship with you. He was candid, and spoke fairly enough about Ad., to whom, he said, he believed you were not more partial than himself. I told him that neither Gren's nor F——'s could attack on the Subject of Coalition, as

they *had* all been of that Fraternity. I ask'd him about my *Step-Son's* Politics. He answer'd: "Oh, with you certainly; at least, he was *staunch* on your Side when I saw him in the Autumn." He said Canning's Leg is getting well.¹ I was sadly disappointed the other Day when I saw Ly. Hester Stanhope with Susan. I had figured her to myself as very pretty, in Place of which she look'd like a middle aged married Woman with a dingey Complexion, no Rouge, a broad Face, and an unbecoming fur cap. Farewell, my beloved Granville. God bless you, my Dear!

Lady Stafford to G. L. G.

Decr. ye 31st, 1804.

MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—As I hear that in a few Days there will be an Opportunity of sending Letters to you (though I wrote last Saturday by the common Post). I cannot resist the Inclination of scribbling a few Lines by this Conveyance, and I am going to notify this Opportunity to Lord Morpeth, who told me that he wish'd to know when he could safely send a Letter to you. I should like to know if you have received the many Letters that I have written by the common Post; if not, I should leave off employing myself in that Way every Week, as I have practised for some Time past. You can well suppose that I have little amusing or interesting to say, and as you have several Correspondents who are excellent in both, my poor Letters must be *much, much* below *Par*. Is it true that you write doleful Accts. of your Regrets, and of your comfortless Situation?—that an Expression in one Letter proved how much you felt it—viz., "that you were thankful three Months of your *Banishment* were elapsed"? Susan, when this was related, express'd her Want of Belief. *I thought*, though you might say some such Thing in a Letter to a Lady or a Friend, that neither should have repeated it, for as Woronzow and others, who might not approve, live in the World, it was not fair to you, and yet I do not suppose that the Relator had an Idea of that Sort, but—You will forgive me—that *Set* have so many *dear Friends*, and each so communicative to all these *dear Friends*, that there is not a Secret belonging to that Society that is not known to half the Men in Town, be it to the Advantage or Disadvantage of any one of them or their Friends.

Monday Evening.

Since writing the foregoing I have had the Happiness of a Letter from you, my beloved Granville, of the 8th; yet when I reflect that it must be, not only irksome, but bad for your Health,

¹ Early in October Mr. Canning had a bad fall while riding; his mare trod on his leg, which was severely injured.

after fatiguing yourself with writing for many Hours on Subjects that require Study and Thought, I say, that I would forego the Happiness of receiving Letters from you at those Times. The Idea of my adding to the Weariness necessarily attending Hours of writing is painful to me. I therefore beg of you, my dearest Granville, to consider me as believing that you love me dearly, whether I do or do not hear from you, and that press of Business is the Cause of your not writing. I am apprehensive that you apply too much, and that your Health may suffer by it—more especially in Rooms with Stoves, which often give Head-aches to Foreigners and are certainly unwholesome, and no Doubt very apt to make the Nose bleed. Think of this, and let me beseech you to have a Chimney put in your Study, and another in your Bed-Chamber. I do beg of you to grant this my Request; in my last Letter I wrote a good Deal on this Subject, and I hope not without Effect. You will not like *The Reconciliation*, but it was necessary. I fear Canning may not see it in a just Light, for with all his great Abilities, his natural Heat of Temper frequently gets the better of his Judgement.

January ye 2nd, Wednesday.

I was interrupted last Monday when I was beginning a Subject that I am anxious about. I was going to tell you that Lord Harrowby had heard that Mr. C. was very violent in his Language, and to many People, respecting *the Reconciliation*, which is not right to Mr. Pitt; indeed, if it be true it is wrong, and most unkind to his *Friend*. That he may disapprove of or lament the Event is natural, but surely true Friendship leads to give all Support to a Measure that Mr. P. was from the Exigency of Things *necessitated* to adopt. And why, will you say, believe these Reports? though they are related by those who pretend to know, I cannot give them credit. Lord Harrowby said to me that your *Opinions* (and not knowing all the Circumstances) might make you dislike *the Union*, yet the sound Understanding manifested in all your Dispatches, added to his Knowledge of your discriminating Turn of Mind, with your Attachment to, and high Opinion of, Mr. Pitt, he was of Opinion would not make you less zealous either in Wishes or Support of this Measure. I had the Happiness of hearing Lord Harrowby say to his Brother that it was impossible to read Dispatches, in *every particular*, more excellent than yours. He saw none to compare to them, and after enumerating how in good Sense, Language, &c., &c., they excel, he added: "And I am certain no Man could write such without Application and Trouble;" and he seem'd quite gratified that you answer his Expectations, and that *he* induced

you to have this Opportunity of proving what *you are*. He then repeated what Mr. Pitt said of you and your Dispatches; all to the foregoing Purpose, but so well express'd, that I will not pretend to repeat it. I dined Yesterday alone with them in G. Square. Susan desired her Husband to tell me what Woronzow told him, of the first Minister's Opinion of you (I forget his Name). I assure you it was most flattering. Woronzow ask'd Susan how you liked your Situation, Reception, &c., &c., &c., to which she gave him satisfactory answers. He said Sir J. Warren's Bows and Obsequious Manner to the Emperor did not suit the Emperor; that he liked an open, more free Way of answering him than with a *Bow to the Ground*; that no Conversation could take Place with that *freezing* Respect, and he wish'd a Hint on this subject could be given to you. I told Ld. H. that any Advice of any Sort from him would have more Weight with you than from any other Person. The Physicians have given their Opinion that Ld. H. must not do any Business of any Sort for the next Six Months; therefore, in the mean Time, there must be a Successor, but whether he will or will not after that Period resume the Office, I do not know. The King has sent him a most gracious Message, by Mr. P., to say that though Application to Business is now improper for his Health, yet he desires him to continue of the Cabinet, for the Advantage to be derived from his Abilities. . . .

Friday, ye 4th.

P.S.—I am told that the Shakespear Lottery will be drawn soon. Do not forget to send me the No. of your Ticket. Did you see in the Newspaper that the Dss. of Devon. has written a Play, and that the Principal Characters are to be perform'd by Lady Abercorn, Lady Bes., and Mr. Hill? Who could take the Trouble to invent such a Story! Adieu, my beloved Granville. *Remember* to have a Chimney put in your Study, and in your Bed-Chamber.

No. 10.

G. L. G. to Lady B.

ST. PETERSBURG,
Novber 30th, 1804.

I have received by Dressins the Messenger and by the last Post a great many delightful Letters from you—I cannot describe to you the comfort I derive from them. Pray, pray continue always to write to me in the same way, communicating to me all you hear and all you think and feel. Let not the distance which divides us cause the least change in that unreserved confidence which has been to me the source of so much real gratifica-

tion and pleasure. . . . You will have seen by my last Letter how much I complain of the Society at this place; I am not inclined to retract my opinion. But I believe a Diplomatic Character is a gêne to conversation; and having made in the Course of three weeks acquaintance with nearly 200 people, it is impossible to feel at one's Ease with any one. The persons who are infinitely the most agreeable here are Princess Galitzin, whom you knew in England and at Paris, and a Comtesse Zoubow. The former is returned here with the intention, it is said, of being reunited to her Husband, to whom she has hitherto, it is said, denied conjugal rights. I have been admitted into her House but once, when I found her alone; she was very agreeable, but I made no Love. Madame Zoubow is widow to Valérian Zoubow,¹ who died about 4 or 5 months ago. She is Polish, and very amiable, and rather pretty; Sister in Law to Mad. Gerebstoff. It is said that she is likely, when her weeds are over, to be married to a General Ouvaroff. I have not been admitted into her House; I have met her two or three times at the House of the wife of the Prussian Minister, and she seems un peu coquette. I do not think that any woman has as yet made the least Impression on Willy's tender Heart, unless it be the old Comtesse Diane de Polignac, who talks to me of the kind attentions she receives from him.

Decbr 8th.

I have been really accablé des affaires lately, and have not had Time to write Even to you. Since I wrote the foregoing Pages I have seen a beautiful woman, a Pole by Birth, but married to a Russian of the Name of Narischkin.² I have not, however, presumption enough to aspire to the favour of one who is the object of imperial pursuit. Her Sister, who is unmarried, is attached to G. Duke Constantine. I met them at a little private dinner a few days ago, and was struck with her helping him to every dish which he eat off: she poured out for him also every glass of wine he drank. I know your friends in Parliament will act very unfairly if no coalition is formed upon the continent against France; they will exclaim against the inability of the Govt. which knows not how to take advantage of the disposition of Russia to take a part against France. If a Coalition should take place, the impolicy of subsidizing Continental Powers will be the clamour of the Day. Pray get acquainted

¹ Younger brother of Platon Zoubow, Catherine II.'s favourite.

² Madame Marie Narischkin (1782-1854), a Pole by birth; was only fifteen at her appointment as Maid of Honour in 1797. Married Dimitri Narischkin, one of the richest noblemen of the time of Catherine II. She was a woman of remarkable beauty, and her relations with the Emperor Alexander I. were on open secret. She died at Munich.

with Novosilsoff; ¹ he is a great admirer of Fox, which will facilitate your complying with this Request; he possesses great Influence here. . . .

No. 24.

Lady B. to G. L. G.

(Decr. 29), Saturday.

Messengers are going to you thick and thick, a Russian and an English one; but I do not feel much more security by them since Mr. Wagstaffe than by the common way, though what that common way is, I have not yet arriv'd at, knowing W. never could get 8 letters at once by the common post! I never stirr'd out all yesterday, but enjoy'd a second evening sitting and reading over your letter and looking at il bel ritratto. My Sister's family, Lord Grenville, Mr. Hill, Mr. Ward, and some others, supp'd as usual at D. H.² No news, I think, of any kind except some civilities between the Chr³ and the P. of Wales concerning the Paragraphs in the papers about his Amica; and some more mysterious hints concerning Hetty, who, by the by, has begun a correspondence with Ld Abercorn. To day I saw yr. Mother, who tells me you were to send a courier in a few days. Pray observe I did not tell her you were not well, nor even that you had written to me. I thought if you had not written to her, she might dislike it, but I tell you this because she seem'd to know both—from Mr. Eliot,⁴ I think. I am quite provok'd about the Pope,⁵ tho' I hope he does not know it, or he would not, I am sure, remain where he is. Owing to Cobbett's remarks all last year's conversations have been renew'd, with greater details, and made more public—in short, the Hawkesbury's publish every where the story you told Hetty from me, with the addition that the Pope call'd thrce or four times before he was admitted; and when he was, made the *humblest* apologies, *offering to retract publickly* (as much as he could without ridicule) what had offended; that this was receiv'd with dignified reserve and coldness; that Mr. Pitt repeatedly offer'd to give him up, and at length only suffer'd him to remain where he is thro' Lord Hawkesbury's *intercession*! This story was made so public that I desir'd Bess⁶ to go to her Sister and enquire more; the same, with even more aggravation, was told her, and that the Pope was quite upon sufferance. I am still of the opinion I was at first, that both he and you judg'd ill in his staying where

¹ Nicholas Novosilzoff (1770-1838), Russian statesman, was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to England.

² Devonshire House.

³ The Lord Chancellor Lord Eldon.

⁴ Mr. W. Eliot, Under-Secretary at Foreign Office.

⁵ Mr. Canning.

⁶ Lady Elizabeth Foster.

he is. He should have been very high, or nothing. I had hopes from what I heard yesterday that L^d Harrowby might still go on, but yr. Mother told me to day he must be six months quite quiet. I do believe his accident has caused or hurried at least the Drs. being taken. Indeed, G., so far from being violent, I can hear of no triumphs over the party you belong to without pain; but when you talk of *your friends*, how few, how very few, are worthy to be call'd so amongst the Numbers that take the same side. Were it not for you and the Pope, I could be entertain'd now with what has happen'd, and think it a good thing for Mr. Fox, &c., but I cannot join in the laugh when I know if you can put up with it all, it must be injurious to your friends. Think of my writing all this before I have thank'd you again and again for your letter, (it begins Nov. 30 and ends Dec^r 8th). . . . I think the little Barbarian¹ and all the other handsome Ladies you talk of begin to reconcile you to the Society at P. . . . I do not wish you to be ennuié, but do not amuse yourself too much, do not forget *how* you are wish'd for at home. Mad. Divoff cannot be reckon'd among the beauties, but she used to have pleasant parties at Paris. She writes Bess word: "Votre Ambassadeur est si aimable et si séduisant que pour ne pas avoir la tête tournée, comme tant d'autres, je m'enfuis à Moscow." I am not sorry your beautiful Pole has so great an Admirer; prudence will, I hope, shew you how dangerous such an interference would be, and how improper in your situation. Else your first account alarm'd me—I do not half like the Barbarian and Mad. G.'s Sister in Law.² Do not prepare yourself to be angry with my poor friends in Parl^t; they will not be quite reasonable, very probably, or as liberal as I could wish them, but will yours be more so? Already they are raising on every side the old cry of Jacobinism, and extolling the advantages any Gov^t must derive from the support of men of the Moral and religious character of the Dr. and his friends—in opposition to the immorality, &c., of our poor people. How my Sister in Law³ will bear to be class'd amidst Jacobinism and immorality, I know not. "My poor Aunt Deborah, a woman who set such store by herself and her virtue." Can you doubt the delight with which I shall get acquainted with any one you mention to me? Seeing a person who has seen you is a step towards you, and doing a thing you bid me do is an indulgence that almost makes me fancy you are still near me. Unfortunately, I cannot read the name, and from never going out I do not know if the person⁴ you mention is even arriv'd in England, but I will enquire.

¹ Princess Galitzin.² Madame Zoubow.³ Lady Spencer.⁴ Monsieur Nicholas Novosilzoff.

Jan'y. 1, 1805.

Felice Capo d'anno caro mio. This letter was to have gone this morning, but is come back to me, and does not till to-morrow. Lord Carlisle has been with me these two hours talking over the *times*. He told me of a speech of the King's, which confirms what I was telling you in my other letter. The King's looking upon it as a sort of conquest over Mr. Pitt and making the other quite his favourite; amongst the various people talk'd of in the room of Lord Harrowby I suppose the least unpleasant to you would be Lord Melville. He is disappointed with the profits of the place where he is (*c'est son foible tu sais*), and therefore would not be sorry to change, and it avoids the difficulty of L^d Hawkesbury going back precisely where he was. The King's favourite (for so he really seems to be)¹ will not change his House, it is said, at present for the pleasure of witnessing the sort of apology and retracting abuse that must be made him there; he has chang'd characters, and is what Mr. Pitt us'd to be represented by his enemies—arrogant and domineering, especially towards all the best of Mr. Pitt's friends. Bless you, this is much too much on so disagreeable a subject, but London rings with it, and one cannot help writing on it. No one has heard or seen any thing of the Pope since: I suppose he has written to you; pray tell me what he says—you can have no fears of my discretion.

¹ Mr. Addington, whether he was to be made a Peer.

END OF VOL. I

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